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THE NEW YORKER

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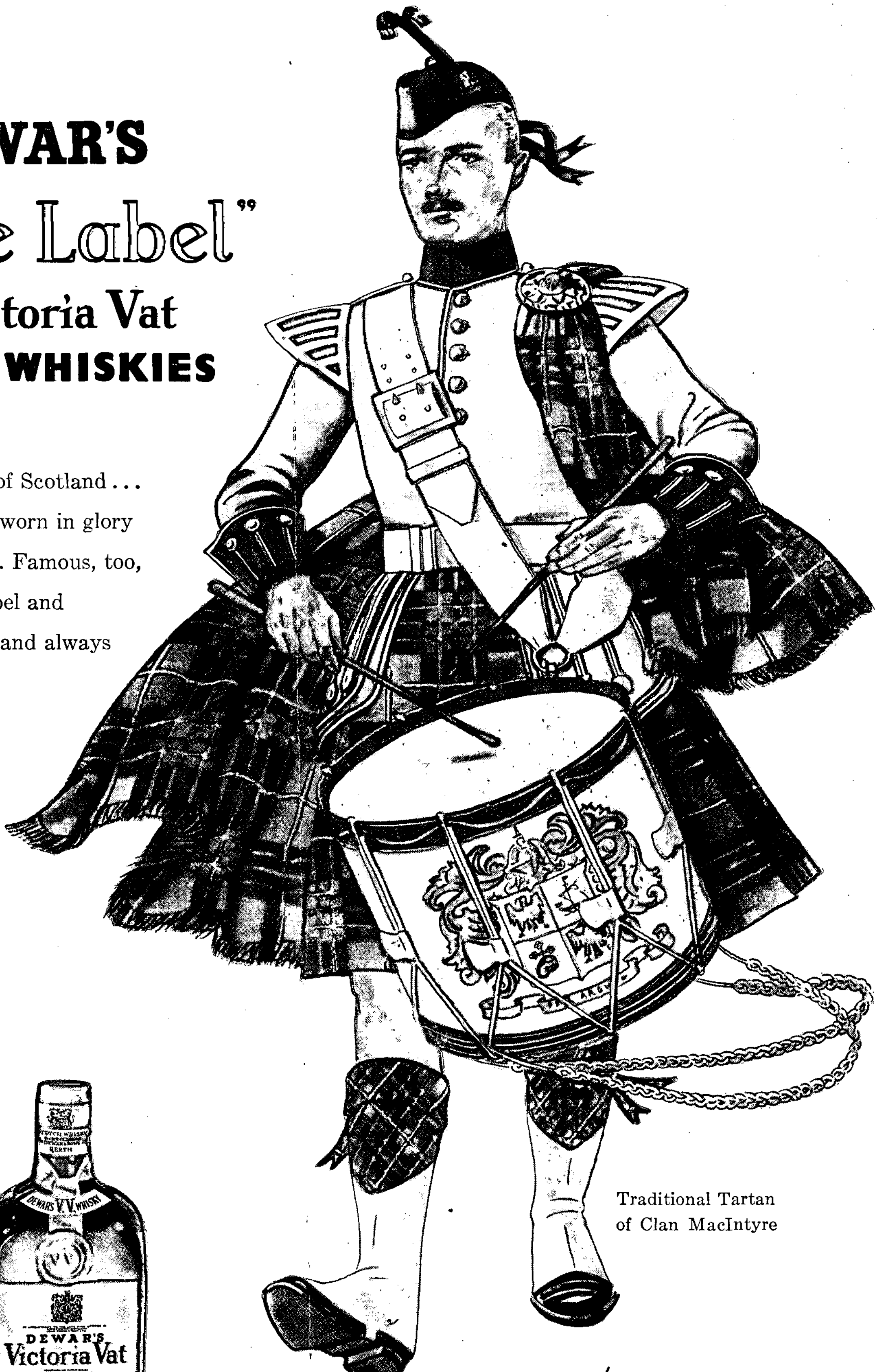

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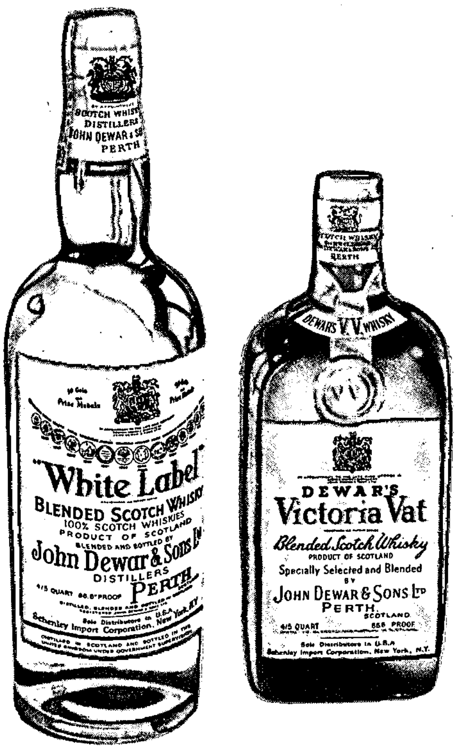
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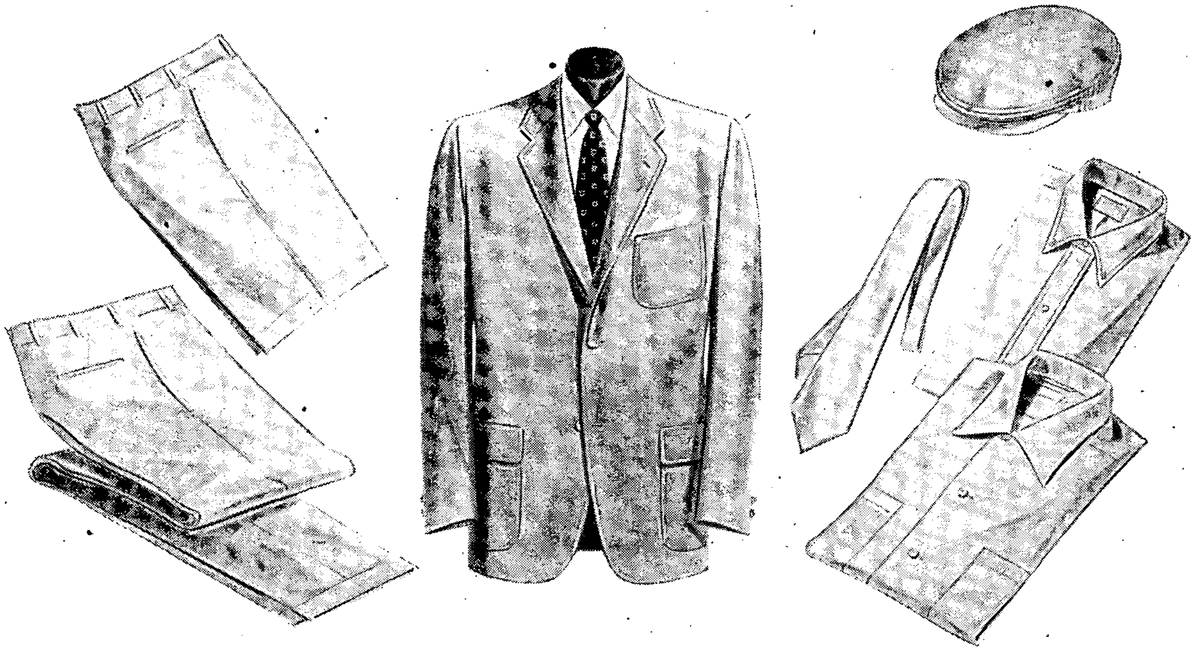

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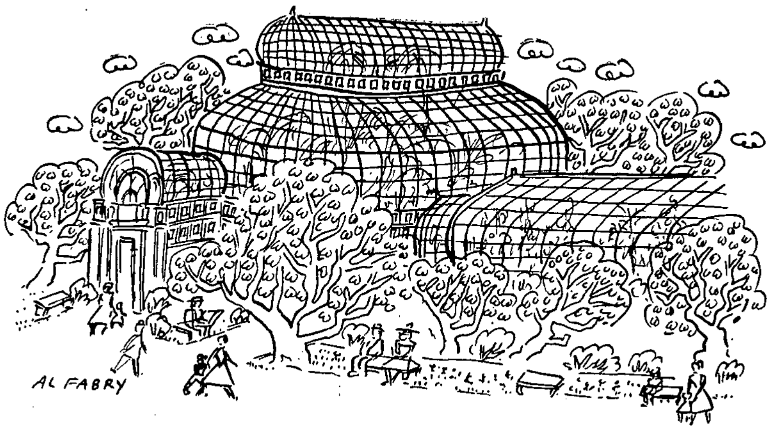
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple whose children discover that they lived together before getting married. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak and Henry Fonda are both very good indeed as the defendant and his attorney in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, which also includes Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—A superlative cast, headed by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood, helps enormously, but T. S. Eliot's curious wedding of farce and poetry may be a disappointment to some of his admirers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:35. Matinée Saturday at 2:35. Closes Saturday, May 22.)

The Girl on the Via Flaminia—An adaptation of Alfred Hayes' novel about an Italian girl who hates herself for loving one of her country's invaders. The play has some things to recommend it, but the central performance leaves a good deal to be desired. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

King of Hearts—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is highly successful. Walter F. Kerr has directed a cast that is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, May 23.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's funny account of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. Franchot Tone is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly mixed up. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Audrey Hepburn's lovely and glowing performance often brings the necessary magic to Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's cloudy romance about a sea nymph and a mortal man. Mel Ferrer is co-starred, Alfred Lunt is the director, and Virgil Thomson has contributed some suitable incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—A comedy by Liam O'Brien about a man who lives a terribly complicated double life. One of the season's most cheerful adornments. Burgess Meredith, Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager have leading roles. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. Margaret Sullavan is quite pyrotechnic as the lass, and Joseph Cotten makes an attractive magnate. Samuel Taylor is the author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—A very funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Josephine Hull (who, regrettably, has been ailing) is the star, and Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—This play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who plays a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great deftness and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are well seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Menasha Skulnik is the mainstay of this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. Sally Forrest will succeed Miss Brown on Monday, May 24. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's songs are hardly memorable. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl in Pink Tights—Jeanmaire, who dances beautifully and sings and acts entertainingly enough when she is obliged to, is practically all there is to this affair about a ballet troupe in Old New York. The score is by the late Sigmund Romberg, the lyrics by Leo Robin, the book by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, and the choreography by Agnes de Mille. Charles Goldner is co-starred. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Golden Apple—The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," transplanted to nineteenth-century America. The show doesn't quite belong in the first rank, but it is still agreeable enough. John Latouche wrote the book, Jerome Moross furnished the music, Hanya Holm staged the dances, and in the cast are Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—This revue is about equally divided between the good, the indifferent, and the tedious. The best ingredients are the sketches that feature the comic talents of Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe, and there is also some entertaining singing and dancing by Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—A big, handsome show derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve. Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet, and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Light Opera Company—"Fledermaus," in English, with Jack Russell, Adelaide Bishop, Gloria Lind, and Guen Omeron. The second in a series of three productions to be presented by the company. Through Sunday, May 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—This comedy about love and confusion in a pajama factory is easily the best musical of the season. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse was responsible for the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN**: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN**: Carol Channing in a reconstruction of "My Sister Eileen." Leonard Bernstein composed the music. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—"Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance. Through Sunday, May 30.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—Through Sunday, May 23: "The World of Sholom Aleichem," with *a cast, directed by* Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, May 25: A revival of "Montserrat," Lillian Hellman's adaptation of a French play, with Edmund Johnston and Alfred Sander. Produced by the Equity Library Theatre. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday, May 23, at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Philip Barry's "Here Come the Clowns." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Chekhov's "The Sea Gull" presents a good many problems, and it is doubtful whether this presentation of it is completely *successful in* overcoming them. Judith Evelyn, Montgomery Clift, Maureen Stapleton, Kevin McCarthy, June Walker, Will Geer, and Sam Jaffe are in the company. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, June 13.)

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Shakespeare Guild Festival Company—"Hamlet," directed by Herbert Kramer. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-7060. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

MISCELLANY

American Savoyards—The final performances in a ten-week Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler. Through Sunday, May 23: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 25-30: "The Sorcerer." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Tuesday at 8, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Old settlers can estivate in the Garden, which is way downstairs near China. It is cooler than you think down there. Jules Lande's orchestra does the honors. No music Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—This colossal playground, usually a favorite with the small fry, opens on Monday, May 24, with Sammy Kaye's big band on the podium. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group is audible in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our proudest peacocks and peahens preening themselves beneath the ageless palm trees. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—It's still midwinter aboard the ice floe in the Terrace Room, where a passel of skaters, many of them pretty and healthy girls, take part in a revue at dinner and supper. Dancing to Steve Kisley's orchestra. Closed Sunday and Monday nights.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mimi Benzell, a fluent singer, winds up a brief visit to the Cotillion Room on Thursday, May 20. From next evening on, there will be songs (after a fashion) by Denise Darcel, a prominent example of French rococo décor, and levity by Charles Carts, a sleight-of-hand genius. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays, only a dinner show, and on Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are in a constant state of amazement at the felicity of their own wit, and most of the time the clientele of the Persian Room is likely to string along with this attitude. Their last night is Wednesday, May 26. Next night, Helen Gallagher will be leaping from the musical-comedy stage into the frying pan with her new night-life charivari. Ted Straeter, the world's most resplendent pianist, will continue to display a happy tenor voice as he conducts one of the world's best dance bands. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra lopes along at a spare-the-horses (and dancers) pace. No music on the Sabbath.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a year-round resort with a most salubrious climate, is full of dressy folk who have come to take the waters and the waltzes. The mood is enhanced by the soft lights and by the sweet music of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bands. There is also, at dinner and supper, the song-and-dance act of Billy Daniel and Lita Baron, a vigorous and busy couple operating under the impression that the St. Regis is at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ted Weems' orchestra, which performs in the Café Rouge, has all the new mechanical marvels, including a completely automatic built-in floor show. Closed Sunday, and the room closes for the summer on Saturday, May 29.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play the appropriate music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey, our most persuasive and yet most perplexed lecturer, has been parachuted into the resident George White extravaganza, and he has simply taken charge of everything. There is further lusty merriment by Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson, and some fine, upstanding chorus girls are around to gladden the eye. The show's book, though, sounds as if it had been dictated but not read. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—George Gobel has no trouble making three ears of corn grow where only one grew before, but this relaxed young man anoints them with the very best butter. He provokes his laughter at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Nat Brandwynne's large and accomplished band is around most of the evening, which is an excellent idea. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the vast maze

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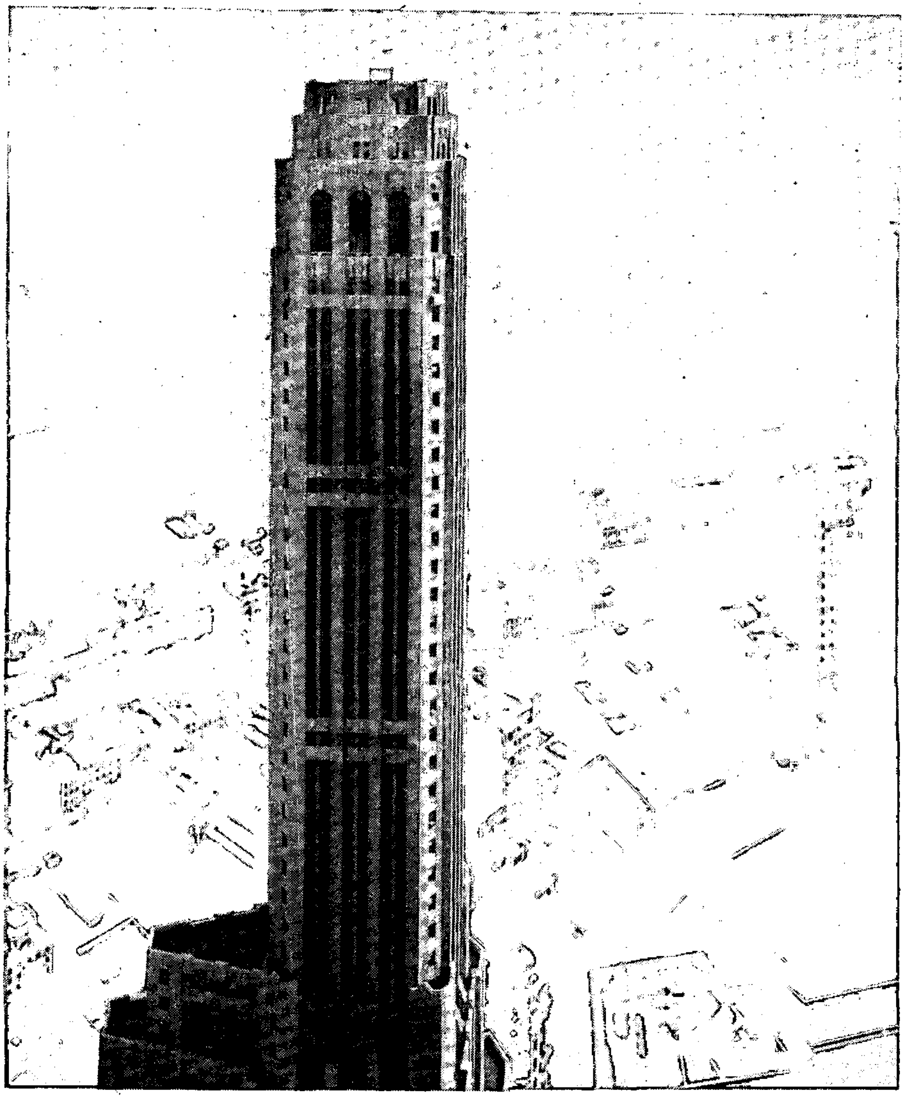

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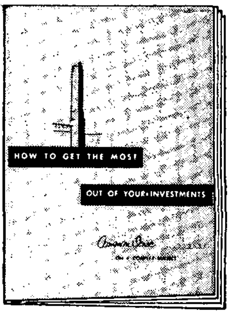

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty plays suave piano off and on from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when another group sits in.

Note—The Rainbow Room, sixty-odd stories above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of the Edison power plants, the Chelsea docks, Welfare Island, Hoboken, and other natural wonders. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Mild music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): This establishment's annual rites of spring are under way, for Jimmy Durante, that vociferous scatterbrain, is again at large. For daydreamers, there are always the dimpled dahlias of the Copa ballet ensemble, among them an assemblage of extraordinarily gifted ad-lib artistes. Dancing. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): On Thursday, May 27, Eartha Kitt, a fine figure of a stormy petrel, will start declaiming her disenchanted lyrics in a salon replete with Hogarthian overtones. Dancing if there's room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

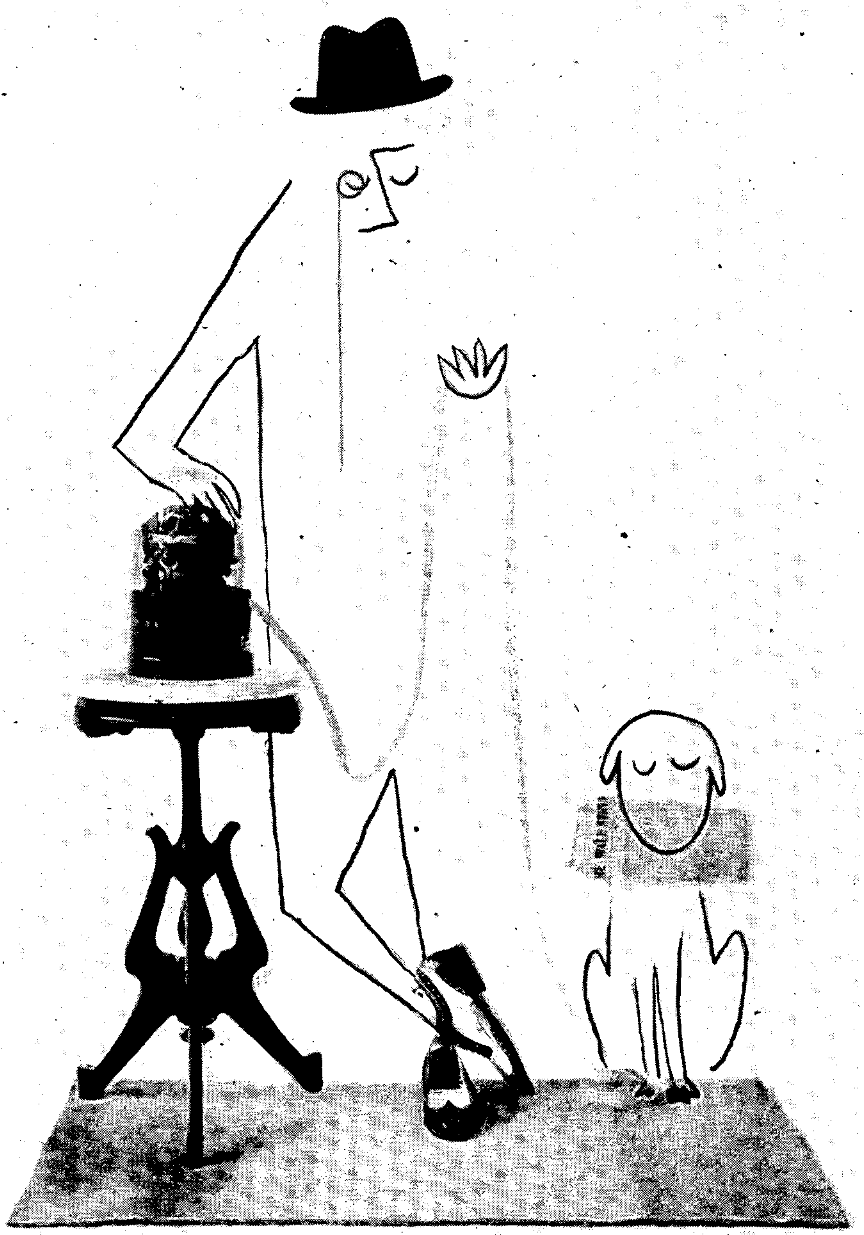
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the old music master himself, is still whipping out débutante-speed dance tunes here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Ralph Strain, who makes the pianoforte one of the foremost romance languages, is on deck at both dinner and supper. He takes his leave on Saturday, May 22, and the next night Fernando Valenti, a harpsichordist who communes with such cats as Rameau and Ravel, will follow him out. Thereafter, weekdays, there'll be piano all evening, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of prowler violinists, will be the principal romanticist. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A polite, well-stocked butler's pantry where, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, Cy Walter demonstrates how he won (hands down, so to speak) the championship of the high-style offbeat pianists. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a cascade of conversation by long-lease habitués. Closed Sundays, as well as Saturday, May 29. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, puts on as good an exhibit of nostalgic piano-to-dream-to as you'll find anywhere. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse at cocktails and dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Impassioned singers, wandering guitarists, and enthusiastic dance music, all designed to beguile the Latin in every Manhattanite. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Flanked by some remarkably active stage sets, Herman Arminski plays Continental piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does a New York counterpart at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays, and, starting the weekend of May 29, Saturdays, too. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to José Poniera's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Even in his pseudo-sorrowful songs, little Robert Clary is full of catnip (French, of



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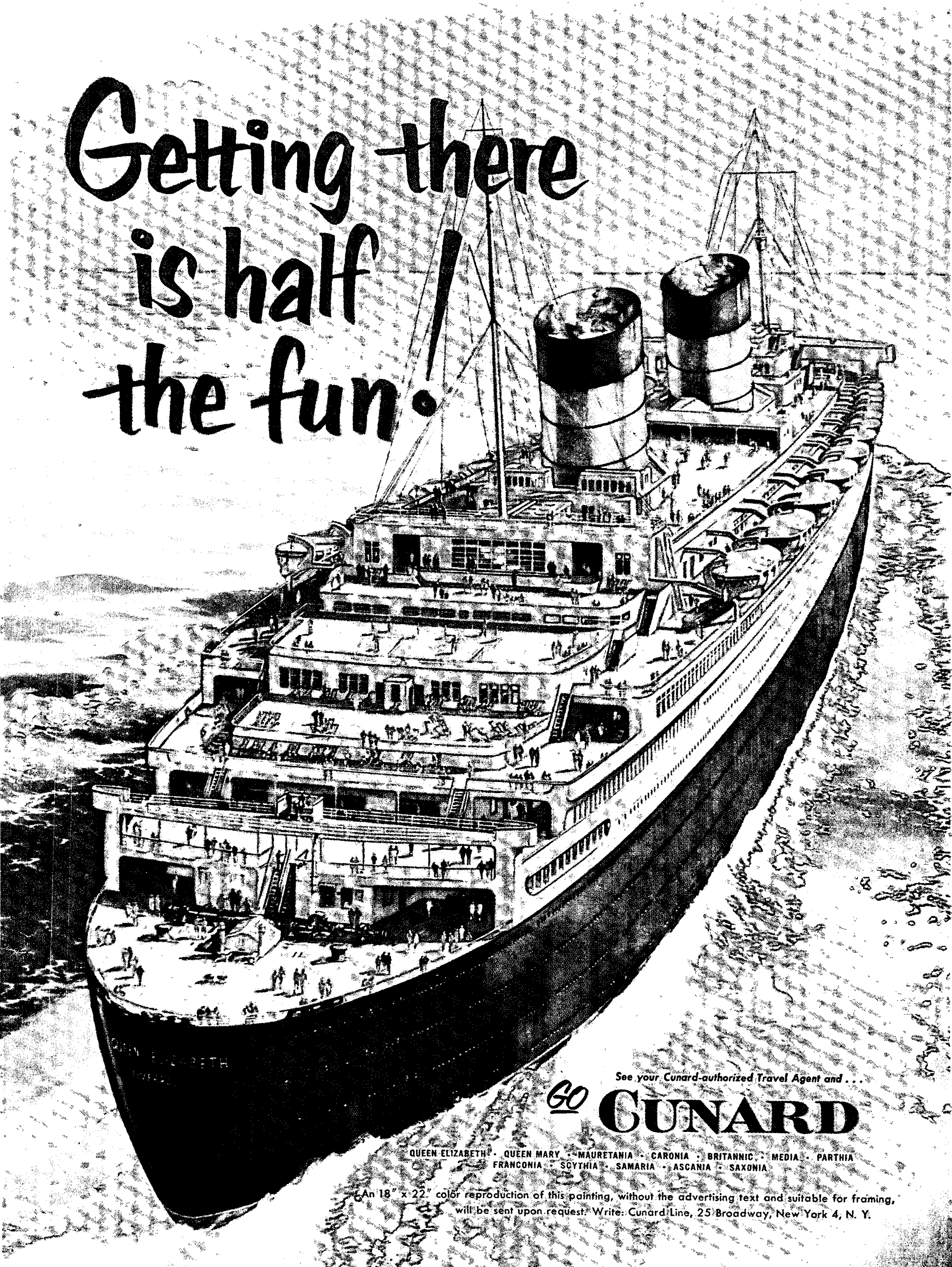
course); Leo de Lyon, who does his nonsense ditties to his own piano, is full of plain old American beans. There is mellower and more mellifluous chanting by the very young and handsome Trude Adams and the unmistakably Brazilian Sylvania Mello. The backdrop is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Marshall Izen, that dizzy impresario, is again pulling the wings off grand opera. Also on the bill are Bobbi Wright, a Harlem miss with a sassy voice and great ebullience, and Lord Burgess and his calypso West Indians, who are lively if not always intelligible. On Thursday, May 27, the calypso troupe will yield place to Enid Mosier, a perky and bilingual Parisienne. There's also Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): This happy household is occasionally host to unintended amateur nights, but there is professional amusement by Bill Norvas and his engagingly gamine and gadfly bride, Dee Arlen, as well as the rapid-fire monologues of Gabe Dell. Moreover, the delectable Ellen Hanley and the incomparable Norman Paris trio are collaborating on some deftly dramatic songs. Julius Monk is, as always, pianist and *conférencier*. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Susan Johnson is a singer who can depend wholly on her voice to create the moods she has in mind. Also present is the novice team of humorists named Chuck Tyrrell and Bud Ayers. She's off Sundays, and they're off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The dolors of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic hearing by Mabel Mercer. The reliable Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This tiny hideaway is above the often clamorous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The biggest permanent floating pillow fight in town is on view here. The participants are Jimmie Komack and his rapscallion rhapsodies about life in old Gotham; Charlotte Rae and her valiant one-girl stand against song stylists; Thelma Carpenter and her free-and-easy lyrics (she'll be replaced on Tuesday, May 25, by the war-whooping Mae Barnes); Jimmie Daniels, intoner of man-about-town romances; the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are sweet and gentle; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday for repairs.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet could easily pass for the Angel Gabriel's. His compeers are Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, and occasionally even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and table-side. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off real torrid piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Red Norvo and Tal Farlow, two pioneers in the realm of sound effects, are involved in a trio that has plenty to say, and says it in a tone so moderate as to require strict attention; Dorothy Donegan and her piano head up a trio that accentuates the positive. Ronnie Selby plays piano in between sets. Sunday is their holiday. On Monday, May 24, the trios will be replaced by two new ones—the dynamic Gene Krupa's and the stylish Barbara Carroll's. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are as wide-awake as ever. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Danny Barker, Cecil Scott, Freddie Moore, Eddie Hubble, and Don Kirkpatrick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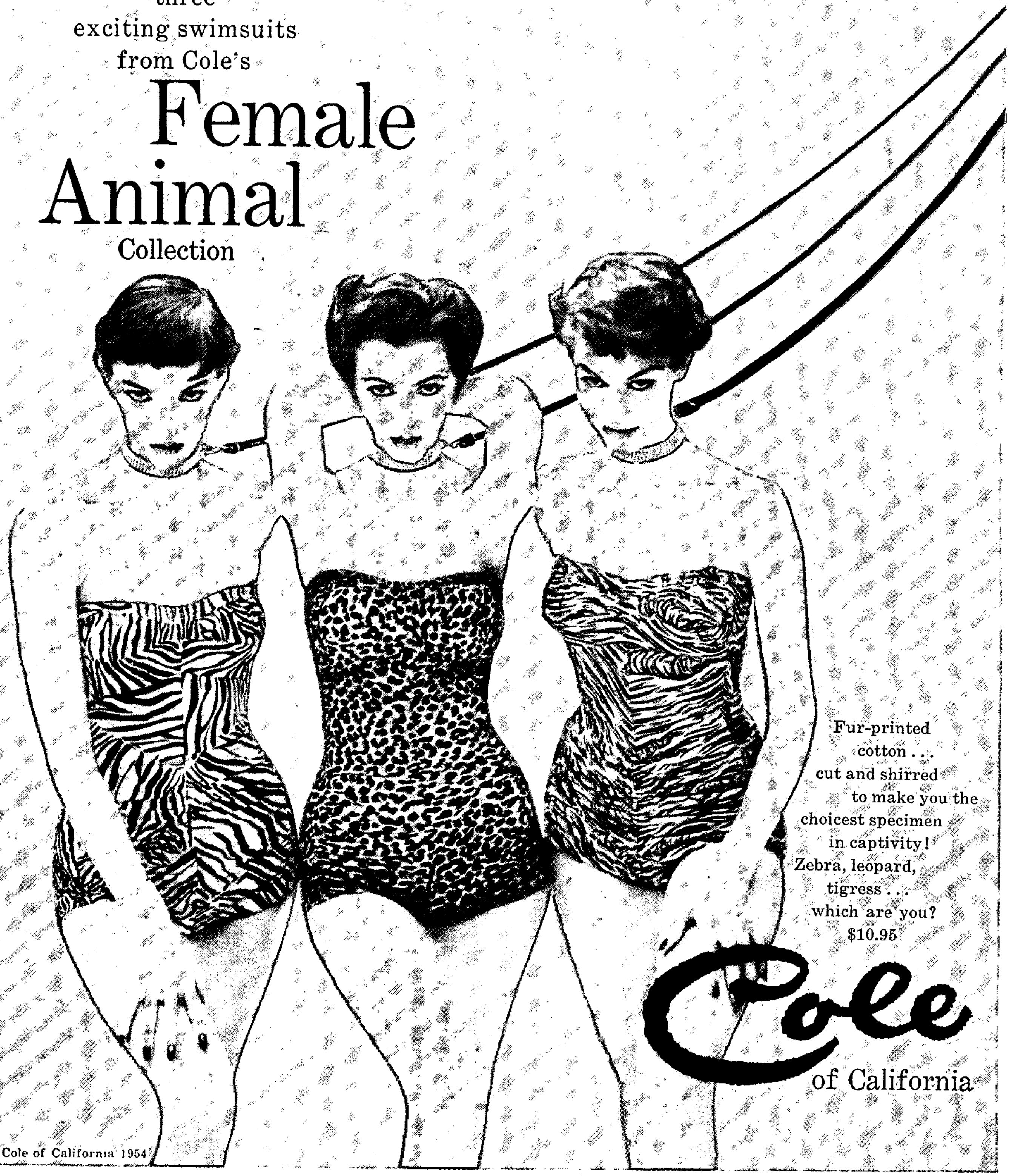

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are the present personnel of this old and reliable music shop. Don Frye is the solo pianist. *Jam sessions Monday nights.* Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Devotional services until sunrise in this cave of the winds. Through Wednesday, May 26, Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra and Chet Baker's quartet will be shrilling until all hours; next evening, Terry Gibbs' quartet and other musicians will be put in charge. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Another vast cave dwelling of jazz devotees. Through Sunday, May 23, Woody Herman's band and Sara McLawlor's trio will be in residence. On Tuesday, May 25, Ella Fitzgerald, Lou Bellson's new group (including Charlie Shavers and Roy Eldridge), and one or two other groups will bow in. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in yet another enormous cavern Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. In addition, on Sunday, May 23, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, the Janis boys will be putting their heads together with Max Kaminsky's boys. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, Marian McPartland, a crisp and knowledgeable practitioner, and her advanced trio are at work inside the circular bar. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): The virtues of pristine jazz are debated here on Fridays. On May 21, among the heated arguers should be Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Miff Mole, Buck Clayton, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, Jimmy Rushing, and (after all these years) Maxine Sullivan. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, it is promised there will be a battle royal between the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton (that's Ohio), Charlie Shavers, Benny Morton, Willie the Lion Smith, and Sonny Greer. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARNOLD BLANCH—Semiabstract landscapes primarily, in the artist's first one-man show here in four years; through Saturday, May 22. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

DETROIT ARTISTS—Paintings and a few sculptures by nineteen promising young artists; through Saturday, May 22. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

MARTIN J. HEADE AND FITZ HUGH LANE—North American landscapes and seascapes, together with a group of South American nature studies, painted in oils in the middle of the nineteenth century; through Saturday, May 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HELIKER—Thoughtful abstractions, mainly deriving from landscape motifs, and a bit mosaic-like in style; through Saturday, May 29. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

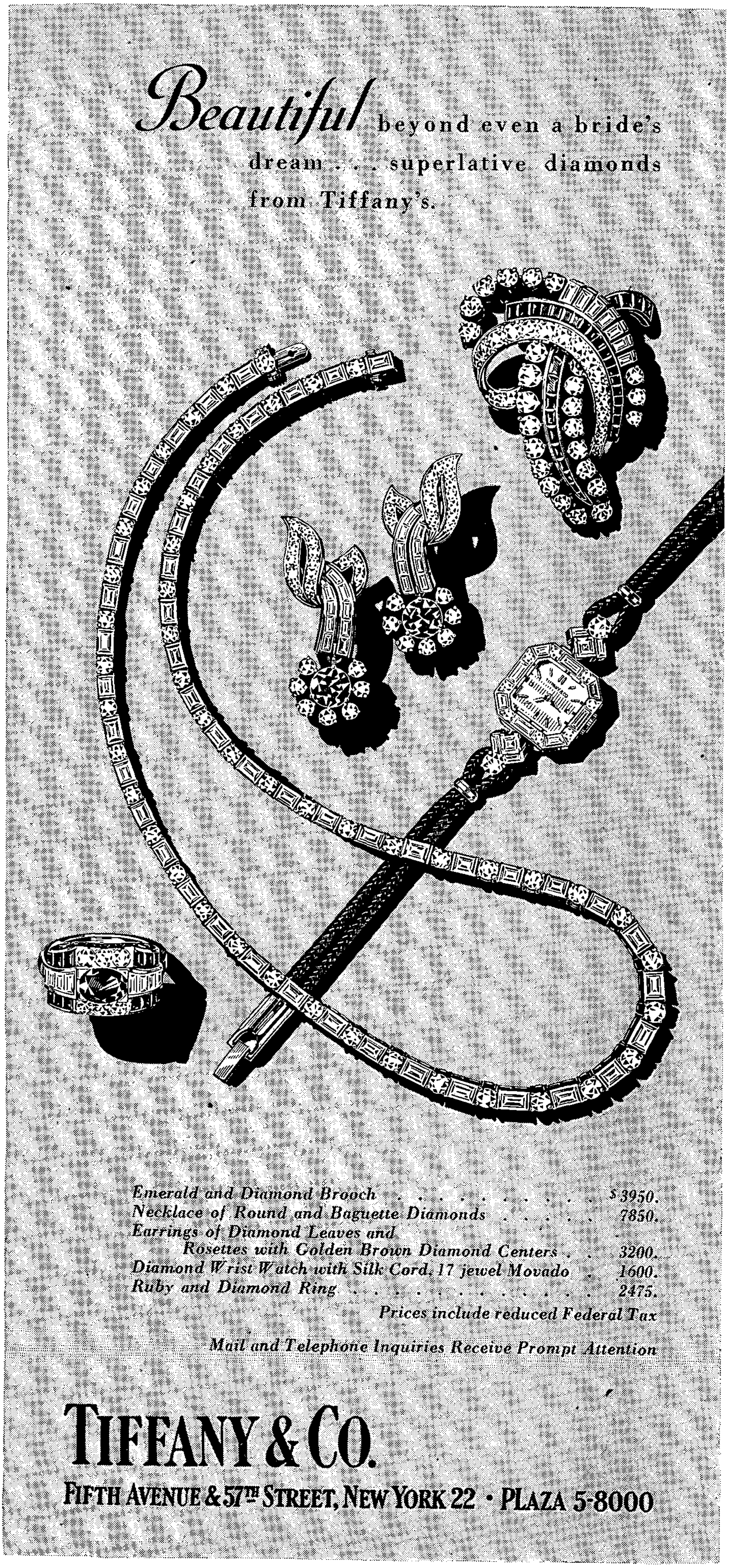
JONYNAS—Landscapes, done in water color but with a density that approaches oil, by a Lithuanian artist new to this country; through June 5. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

SARKIS KATCHADOURIAN—Copies of mural paintings in the cave temples of India, done with great fidelity and, considering the difficulty of the undertaking, considerable spirit; through July 31. (New India House, 3 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

KLEE, KANDINSKY, AND LÉGER—A selection of paintings by these three artists, concentrating on water colors and oils by Klee; through June 15. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

FRANZ KLINE—Powerful abstractions in black-and-white by a major representative of the American calligraphic school; through Saturday, May 22. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

ALFRED LESLIE—Big, swirly abstractions, thickly



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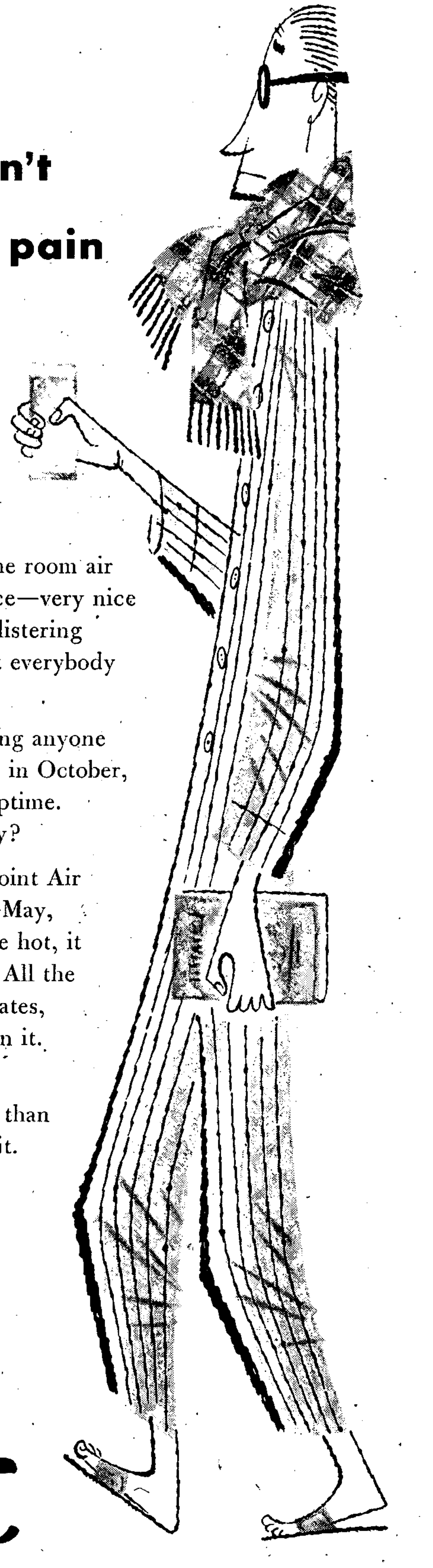

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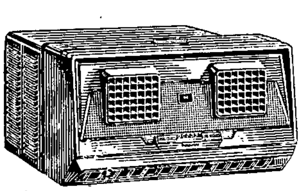

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brushed, many of them based on the human figure; through Saturday, May 29. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5.)

SEONG MOY—New abstractions in which some of Miró's fancifulness is applied to Oriental themes with spirited results; through Saturday, May 22. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The sixty-second annual with examples in all mediums and from all parts of the country; through May 30. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—Seventeen new abstractions, all done in her now familiar rectangular style; through Friday, May 28. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS RIBAK—Highly stylized paintings of the Southwest, full of heat and color, in his first exhibition in eight years; through Saturday, May 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

THE RIPE YEARS—Two oils apiece by Gifford Beal, Lyonel Feininger, Edward Hopper, and five other contemporary artists, all of whom are over sixty; through Saturday, May 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

AUGUSTE RODIN—Close to forty bronze sculptures, and about the same number of water colors and drawings; through Saturday, May 29. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Slashing, dashing, but a bit repetitious, abstractions, in a first exhibition here of a young French painter; through Saturday, May 22. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

VUILLARD AND ROUSSEL—A small selection of their paintings; through Saturday, May 29. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.) The Vuillard exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection.

WHITE JADE—Over thirty Chinese carvings, from the Sung to the Ch'ien Lung dynasties, in a loan exhibition; through June 23. (China House, 125 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of works by Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, Marsden Hartley, Sol Wilson, and a score of others; through Aug. 31. (Closed Saturday, May 29.) . . . **CLAPP**, 170 E. 75th St.: Sculptures by such moderns as Lu Duble, Jacob Lipkin, and Louise Nevelson; through Friday, May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The twenty-fifth anniversary show, with canvases by about thirty artists whom the gallery has sponsored since its early years; through Friday, May 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American folk art, mostly paintings and sculptures, from various sections of the country; through Saturday, May 22. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: The spring annual, with a painting apiece (ranging from realist to abstract examples) by sixteen of the gallery's artists; through Saturday, May 22. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: About fifty modern oils that were selected by Adolph Gottlieb, Jack Levine, and William A. Smith; through Friday, May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Eighteen canvases, evenly divided between Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through June 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS—An oil each and some water colors by twelve little-known artists, among them Alberto Burri, Lawrence Calcagno, and William Getman; through June 12. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Prints by Picasso, Braque, Villon, and others; through May 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Matisse, Gris, Arp, and Mondrian (a stunning example), among others, in the last show of the season here; through Monday, May 24. . . .

NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Chagall, Bombois, Rouault, and other moderns whom the gallery regularly represents; through June 19.... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: The second section of a two-part exhibit of paintings by Braque, Dufy, Picasso, and other modern masters; through Friday, May 28.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Doris Lee, starting Monday, May 24.... **GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA,** 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St.: Lydia del Mar and Ricardo Grau; starting Monday, May 24. (Weekdays, except Saturday, May 29, 11 to 6:30, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.) ... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: University of Arkansas faculty; starting Monday, May 24. Closed Saturday, May 29.) ...¶ Group shows at the **JACOBI,** 46 W. 52nd St.; starting Tuesday, May 25. (Weekdays, noon to 5.) **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; starting Monday, May 24.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at two and continuing until dark; through June 13.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," Sargent's portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection; through Sunday, May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening, May 20, until 9:45; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit in this country of the works of Edouard Vuillard, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, starting with his early works around the turn of the century and continuing until his death in 1940. Through June 6. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Vuillard show at Cadby-Birch.) ...¶ A survey of Jacques Lipchitz's sculptures from 1911 to the present, including several pieces that have never been shown before in America; through Aug. 1. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The eighth annual exhibition of American graphics; through June 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty-odd young American artists represented by everything from inks to oils (and even cement panels); through July 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Clippers, harbors, sailors, and the sea are the subjects, as usual, of Gordon Grant's fifty or sixty oils, water colors, and prints on display here; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—Almost a hundred paintings by nineteenth-century Americans, ranging from primitives to Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, in an exhibition that was shown in Germany and Italy under the auspices of our State Department; through Sunday, May 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

POP CONCERTS—D'Artega conducting a sixty-piece orchestra in the final performances of the series—Friday, May 21: A Latin-American program...¶ Saturday, May 22: An all-Gershwin concert, with Muriel Rahn, soprano; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; and Stan Freeman, piano....¶ Thursday, May 27: With Hugo Winterhalter, guest conductor, and Eddie Fisher, singer. A benefit for the New York Heart Association; for tickets, call MU 8-1400. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Evenings at 8:30.)

LEONID HAMBRO AND RAE MUSCANTO—Piano and soprano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, May 25, at 8:40.)

NEW MUSIC QUARTET—A program of chamber music sponsored by the International Society for Contemporary Music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd

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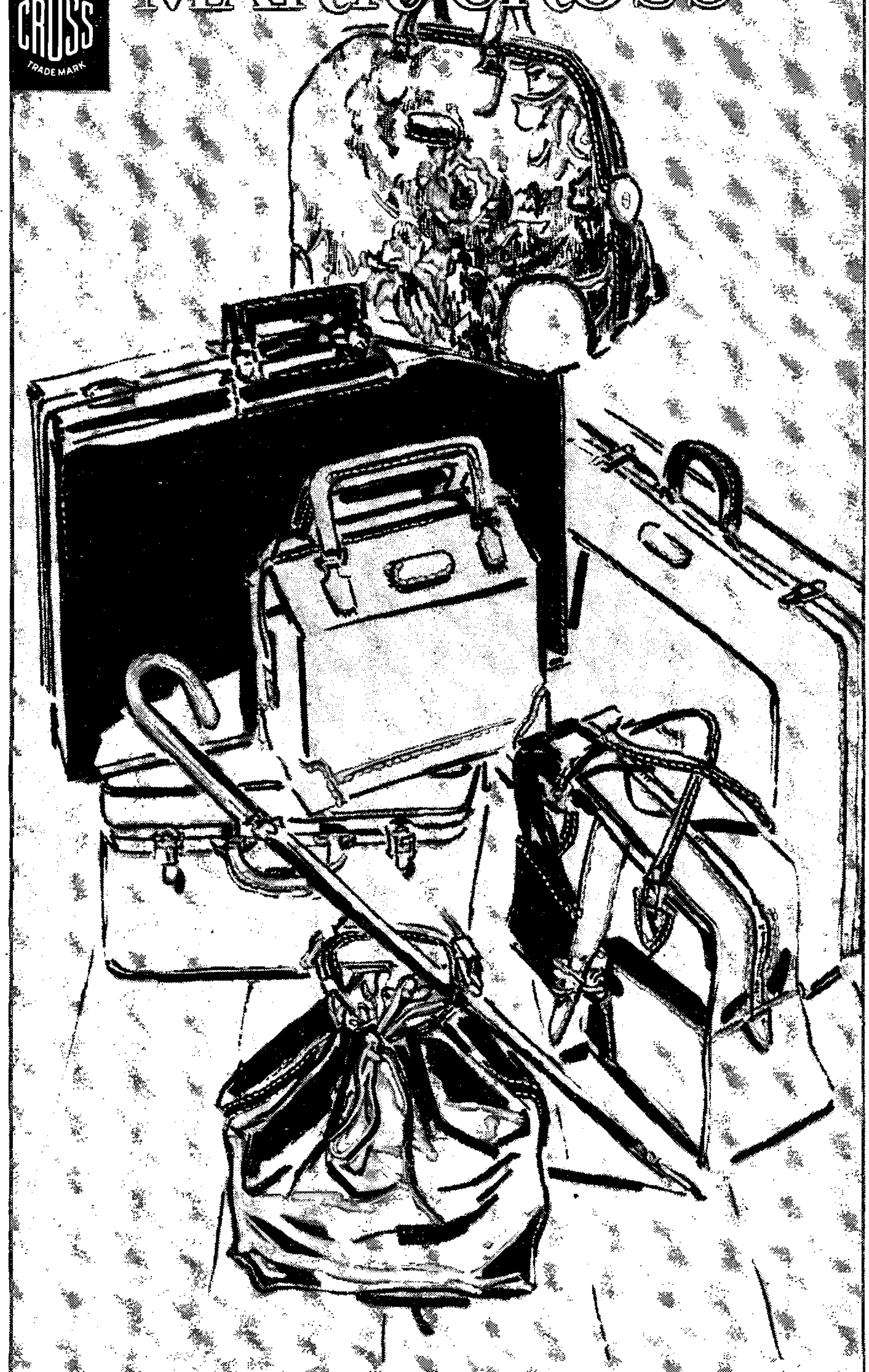

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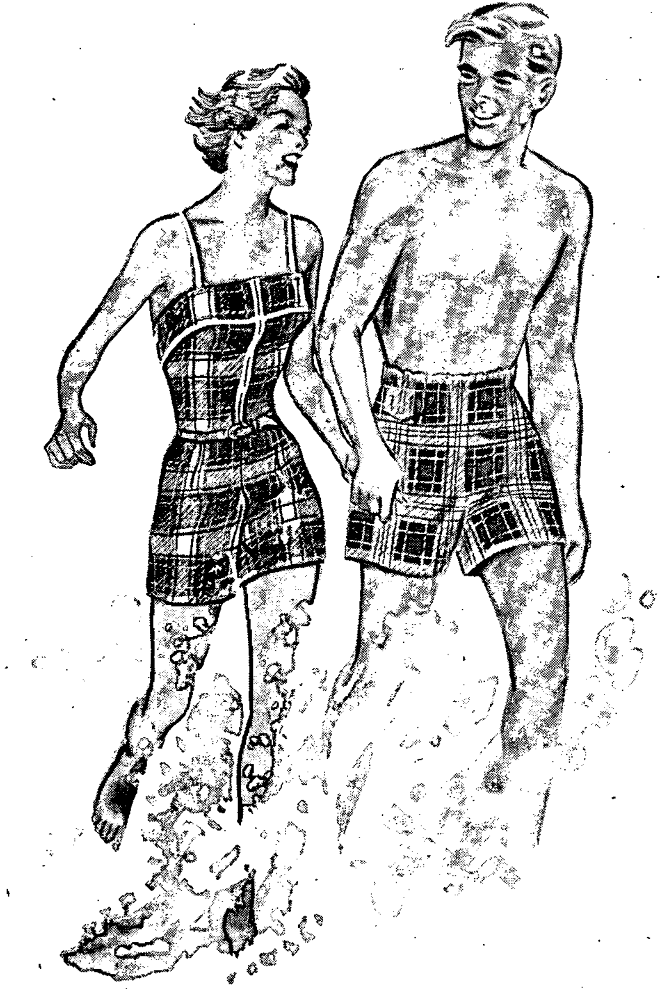

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St. Wednesday, May 26, at 8:40. No tickets necessary.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY OPERA WORKSHOP—Presenting two new operas, under the direction of Willard Rhodes and Felix Brentano: "Malady of Love," with a score by Lehman Engel and a libretto by Lewis Allan, and an adaptation, by Jack Beeson, of William Saroyan's play "Hello Out There." For the benefit of the Opera Workshop Scholarship Fund. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday through Saturday, May 27-29, at 8.45.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, May 21, at 8; Saturday, May 22, at 1:30; Sunday, May 23, at 2 (double-header); and Monday, May 24, at 8.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, May 25, at 1:30; Wednesday, May 26, at 8; and Thursday, May 27, at 1:30.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, May 21, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Monday, May 24, at 8:30.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, May 25, at 8:15, and Wednesday, May 26, at 1:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, May 28, at 8:15, and Saturday, May 29, at 1:30.

BOXING—Friday, May 21: Joe Giardello vs. Pierre Langlois, of France, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, May 28: Tommy Jackson vs. Charley Norkus, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 22.)

GOLF—Westchester County Golf Association Mixed Foursome Tournament. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. Thursday, May 27.)

HORSE SHOW—Eastern Pennsylvania P.H.A. Show. (Langhorne, Pa. Friday through Sunday, May 21-23.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 22.) ... ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. (Purchase. Saturday, May 29.)

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 12. The Roseben, Saturday, May 22; the National Stallion, Wednesday, May 26; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, May 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, May 31. The Jersey, Saturday, May 29. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) ... PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 22.

TRACK—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 28, at 2:30, and Saturday, May 29, at 1.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAY—The King-Coit Association presenting the final performances of "Nala and Damayanti," a Hindu play from the "Mahabharata." (King-Coit Children's Theatre, 330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Friday, May 21, and Monday, May 24, at 5.)

BRONX ZOO—At the CHILDREN'S ZOO: Pint-size creatures for pint-size people. The ducks, geese, lambs, goats, and piglets will even submit to being handled. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) ... CASTING POOL: Anglers of thirteen and under (who use barbless hooks and bent pins) can fill their creels (to the limit of three) with white and yellow perch, bluegills, and black calico bass. (Mondays 1 to 5; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays 10 to 4:30; and Sundays 10 to 5:45.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next few months; however, there are periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry Center Readings—A reading of Euripides' "Ion" by Clarence Derwent and Peggy Wood, along with Aline MacMahon and four other actors from the cast of "The Confidential Clerk," which T. S. Eliot presumably based on the Euripides work. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, May 24, at 6.)

British Artists in Crystal—Twenty pieces of engraved glass—bowls, vases, and so on—each incorporating a design by a contemporary English painter, sculptor, silversmith, or other artist; through Saturday, May 29. (Steuben Glass, 718 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

The Baroque Orchestra—A display of about a hundred and fifty European stringed and wind instruments played in the times of Monteverdi, Lully, and Bach, together with paintings (by such artists as Van der Helst and Rubens), tapestries, and prints demonstrating their use; through Aug. 31. (Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Photographs by Berenice Abbott—Fifty examples, taken between 1927 and 1953, which include portraits, scenes of New York, industrial and scientific pictures, and experimental works; through Thursday, May 27. (Caravan Gallery, 132 E. 65th St. Daily, 3 to 7.)

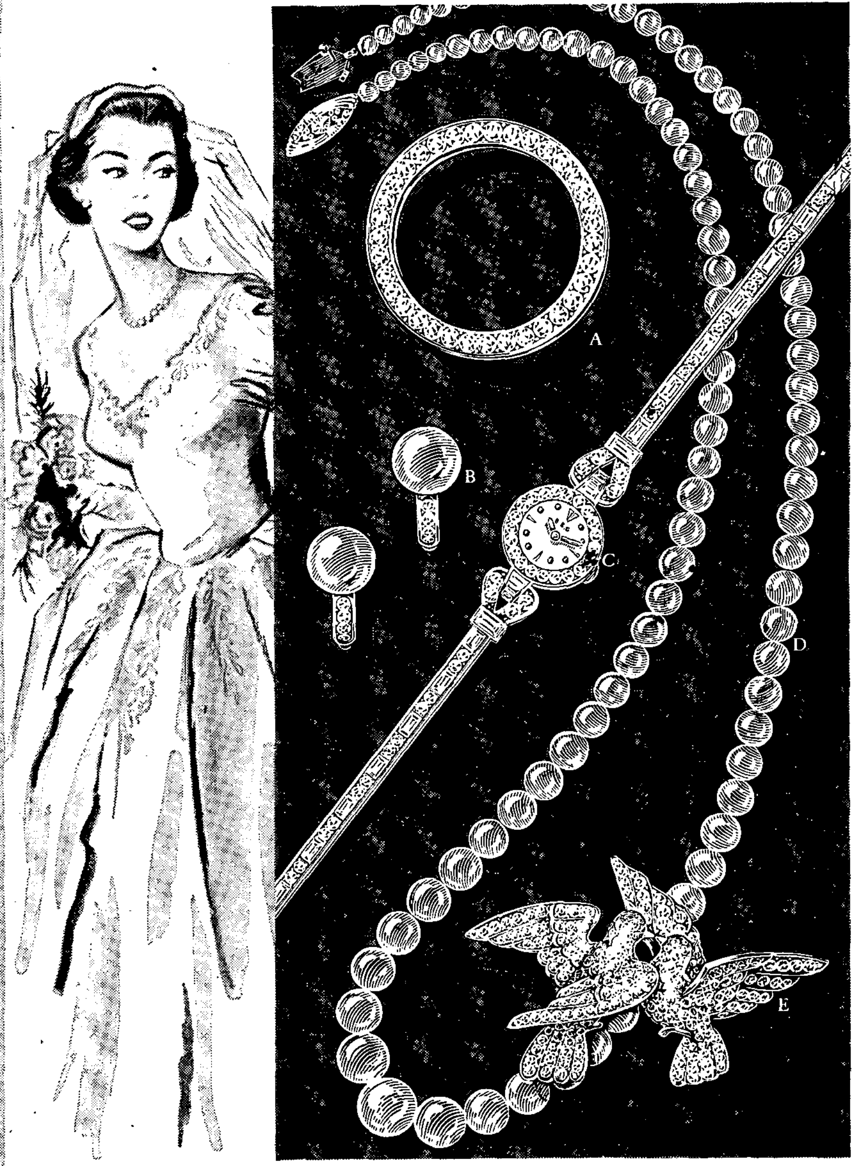
Percy Bysshe Shelley—Letters, journals, and manuscripts, from a private collection, tracing the lives of the poet and his family and supplemented with maps, portraits, and first editions. On view are Shelley's diary and the manuscript for Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein." Through June 12. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

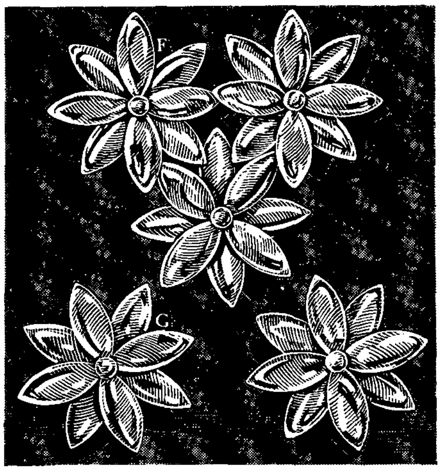
Coney Island—A survey of the playground's three-hundred-year history. There's a beach scene, of course, with life-size bathers of 1895 vintage, a gondola emerging from a nineteenth-century Tunnel of Love, two old carrousel horses, and hundreds of pictures, six of them by Reginald Marsh. Through Sept. 5. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, among them autograph manuscripts by W. S. Gilbert, Dylan Thomas, and Emily Dickinson; an illuminated Dutch manuscript, circa 1450; sixteenth-century French drawings; and incunabula. Through July 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The May show is called "Stories in the Stars" and deals with ancient mythological and modern scientific concepts of stars. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 21, at 10:15 and 1:45: French eighteenth-century and other furniture; cabinet porcelains, including Dresden, Ludwigsburg, and Herend; Oriental and Aubusson rugs; and various bibelots. The property of Mrs. W. V. B. Findley and of the late Dr. David Franklin and others.





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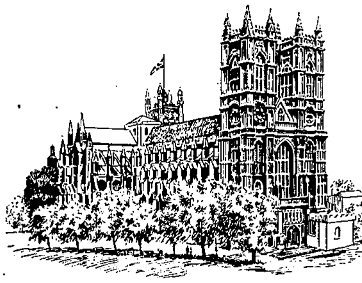

Westminster Abbey is falling down

If this news leaves you unmoved, read no further

TODAY, Westminster Abbey is in almost as desperate danger of becoming a total loss as it was during the Blitz. But now the enemy is *time*.

Nine centuries of weather and slow decay have weakened the Abbey's very foundations. Much of its stonework has perished. Its pinnacles lean dangerously.

To make good this damage, and establish endowments for future maintenance, will cost £1,000,000. An appeal was launched in London in January, 1953.

Fund is nine-tenths complete

Since then, contributions from Britain and every part of the Commonwealth have been coming in. Now, the total goal is all but one-tenth subscribed.

The Abbey is more than a British shrine. It will always be, in the words of Sir Winston Churchill, "...a living spring of hope, inspiration and unfailing interest wherever the English language is spoken..."

Tens of thousands of Americans know and love Westminster Abbey. They have prayed and given thanks in it. They have stood there in the hush of history.

Spontaneous American gesture

Because of this, a committee of Americans—belonging to the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths—have started The American Fund for Westminster Abbey. The Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich is honorary chairman, with Morris L. Ernst, William V. Griffin and Langdon P. Marvin as co-chairmen. The goal is $280,000.

This appeal is addressed to those many friends of Britain in this country who feel that the Abbey is part of their own heritage—and would like to have a hand in making it secure.

Contributions in pounds or dollars are tax-deductible. They should be sent to The English-Speaking Union (Abbey Fund), 19 East 54th St., New York 22.

(*Advertisement*)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

GENEVIEVE—An engaging British film about a quartet of highly amusing types who are in transit from London to Brighton on some sort of annual excursion involving ancient automobiles. With John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Judy Holliday, as a girl mad to get her name on billboards, having a bewildering time among the television and advertising impresarios. The piece was written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor. Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford are in the cast. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 26.)

KNOCK ON WOOD—Danny Kaye, the best clown we have around today, in a movie that possibly beats the old horse of psychiatry a bit too much in its early stages but winds up an absolute triumph for the modern master. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

THE LIVING DESERT—A Walt Disney nature film that describes life and death among the assorted rats, snakes, hawks, tarantulas, tortoises, bats, and scorpions who populate our Western deserts. Magnificently photographed, and often fascinating, but not for the squeamish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 22.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 24.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 21-22.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 26.)

MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY—A fictional account of the air war over Korea that is helped mightily by the introduction of some authentic shots of the fighting there. Van Johnson and Dewey Martin are excellent as a pair of Navy fliers, and the others in the cast assist them admirably. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

THE PICKWICK PAPERS—A long English chronicle of the adventures of Dickens' clubmen, which has a nice air of period authenticity and some solid acting by James Hayter and Nigel Patrick, among others. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

REVIVALS

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—Singing and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 21-22.)

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (1947)—The post-war troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; May 20.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 23.)

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 24.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952)—Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, and Edith Evans in Wilde's farce. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 25-26.)

THE MUDLARK (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes the widowed Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about Albert. With Andrew Ray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 23-25.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground during the war. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 23.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 21-22.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 25-26.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; May 21-26.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 23-26.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; May 21-26.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 23-26.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through May 23, at 3: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), directed by Alfred E. Green and Jack Pickford, with Mary Pickford.... ¶ Starting May 24, at 3 and 5:30: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929), with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, Peter Finch.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
KNOCK ON WOOD.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The French Line" (in 3-D), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland, Arthur Hunnicutt.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY.

HOLIDAY, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through May 26 (tentative): "Playgirl," Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and a raft of others.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Miami Story," Barry Sullivan, Luther Adler.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Flame and the Flesh," Lana Turner, Pier Angeli, Carlos Thompson.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Prisoner of War," Ronald Reagan, Dewey Martin.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Sensualitá," Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Amedeo Nazzari.

How much trouble can one world get into?

There's a spiritual that wails "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen." It might have been written about Cyrus L. Sulzberger, chief foreign correspondent of The New York Times. In the 16 years he has been datelining dispatches from foreign places, he has seen and reported enough trouble to make Richard Harding Davis seem an amateur.

Cy Sulzberger has been a news-chasing reporter since 1934. He covered fires in Pittsburgh. He covered labor in Washington. Since 1938 he has been chasing trouble all over the world, mainly in Europe. In one year, besides heading the biggest foreign staff of any U. S. publication, he might travel as many as 40,000 miles, file stories from 20 different countries.

For him, the days of rugged reportorial adventure are not yet over. During the last war he was trying desperately to get to Athens before the Nazis. He made it, all right, and scored a notable story out of it—but he had to pull a gun on a couple of boatmen to do it.

In quieter moments, he has interviewed dozens of kings, emperors, dictators, prime ministers, primates of all kind and degree. His interview with Yugoslavia's imprisoned Archbishop Stepinac won him a Pulitzer Prize citation.

Times readers like Sulzberger's reports. He digs deep, gets the news that isn't obvious, tells it vividly, makes global affairs as plain as local gossip. Some governments don't like that. They have banned him. Others have arrested him. Virginio Gayda, Mussolini's chief propagandist, called him "a creeping tarantula...spreading poison." *Time* magazine called his dispatches "epic."

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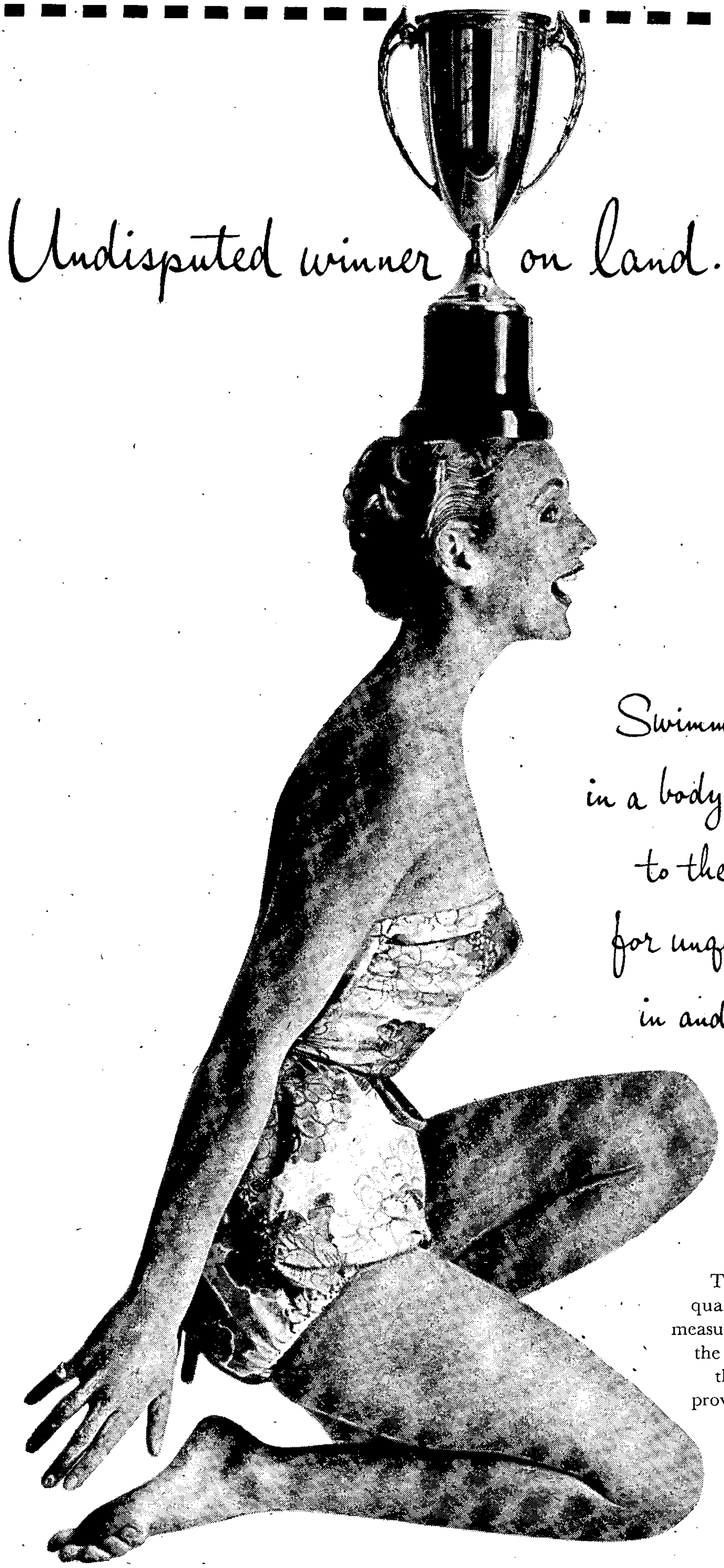

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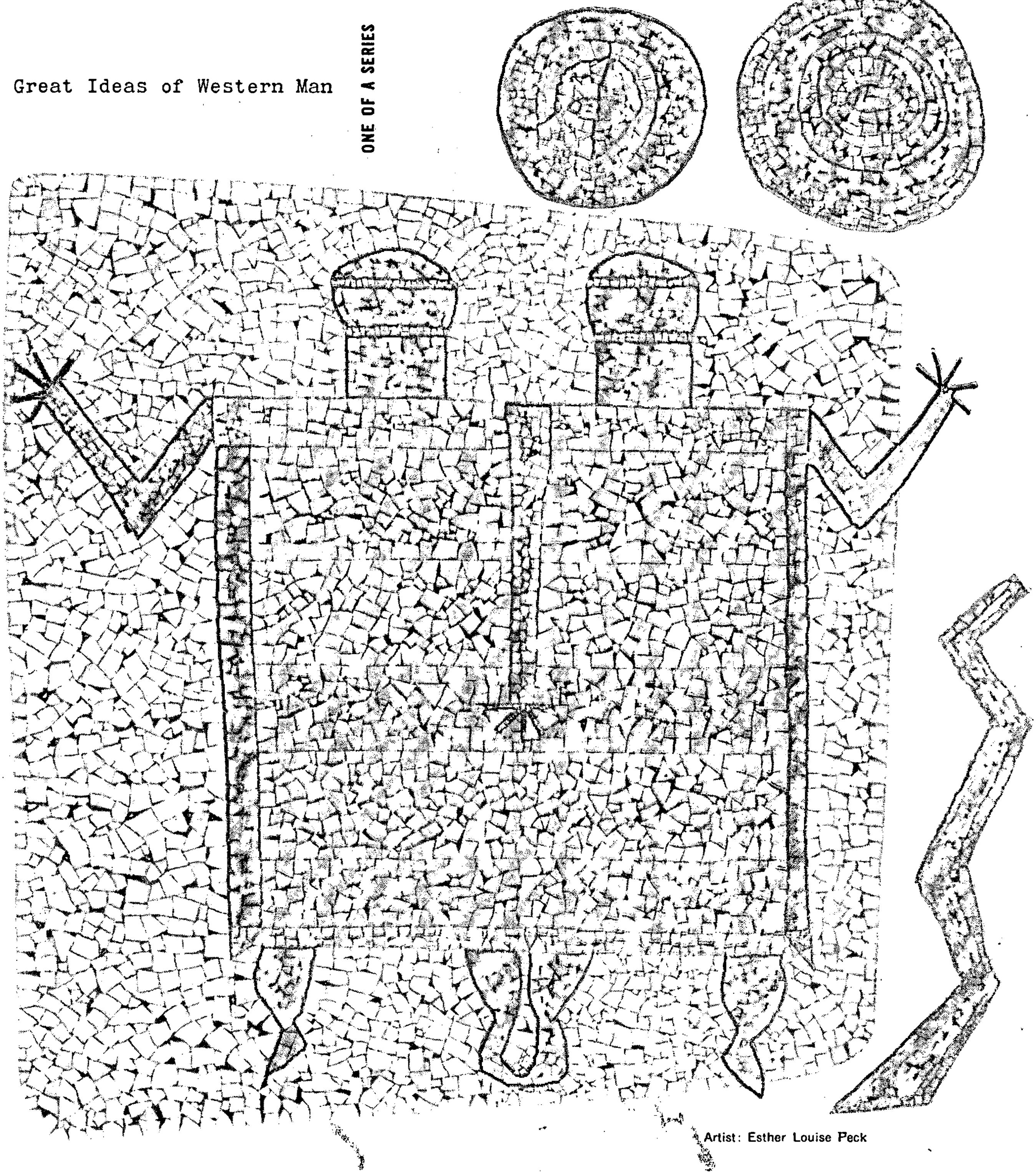

Artist: Esther Louise Peck

on the dual nature of civilized man

FREUD

So in every individual the two trends, one towards personal happiness and the other towards unity with the rest of humanity, must contend with each other.

(Civilization and Its Discontents)

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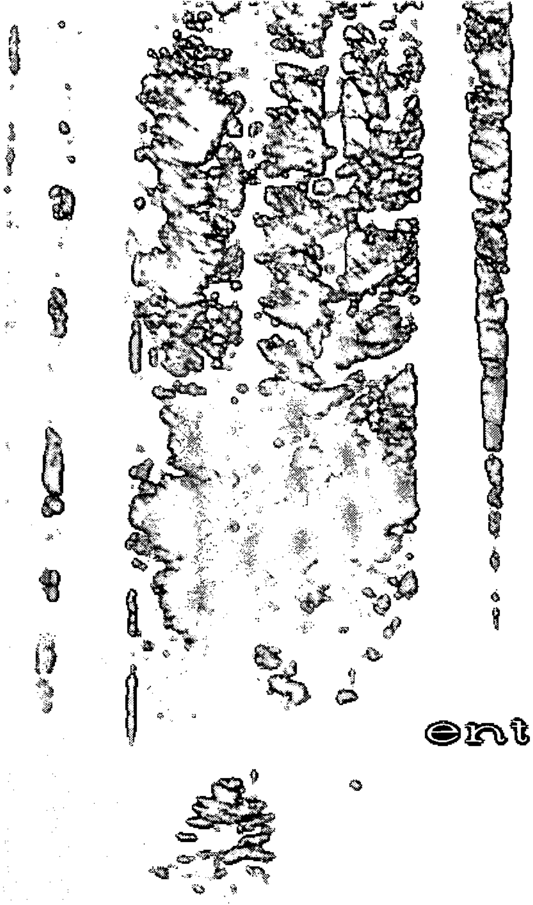

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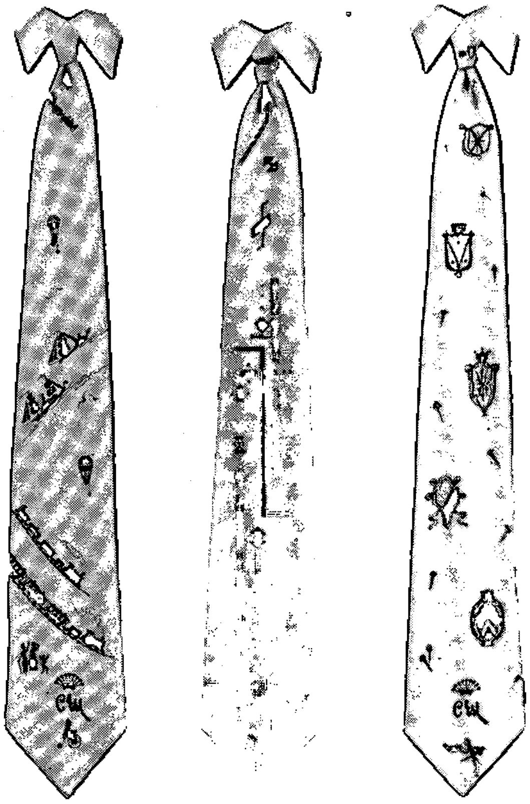

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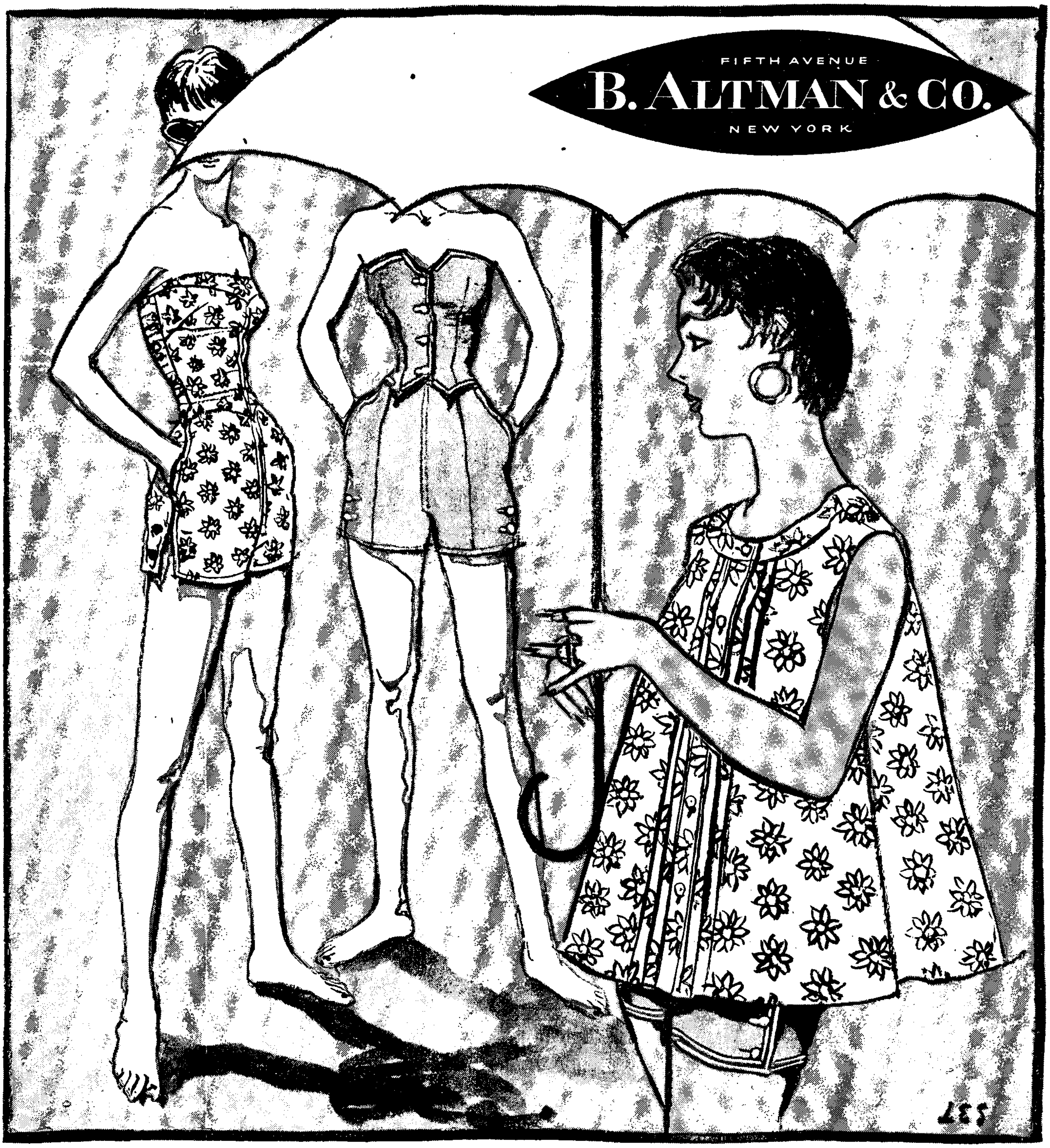

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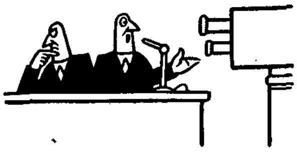
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

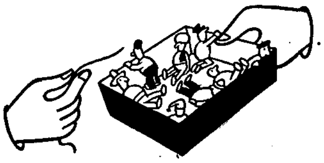
Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER made it clear recently that he intended to reorganize his life so as to have one hour per day in which to think. He said he needed at least half an hour in the morning and half an hour at night to collect his thoughts. We applaud the move. One trouble with being a leader of thought in America is that it leaves no time for thinking, and certainly the duties of President are so heavy that they pretty well carry a man through the day without his having to think at all, except in the most triggerish sort of fashion. As for ourself, of whom we can speak more knowingly than of Mr. Eisenhower, we have always attempted to organize our day so that we never had anything in particular to do, in the slim hope that if only we were idle enough, perhaps we might grow thoughtful. It has not worked. Thought is the by-product neither of perfect idleness nor of great activity but is an accidental sprout that appears unexpectedly on the vine of one's daily routine and that can be cultivated if one catches it soon enough and tends it with some kindliness and patience. Some of the most articulate and impressive persons we've known have not had a thought in their lives, or, rather, have never allowed one to develop naturally but have forced all for quick bloom. Most people, it would appear, hate to think and go to extremes to avoid it. The motion-picture houses we ourself have haunted, in the devotional hours of our afternoons, to escape the ordeal of thought, if piled one atop another, would dwarf Olympus.

IT'S quite possible that the Presidency of the United States has become an impossible job for one man, and that we need two men—an Acting President, to answer questions, make decisions, attend meetings, and listen to reports and gossip, and a Passive President, who merely watches the show, reflects on it, and finally, if a thought occurs to him, gives the country the benefit of it. Ideally, the two Presidents should be combined in a single individual, as they were in Lincoln, who had the stature and the temperament to be both active and passive. Not every elected leader is so well endowed by nature. Golf is not passivity, it is merely relief, and if the score is bad, it isn't even that. At any rate, there is much to think about; and we agree with Mr. Eisenhower—the days seem nowhere near long enough.



WE don't know how the President organizes his "thought periods," his half-hour lozenges of pure cerebration. If he needs topics, we can supply a few. Liberty. Unity. Tranquillity. Fertility. The rain and the wind. The light in the sky. The old, old look. Unity alone is good for a full half hour these days. The free nations are rattling around in what remains of their world like beads in a box. They await stringing. Instead of trying to string all together, we are mostly stringing each other along. In revolutionary times such as these, the United States should show forth clearly in a revolutionary light, as its history and character entitle it to do, making of its democratic principles a world religion greater in impact than the religion of Communism. This cannot be achieved by the negative role of being anti-Communist; it can work only in a positive air of internal health and wide-ranging sympathy and concern for others. Democracy is harder to explain and harder to propound than Communism because it is subtler. Its devotees tend to take it for granted. There is every evidence, though, that we should not take it for granted, or assume that it is well understood or generally approved.



ON finishing a book called "The Shocking History of Advertising" the other day, we gave half an hour's thought to advertising, hoping to take some of the load off the President. It is the sort of homely, democratic subject that badly needs expounding in countries that distrust America's gaudy practices and noisy ways. Here at home we are sensitive about being called hucksters when we should be thankful that we have a press supported by whiskey and bath salts instead of by government. Advertising is a wind that blows—our industrial chinook, keeping the fires of trade stirred up, keeping the press defiant. To the Marxian thinker, it is an abomination: energy spent on exaggerating the unimportant and seducing the gullible. To the ad man himself, advertising is both stimulating to the imagination and troubling to the conscience, and he holds frequent meetings to renew his vows of honesty. But advertising, despite its shocking past and its nerve-racking present, is our means of distributing the responsibility of a free press among many owners, for every client is, in a sense, a backer and has a stake in the columns he invades with his paid message. This creates a press that, though far from ideal, is at least lively and independent. If Man were a predictable being, if he were selfless, humorless, saintly, unacquisitive, advertising might be unnecessary and we could make bath salts come out exactly even and make freedom prevail without a multitude of singing commercials. Happily, there is no sign of such character in Man, and the system that best serves him and keeps him free is the one that conforms, as does ours, to his idiosyncratic nature, capricious spirit, desirous little heart, and to his infinite variety.

Disciplined

WE don't know when we've met two more winning and unworldly ladies than Miss Edith King and Miss Dorothy Coit, proprietresses of the King-Coit Children's Theatre, otherwise known as the King-Coit Association, Inc., of 330 East Fifty-sixth Street. King-Coit is a school of acting, painting, and dancing for children between the ages of approximately four and twelve, and every May it puts on, for a limited run, a play that, whatever its subject matter, turns out to be every bit as winning and unworldly as the Misses King and Coit. The most striking thing about the King-Coit Children's Theatre is how unchildish it is; the actors may be fresh from sand pile or hobbyhorse, but the performances are thoroughly professional, the audiences consist mostly of adults who are *not* parents of the cast, and first-string drama critics, notoriously suspicious of gifted tiny tots, are often on hand on opening nights. King-Coit, which celebrated its thirtieth anniversary in 1953 and is claimed by its admirers to be the oldest extant off-Broadway theatre, has been much praised, over the years, by such critics as Stark Young and Brooks Atkinson. This year's play, "Nala and Damayanti," an adaptation of a Hindu legend from the "Mahabharata," has been called a gem by William Hawkins, of the *Telegram*, and Robert Coleman wrote in the *Mirror* that "the young 'stars' bring off their roles with assurance and an evident knowledge of what they are doing"—from the school's point of view, the highest possible praise.

King-Coit is tucked away on the mezzanine of the Hotel Sutton. The theatre itself was formerly the hotel's ballroom. Steep wooden bleachers, painted gray and bearing long, bright-red cushions, rise to a balcony at the rear of the room and hold about a hundred and fifty people. One morning last week, we sat in the shadowy balcony near a door leading to the room in which the children get into their costumes and makeup, and talked with Miss Coit and Miss King about their indivisible career. It began, we learned, when they were teaching at private schools in Cambridge and Boston. "I was teaching history and literature, and Miss King was teaching art," Miss Coit said. "We drifted into putting on plays in order to bring history, literature, and art to life. Miss King did the sets, costumes, and all that; I did the adaptations and the directing. From the start, we were determined that everything, down to the very least detail, should be perfect." She breathed the word "perfect" with fervor, and with equal fervor Miss King nodded. "We have a very high opinion of a child's capacity for the expression of something outside himself," Miss Coit said. "Young children like to be objective and, despite all the talk you hear, they enjoy working under strict discipline. They only require that the discipline should have a worthy purpose."

"And quite right!" exclaimed Miss King. "Five-year-olds seem to know better than fifty-year-olds that the beautiful isn't easy."

During the First World War, Miss King and Miss Coit were invited to come to New York and put on a show for the benefit of French orphans. In the early twenties, they moved here for good. The show for the orphans was an adaptation of the Boutet de Monvel picture books. Since then, they have presented adaptations of the medieval tale of Aucassin and Nicolette; of a Persian play, "Kai Khosru;" of "The Tempest;" of Blake's poems; and of "The Rose and the Ring," by Thackeray. At present, there are seventy-four girls and boys in the school. "Too many," said Miss Coit ruefully. "It's just so hard to say no to all that promise."

"Do you know what the children like to do when a performance is over?" Miss King asked. "Go home in a bus with their makeup on. Yesterday, I heard a mother promising her son that he needn't bathe for two days."

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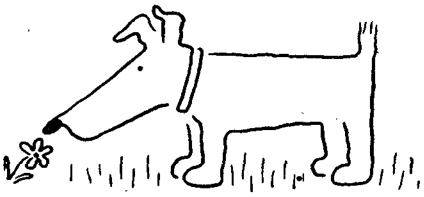
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Library of Congress, under the designation GV1507.B3, is now cataloguing books on Scrabble.

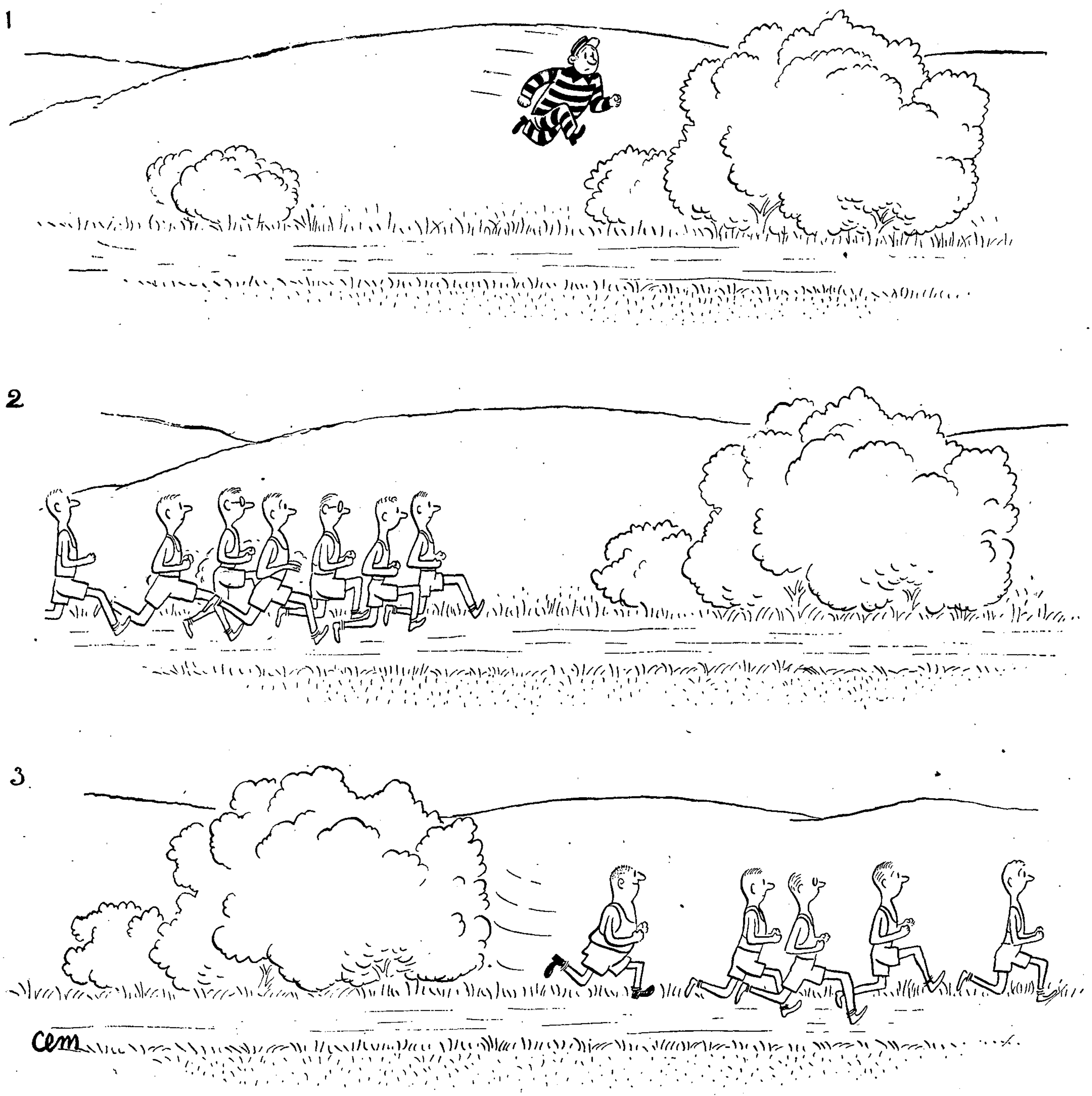
Carpet

FREE fountain pens, orchids, piggy banks, and the like are getting to be routine accompaniments to the opening of new midtown bank branches, but when one opened the other day with wall-to-wall carpeting in the main banking area, that was news enough to compel our presence. The bank in question—the only one in the city, we were informed, to be thus appointed—is the Murray Hill branch of the Union Dime Savings Bank, at Madison Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. It is the first branch Union Dime has opened since it was founded, ninety-five years ago, and Union Dime has done it up brown—or, at the very least, gray brown, with an acanthus pattern. We went over to the new branch on opening morning; fought our way through a half-block-long line of would-be depositors; accepted a pamphlet or two from a man dressed up as an early Dutch settler; stepped springily across the carpet, which seemed almost thick enough to sleep on; bypassed dozens of new depositors opening accounts to the brisk rhythms of Muzak; and came to a gray-haired, presidential-looking gentleman wearing a dark-blue suit and a carnation. He introduced himself as J. Wilbur Lewis, president of the Union Dime. "Homelike, isn't it?" Mr. Lewis said when we mentioned the carpet. "You know, at the bank they all laughed at me a little when I broached the idea. Now see how the public is warming up to it!"



A blue-suited man who looked like a halfback came by, saying with restrained pride to a visitor, "Three-frame, high-piled, one-hundred-per-cent-wool-face Wilton. Fully one-half inch thick. In other words, plushy." Mr. Lewis told us that the man was Walter Williams, Jr., the Union Dime's vice-president and treasurer, and, more recently, its carpet expert. Having thanked Mr. Lewis, we tracked Mr. Williams to a corner and asked him to tell us the carpet tale. He said that the task of procuring the carpet had devolved upon him because he happened to know some bankers at two pioneering upstate institutions, the Troy Savings Bank and the Schenectady Savings Bank, which have had wall-to-wall carpets on their banking floors since 1950. "I made a little trip up there to look around," he told us. "Troy's carpet is sandy brown, with the repeating initials T.S.B. Schenectady's is deep green, almost all solid color. A lovely thing. Well, the bankers up there are happy about their carpets and so are their depositors, so when I got back, I asked Radio City Music Hall, which has eighteen or nineteen thousand people tramping through it every day, what carpet they use. High-piled Wilton, they said, and we were on our way. We chose the acanthus pattern for its dignity and the color because it doesn't soil easily."

We asked Mr. Williams how long he thought the carpet would last, and he



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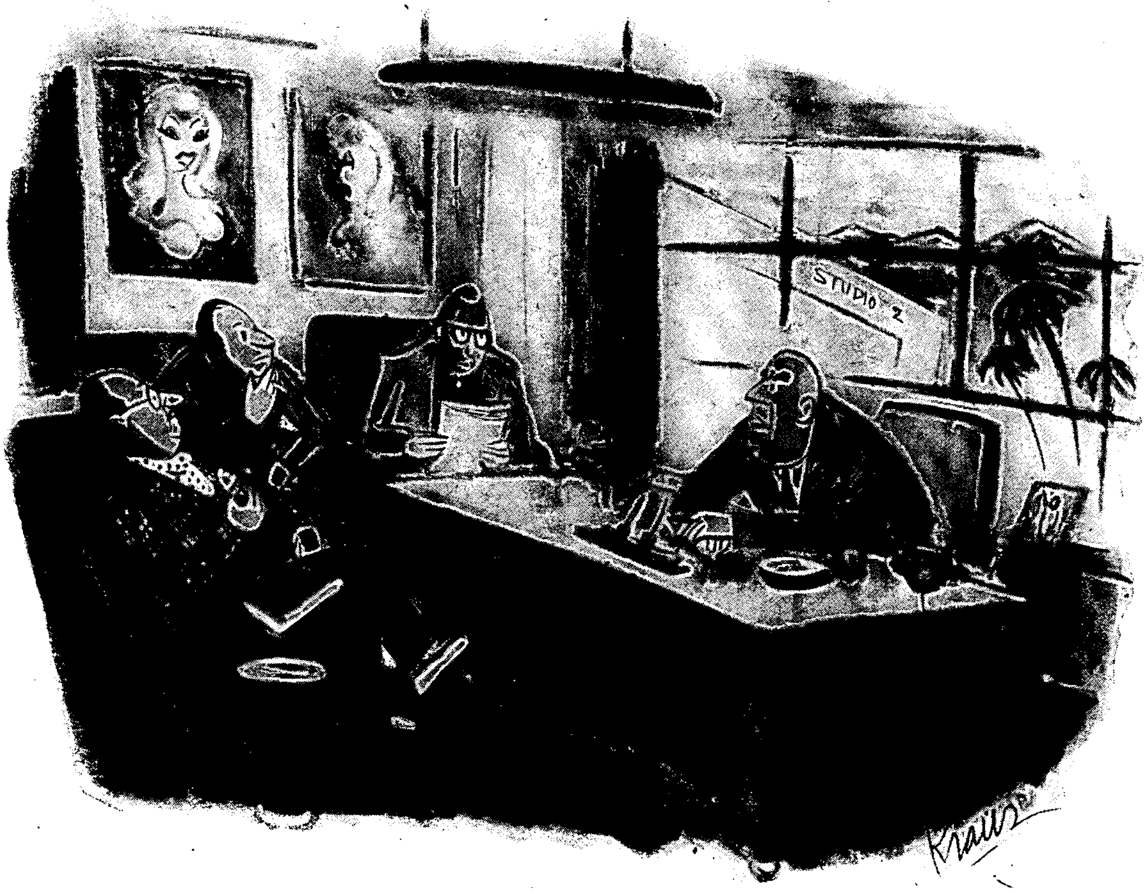
said about ten years, except in the most heavily travelled spots, where worn sections will be replaced periodically. "We know we're going to have wear and tear," he said with an air of resolution. "Well, we'll be ready. We've purchased considerable additional yardage. The depositor first! We're trying to break away from the old, outmoded banking tradition that only the president and first vice-president get thick carpets."

The Right Way

A FRIEND of ours recently bought one of those gleaming new cars with a windshield that goes right on around from front to back without a break, making the occupant feel as if he were sitting in a bubble. Our friend rather liked the new job until a tire went flat. Following an ancient principle, he jacked up the car in order to change the tire, whereupon the circular windshield cracked. Once he had changed the tire, he drove his purchase straight back to the agency. There a salesman explained that the jack probably hadn't been used properly. "Come over here and I'll show you how we do it," said the salesman. Our man followed him to a corner of the salesroom, where the salesman put a jack under another gleaming job, just like the one our man had bought, and started to jack it up. That's right—crack!

Moses Revisited

SINCE we last talked to Robert Moses, a couple of years ago, he has been made chairman of the New York State Power Authority, and has continued to emit his wonted oratorical and epistolary fireworks, so we telephoned him the other day and asked if we might call on him. He suggested we come to a Park Association lunch at the Tavern-on-the-Green honoring Carl M. Loeb and the late Mrs. Loeb for their gift of a boathouse to Central Park, and take a



"All I want from you, men, is a treatment that will gross about eight million dollars."

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drive with him afterward. We had cocktails with three Loeb sons and their wives—the Carl M., Jrs., John L.s, and Henry A.s—and were shortly seated at a table that included W. Earle Andrews, an engineer, who designed Jones Beach and several Moses parkways; Victor Ridder, the newspaper publisher; and Miss Ruth May, who identified herself as a landscape architect. "I used to run Pleasance Flowers, Josh Logan's flower shop. It was called the Rock Garden then," she said. "I hired a secretary for eighty-eight dollars a week and got only a hundred myself. I shouldn't eat fish. Dr. Westley Hunt, my otolaryngologist, told me I shouldn't. He's dead. I've had three fishbones taken out of my throat. I never order fish any more."

Miss May addressed herself to the fish course, and Mr. Andrews, leaving our table for the dais, addressed himself to the ninety-odd luncheon guests and introduced William M. Chadbourne, president of the Park Association. Mr. Chadbourne expressed regret that Mr. Loeb, Sr., was indisposed and couldn't attend the luncheon, and introduced Mr. Moses. Mr. Moses delivered a vigorous anti-vandalism speech, and Miss May resumed her fish speech to us. "I never order fish," she said, "but I like to catch fish. I've just come back from Key West. I'm the red-snapper queen of the Casa Marina. I gave all the red snappers I caught to the chef there. You know, a friend of mine bought an old Paisley tablecloth and cut a hole in it and wore it as a skirt. All you have to do in this world is be original."

Mr. Chadbourne called on Hulan E. Jack, the Borough President of Manhattan, for a few words, and Mr. Jack spoke briefly in appreciation of the Loebs. So did Leo Carrillo, the actor, who is a member of the California State Park Commission, and Henry Epstein, our Deputy Mayor. Mr. Chadbourne then called on Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, "a charming and gracious lady, the soul and inspiration of the Park Association," to present a plaque commemorating the boathouse, and Mr. Loeb, Jr., rose to receive it on behalf of his father. "The boathouse is beautiful, it's adequate, it's attractive," Mrs. Sulzberger said.

Next, Mr. Andrews whisked us off to a car, where we were seated beside Mr. Moses. The two men were about to inspect the Long Island Expressway. "I'm going to São Paulo next week for its four-hundredth anniversary," Mr. Moses said as we drove out toward Long Island. "The Brazilians want me to talk at a World's Fair there. It was Governor Dewey who asked me to take over this water-power thing, to develop power at Niagara Falls and on the St. Lawrence River, but there's nothing we can do, at least about Niagara, till Congress decides what *it* wants to do. An attempt is being made to give the Niagara power plant to five private utility companies instead of to the state. The companies are also opposed to the St. Lawrence power project. They're trying to get their claims before the Supreme Court. I don't think the Supreme Court will back them, but it may not arrive at a decision until the fall. Now, as to the state highway program—we're in good shape on both mixed traffic and passenger traffic, but there is a gap in the arterial program. We need a billion dollars to catch up."

That gave us something to think about as we drove toward the Expressway.

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OVERHEARD in one of the dining rooms of Carlton House, female voice (British) speaking: "In order to keep warm, she had to burn *all* Lord Ribblesdale's shoetrees."

Closed Circuit

DURING working hours some days ago, we found ourself in a room where several hundred persons were gathered before fifteen large-screen television sets, and not a senator or Army officer visible on any of them! The occasion of this phenomenon was the twenty-first annual convention of the American Animal Hospital Association, held at the Statler, in its Skytop and Penntop Rooms. As we got out of the elevator on the eighteenth floor, we fell in with Dr. Clarence P. Zepp, Sr., a prominent local veterinary surgeon and a founder and past president of the A.A.H.A., whose members, he told us, are concerned mainly with the treatment of small animals in hospitals. (Most big animals don't go to hospitals; they're too big.) Dr. Zepp advised us that a feature of the convention, a four-day affair, would be a series of televised dissertations over a closed circuit. The subjects were to include a couple of autopsies on dogs and a demonstration of "Repair of Diaphragmatic Hernia." (There was also to be a non-televised talk on "The Small Animal Practitioner in a National Emergency.") "Diaphragmatic hernia is upside-down stomach," Dr. Zepp explained to us. "It's common in dogs that have been hit by cars. Human beings get it, too, of course, but it's more troublesome in dogs, because they walk on all fours, and when their intestines and liver get dislodged, they press upon the heart."

Dr. Zepp led us into the Skytop Room, where we arrived in time to catch the end of a session on distemper conducted by Dr. Hadley C. Stephenson, a professor emeritus of veterinary medicine at Cornell. Several hundred male vets and a handful of lady ones were present. As we entered, Dr. Stephenson was answering a sharply worded question from the floor, having to do, we gathered, with the relative merits of "modified virus" vaccines and "killed" vaccines in treating distemper. "We get some pretty tough fights in here," Dr. Zepp whispered. "You know, the current rise in the national dog population is undoubtedly due in part to our ability to vaccinate against distemper." By then, Dr. Stephenson had shifted to a different topic, or what we took to be a different topic. "I have always considered chorea another manifestation of nerve-trunk damage," he was declaring.

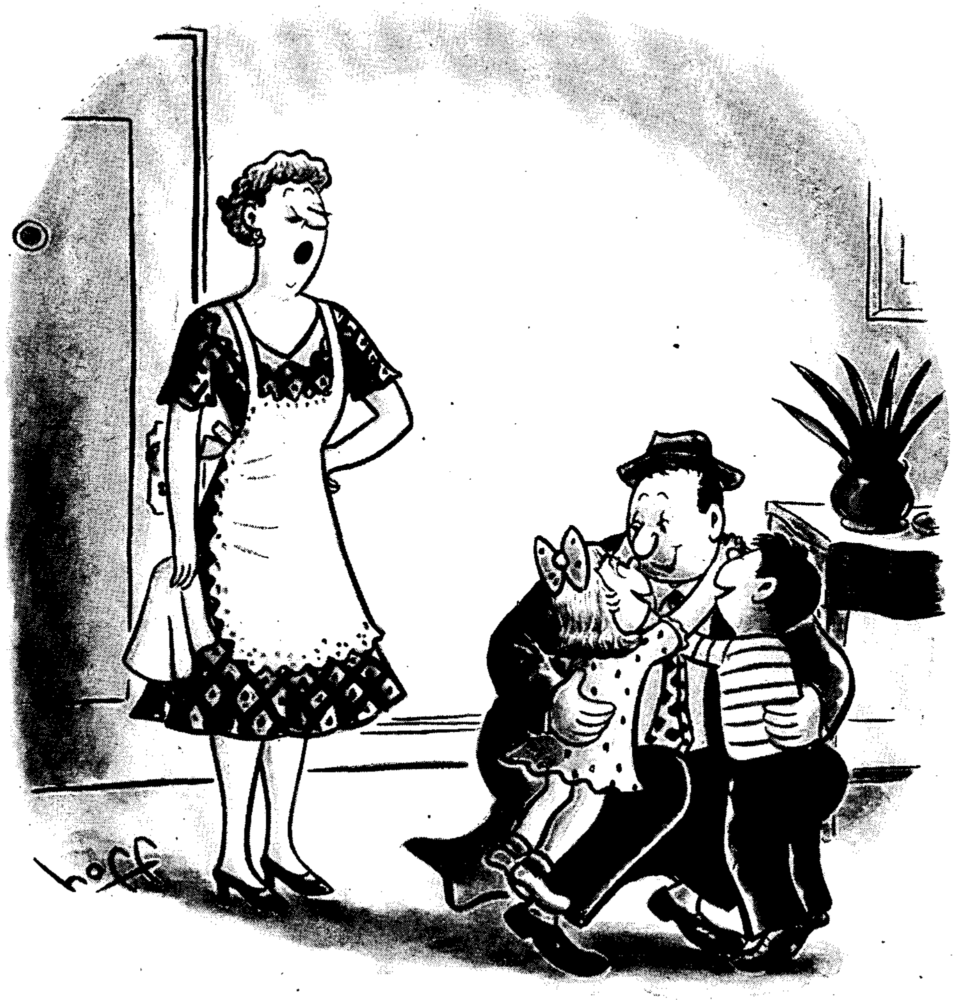
Bewildered, we got out of there and headed for the Penntop Room, for we had previously glimpsed a series of exhibitors' booths there, without which most conventions leave us cold. "Stephenson doing O.K.?" an inquiring vet asked as we proceeded. We nodded. "I was sure he would," the man said. "Distemper's always one of his best subjects." We toured an impressive array of displays—surgical instruments designed for vets, operating tables and X-ray machines ditto, oxygen tanks, countless elaborately named medicines, and dog foods of vast variety, one of them heralded as both nutritious and dog-licious. The salesmen for two rival brands of food had met at a neutral booth and were comparing their products, with the kind of heavy jocularity conspicuous at conventions of any kind. "We use only the very best genuine imported mahogany sawdust," one salesman was saying. "*He* uses domestic sawdust." There was general laughter.

At the booth of the Baltimore Wire & Iron Works, we paused to inspect a shiny cage, and a bystander asked if we were from Texas. When we said no, he looked pleased. "This place is full of Texans," he said. "What's happening to Texas? I always heard they went in for big animals there." We moved on, and overtook a vet who was saying, "Charlie gets twenty-five bucks for a tonsillectomy, I just learned, and I only get ten. Every time I come to one of these affairs, I realize I'm low man on the totem pole."

Returning to the Skytop Room, we settled back to enjoy a session on clinical laboratories. "All of us want to remain students until we die," the presiding vet said while a pretty girl in a white smock smiled at us from fifteen TV screens as she efficiently toyed with a microscope. "The search for truth is an unending process. The humane societies may not like me for this, but a good veterinarian is only secondarily an animal lover. Primarily, he's a scientist." On all fifteen TV sets, the girl in white threw some liquid into a centrifuge, and fifteen giant centrifuges began to whirl in dizzy unison.

Le Phonétisme

A Householder informs us that when he got home the other night, the Breton maid who takes care of his child after school hours told him that someone from the vegetable market had called up and wanted him to call back. Having no vegetable deal pending, the man asked for further information. The maid told him the vegetable man had said it was about melons, peas, and beans, and had left a number. The number was Whitehall 4-1212, the number of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, where our man has a brokerage account.



"If you haven't been drinking, how come you're so agreeable all of a sudden?"

THE CRUSADERS

ON Thursday, Ralph Breck insulted Ellen Major for perhaps the fifteenth time that month. She would never have mentioned it to anybody herself, because she was that rather anachronistic and touching thing, a lady, and she wished to enjoy no special immunity on account of her sex. However, the walls of Breck's office were thin, and his secretary, who was subsequently replaced, was of a confiding disposition, and it wasn't long before the story got around. It seemed that Ellen had gone in with the proof of an advertisement for her employer's approval. The earlier part of the conversation had been amiable, or at least inaudible, but Breck's voice had risen toward the end. It had been rough and hectoring, and punctuated with jarring laughter.

"He sounded even more horrible than usual," the secretary testified.

Anyway, his final remark had been quite clear, and the secretary was able to report it verbatim.

"What the hell do you think this joint is?" Breck had shouted. "A God-damn kindergarten?"

Ellen had left the office rather pink and with tears of vexation in her lovely eyes.

Inevitably, this disagreeable episode soon came to the ears of three of Ellen's fellow copy writers, all of whom regarded her with respect, admiration, and hope untinged with vulgarity. This trio was composed of Alfred Mitchell, who might easily have been a poet in a sunnier climate and a more tranquil age; Henry Abbott, who was perhaps the most promising of all the younger men; and Elliott Fox, who had been very recently graduated by the Harvard Business School. Each of the three had suffered in his time from Breck's intractable disposition, which was, indeed, often indistinguishable from lunacy, but, being male, they were not disturbed by the steady, unaccented flow of blasphemy, and occasional obscenity, that passed with their employer for conversation. They pitied him for his poverty of expression, but since they also had the highest regard for his judgment, they were able to condone it, and even to find some entertainment in it.

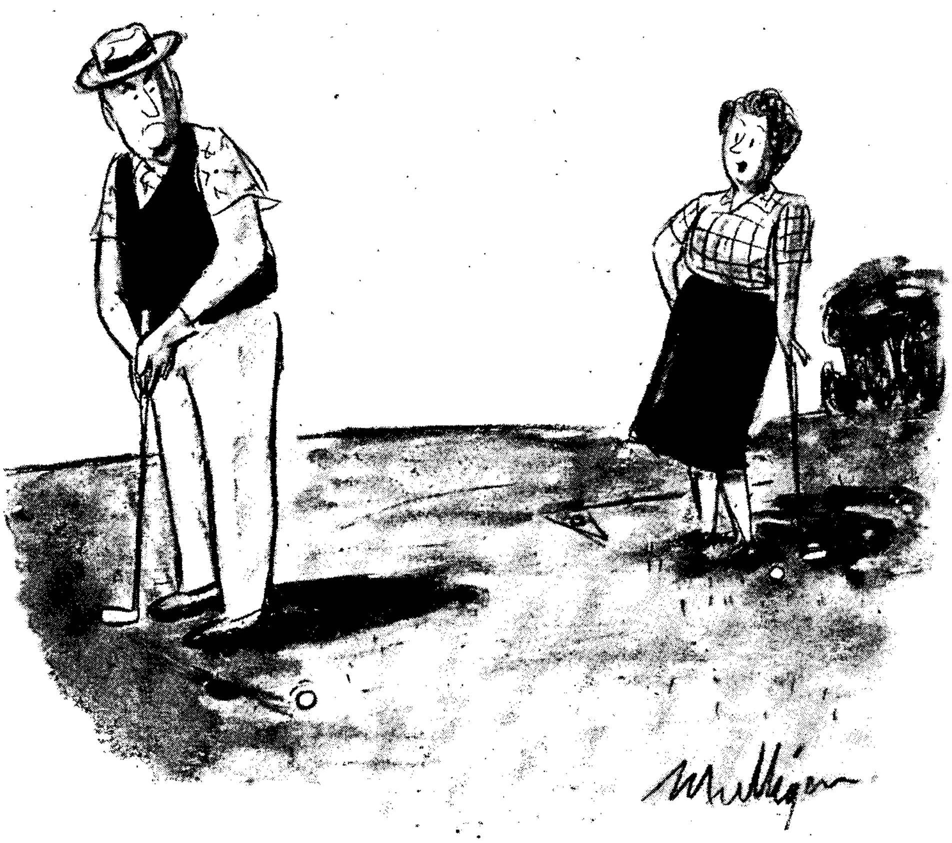
With Ellen, however, things were, of course, quite different. The three men had come of age in a time of ever relaxing social standards, when a good many pedestals had been almost chipped away, but it still affected them unpleasantly to realize that Breck was in the habit of speaking to Ellen almost precisely as he spoke to them. They accepted this circumstance without comment for some time, hoping that Ellen's obvious gentility, her valiantly if unsuccessfully concealed discomfort when certain words were employed in her presence, would cause Breck to mend his ways. Their hope was vain. It may have been that Breck, aware of Ellen's embarrassment, honestly tried to restrain himself with her but that, being a man of drastically limited vocabulary, he was able to find no other words for those he was in the habit of using. Or it may have been that, quite aware of causing pain, he took a certain adolescent pleasure in continuing to do so. In any case, instead of improving, his behavior toward Ellen deteriorated rapidly. Mitchell, Abbott, and Fox watched with dismay as Breck forgot himself with growing frequency and abandon, and as Ellen came to look more and more apprehensive and wistful. She had even, they couldn't help noticing, begun to lose confidence in those little mannerisms that had so endeared her to them all. For a long time, they hesitated to act, but Thursday's episode, coming, as it did, as the climax of a month of ever more aggressive assaults on her modesty, proved to be too much.

"I guess we're going to have to do something," Abbott said as the three gathered that night in a neighboring bar. "He can't go on treating her like this."

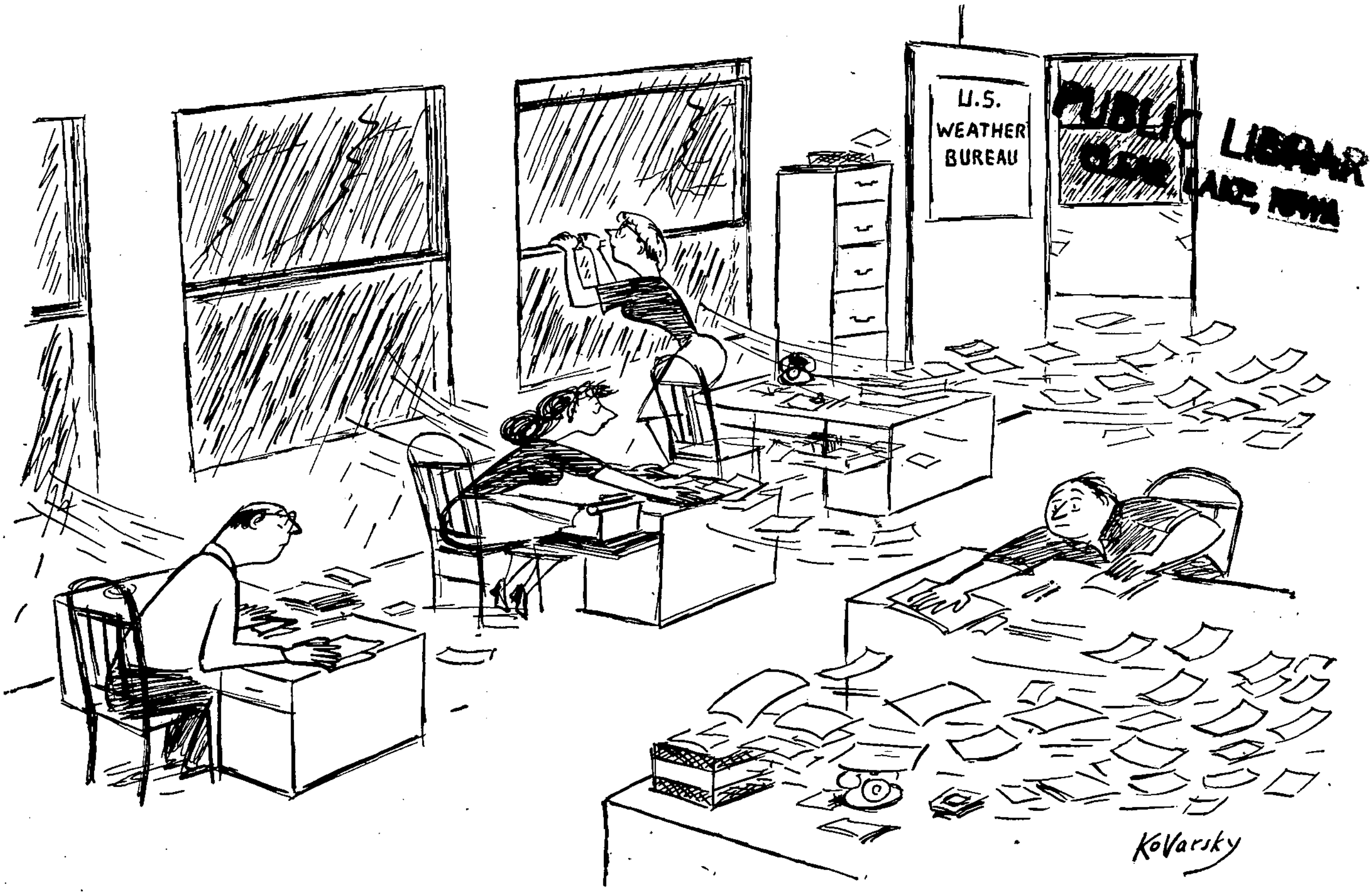
"I know," said Mitchell. "It isn't as if she was *any* damn woman. She *feels* that kind of stuff."

"You can count me in on this, fellows," said young Fox.

IT was as a result of this conversation that the friends found themselves in the elevator on their way up to Breck's



"There now, wouldn't it have been silly of me to concede that putt?"



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apartment on Saturday night. They had had dinner together and discussed the line they planned to take in insisting that their employer conduct himself in a more decorous manner.

"We'll have to be firm," said Mitchell as the car creaked upward.

"Yes," said Abbott. "Did he seem surprised when you telephoned him? Do you suppose he knows what we're coming about?"

"I don't think so," said Mitchell. "I didn't tell him, of course. I just said we wanted to talk to him."

"Good," said Abbott. "It may be helpful if he's surprised."

"Does Ellen know anything about this?" asked Fox.

"I mentioned it to her," said Mitchell.

"Oh," said the younger man, looking at him with faint dislike.

The door of the automatic elevator opened, and so, presently, did that of Breck's apartment.

"Hello, boys," he said. "Come in. Throw your stuff any damn place. Sit down."

They did so, and looked around the room, which was, indeed, a rather accurate reflection of their employer's bizarre personality. He had taken the apartment furnished, they knew, but the expensive reticence of the sofas, chairs, tables, and lamps had long since been overlaid with manifestations of a less coherent taste. The walls were covered with pictures—photographs of Breck's friends, usually in dissolute postures and facetiously inscribed; paintings and engravings that ranged erratically from kittens at play and young women enjoying the sun to tortured El Grecos and smoldering Gauguins; a color proof of an advertisement that an unfortunate slip of the engraver's tool had turned into a classic of impropriety. Books, also wildly various in subject matter, were piled everywhere, and there was a snowdrift of papers down from the chairs and tables across the floor. The proprietor himself was rather perplexingly arrayed. He had on the bottoms of a pair of pajamas, slippers, and the remnant of a panama hat. It occurred to his guests that he looked annoyingly frivolous, considering the nature of their errand.

Drinks were distributed, and for a time they sipped them in silence.

At last Mitchell cleared his throat and addressed Breck. "I'm afraid we've got a little problem, Ralph," he said.

"Well, who the hell hasn't?" said Breck, looking at him impassively.

"It's a little hard—" Mitchell began again, but before he could get any further he was interrupted by a strange and violent commotion in the wall behind his head—a thin whine of gears and the clanking of heavy chains.

"Problems," said Breck when this had died away. "You think *you* got problems. You hear that God-damn thing?" He gestured at the wall. "The lousy elevator. It does that all night. Right beside my bed. The little white Jesus knows the last time I got in a night's sleep."

"It's quite a noise," said Mitchell.

"Son of a bitch if it isn't," said Breck. "It's driving me nuts, Al."

"Well," said Abbott after a decent interval, "we wanted to talk to you about the office. That is—"

"The office?" said Breck. "You don't have to tell *me* about that office. I've worked there for fifteen godforsaken years. I've turned into a sick and beaten old man in that office. I used to have an appetite, Hank. I used to eat like other men. What do I live on now? Soup. No stomach, no teeth. I lost them in that office."

"Maybe you need a vacation, Ralph," said Abbott.

"Sure," said Breck. "And who's going to run the stinking joint? Except for you boys, what have I got? Women and children. God on a velocipede, *women!*"

"Maybe it's a little tough on women, too, Mr. Breck," said Fox.

Breck gave him a brief, sardonic smile. "*Everything* is tough on women, my boy," he said. "They make a career of having things tough. You know what Mark Twain said about women?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Fox.

"He said they were beautiful creatures with pains in their backs," said Breck. "He had it right."

"Still," said Mitchell. "Well, in the case we wanted to talk to you about—"

"I don't know what the hell case you're talking about," said Breck. "There are all kinds of cases. You take my God-damn sister Muriel."

"We wanted to ask—"

"She keeps getting herself locked up," said Breck. "As a matter of fact, she's locked up right now. I don't suppose you knew that?"

"No, I hadn't heard," said Abbott, "but—"

"Well, she is," said Breck. "Some place up around Bridgeport. There's nothing the matter with her. Just every so often she feels she has to put herself away in one of these joints. She gets feeling picturesque or some God-damn thing and she slopes off to one of these joints. I wouldn't give a damn—it's her dough—except she keeps telling them *I'm* crazy. Maybe I am. You don't eat or sleep long enough, *anybody* is apt to go nuts."

While he stared at them defiantly, the elevator went up and down again in the wall, clanking and groaning, sending a small, unpleasant vibration through the apartment.

"What we came up about, Ralph—" said Mitchell uncertainly when the sound had ceased.

"Excuse me, Al," said Breck. He picked up a little bottle from a table beside him and shook a pill out onto his palm. "Supposed to quiet me," he said when he had swallowed it.

"You ought to be careful with those things, Ralph," said Abbott. "You can get dependent on that kind of stuff."

"Yeah, I know it," said Breck. "But what the hell. Drinking is no good. I've tried that. I don't get drunk. I just get depressed."

"Well, *you ought to* watch it, anyway," said Mitchell.

"A man has to relax," said Breck. "One way or another. You know that, Al."

"I know," said Mitchell.

"It's tough, Ralph," said Abbott.

"It sure is," said Fox.

"I'm thirty-seven years old," said Breck. "Supposed to be the prime of a man's life. That's a laugh. Look at me. I live on soup and sleeping pills. For all I know, I ought to change places with Muriel."

"You do look kind of tired, Ralph," said Abbott.

"Tired?" said Breck. "God!"

"You ought to try and get some sleep, kid," said Mitchell.

"I don't know," said Breck. "Maybe I can. I feel as if maybe I might tonight." He yawned and closed his eyes, but opened them again almost instantly.

"But hell," he said, "you boys wanted to see me about something. What's on your mind, Al?"

"Ah, let it go, boy," said Mitchell. "We can take it up some other time."

"Sure, Ralph," said Abbott. "You just get your sleep."

"It wasn't important, sir," said Fox. "You get some sleep."

"Thanks," said Breck. "Perhaps I will. Well, good night, boys. Thanks for dropping around."

He yawned again as he showed them to the door.

It was some time before a cab came, and as they waited for it on the curb, they avoided one another's eyes.

"Poor guy," said Fox, tentatively, at last. "I hope he gets some sleep."

"Sure," said Abbott. He paused and slowly shook his head. "He seems to eat all right, though," he said. "At least whenever I'm with him."

"You're damn right he does," said Mitchell. Then he, too, stopped and stared off down the street. "I wonder . . ." he began again.

"So do I," said Abbott.

"You wonder what?" asked Fox.

"If the son of a bitch has really *got* a sister," said Abbott. "So do I."

—Wolcott Gibbs

AN ENTHUSIAST IS A DEVOTEE IS A ROOTER

OR, MR. HEMINGWAY, MEET MR. STENGEL

Into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado
Drop, my boon companion, the word "aficionado."
Brand me as provincial, hoot me for a jingo,
Hint that I'm an Oedipus to love my mother lingo,
On my reputation cast a nasty shadow,
Adamant you'll find me anent "aficionado."

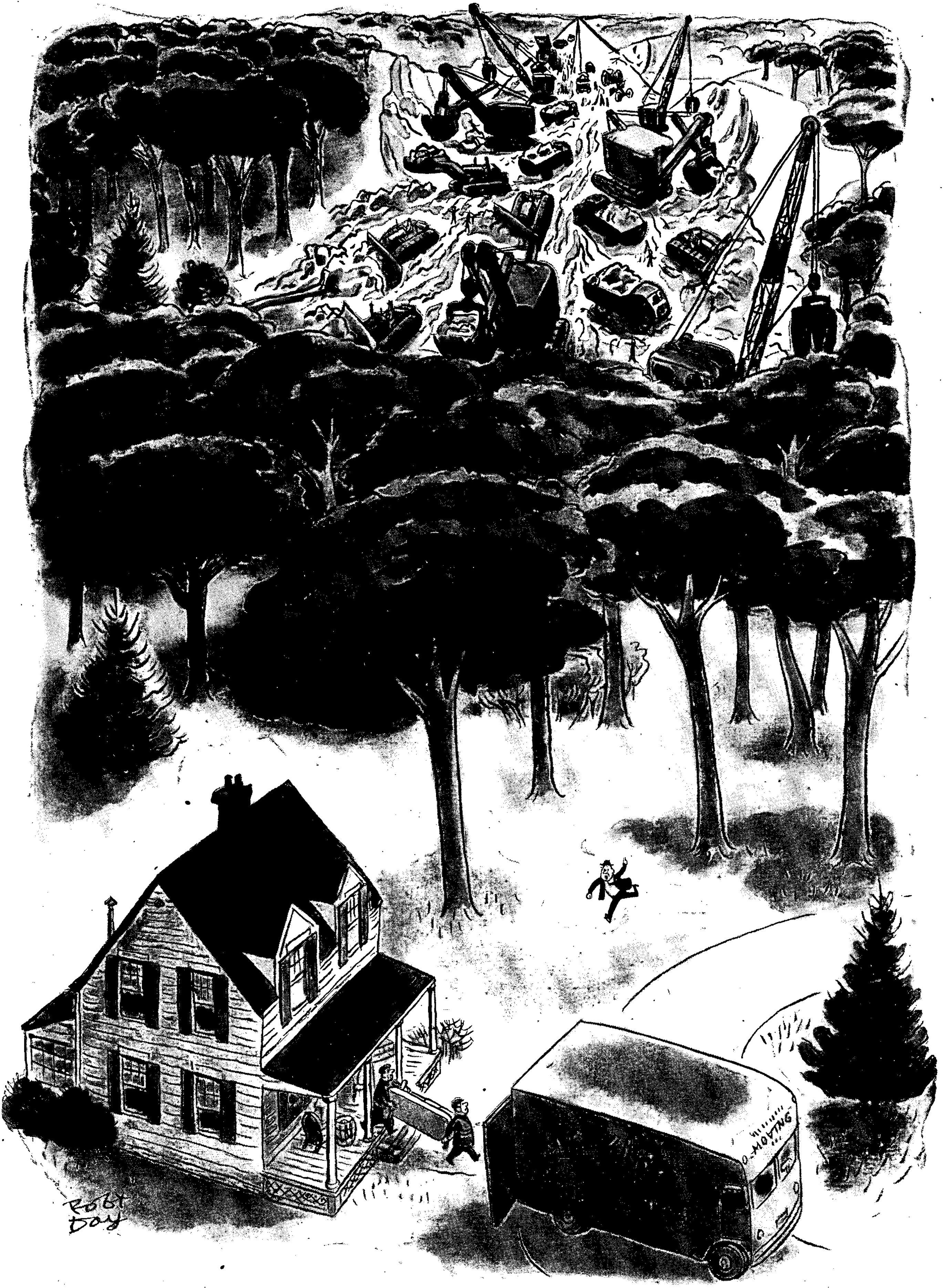
Never may I languish prey to xenophobia.
Sydney Smith admire I, and Luca della Robbia,
And should Fate transport me into regions foreign
I could wear a chlamys, I could wear a sporran,
Yet, gazing at the Parthenon, strolling through the Prado,
Art lover I might be, but no aficionado.

Monosyllabic Master, whither are we heading
Since you thrust upon us this verbal featherbedding?
You, who freed the language of fetters euphuistic,
You, who taught us terseness, muscular and fistic,
You, whose prose is soldierly, Spartan and Mohican,
Why employ ten letters to do the job that three can?

This reproachful tribute to a first-class writing man
Comes from no aficionado,
Just
A loyal
Fan.

—Ogden Nash

• •


MOVING
Robt Day

"*Hurry up! Here it comes!*"

THE SERVANTS' DANCE

ON Saturday morning, Charles Runyon awoke in a mood of rapturous gaiety. This day, this evening, this weekend, promised—no, guaranteed—a triumph so complete, both in secret and in public, that it must surely, Charles felt, become one of the succession of platforms that marked his progress through life, each platform raising him higher, the better to survey the world and the men and women in it. My stage and my actors, he said to himself; my arena. Charles was a literary gentleman whose main interest was the theatre. He lived alone in a single room in an old and famous hotel in the Murray Hill district. He never entertained, having, as he laughingly explained, no facilities for doing so, but he went out a great deal, and had a reputation, undefined but definite, as a wit and an epigrammatist. His weekends were spent at Herbert's Retreat, thirty miles from New York on the east side of the Hudson, and always at Leona Harkey's, where one bedroom was sacred to him.

Now, lying in his narrow, canopied four-poster there, he stretched his stringy little arms and his long stringy neck, and yawned. Then he got out of bed, pattered over to his writing table, and snatched up a large notebook, in which, the night before, as every night, he had recorded his impressions of the evening. The notes had been very enjoyable to write. They were copious and would be memorable. Edward Tarnac, Charles' old enemy, the one member of this river community who had ever been able to get under his skin, had returned to the Retreat after five years' absence, and he had returned a ruined man. Ruined at thirty-eight, Charles thought, with a tender side glance for his own unmarred years, which numbered fifty-four.

He pulled open the curtains. Leona's lawn, starting immediately beneath this window, slanted smoothly down to the river's edge, two hundred yards away. It was a lovely view, a sunny day, a glorious prospect, and still only ten o'clock in the morning. Charles rang for his *café au lait* and sat down in the great chintz-covered armchair that Leona had thoughtfully placed near the window but not so near that Charles, thinking or reading, could be seen from the garden. He still had his notebook in his hand, and he glanced at a passage here and there.

Bridie (Charles liked to refer to her as "that splendid Irishwoman of Leona's") clumped in with the tray. The glare of pure hatred that was her characteristic expression descended in full force on Charles' silky gray head, but he was indifferent and she was silent, respectfully handing him his orange juice, pouring his coffee and his hot milk (Sye-mull-tane-eusssly, Bridie, she said to herself, the coffee and the milk sye-mull-tane-eusssly), and departing.

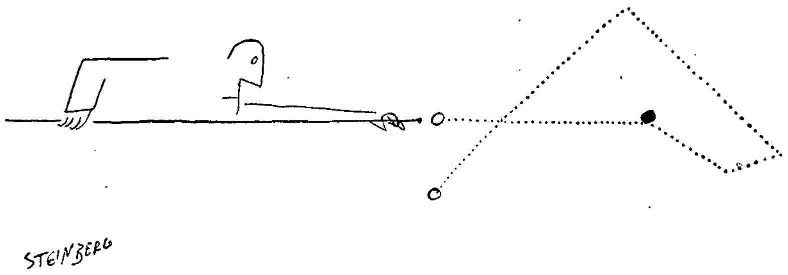
Sipping his coffee, he began to read over his notes, but very soon he set both coffee and notes aside and lay back in his chair, to savor—not the sweetness of this present triumph, because, after all, he had that now, but the bitterness of the long grudge he had cherished against Edward Tarnac. The grudge was partly inexplicable to him, and this intensified it. Edward had been well-to-do, free, charming, happy, handsome, attractive, and athletic, but still, when one came right down to it, how many did not have those qualities? It was the literate, cultured, aloof fellows like himself, the true gentlemen, who were the exception. Indeed, it was curious that Edward had always succeeded so in irritating him, at times beyond endurance.

And then Tarnac had always been so self-confident, so sure that everybody liked him. Why, quite often he had even spoken to Charles as a friend, chatted with him as a friend, completely forgetting the times he had slighted Charles, the gibes, the smart little mockeries that rankled in Charles' mind and glowed there, polished daily until they had the brilliance of jewels. No more, though. This weekend would wipe all that out. Last night was almost enough. Oh, Charles thought, the satisfaction of seeing someone brought down who has been riding high! Well, Tarnac had been thoroughly humiliated, somewhere, somehow, since leaving the Retreat. That much was obvious. The apologetic air of him now, where once he had been so—cocky was the only word for what he had been. He no longer took it for granted that people liked him. Quite the other way around now. Odd, to see him and Lewis Maitland together now. They were bosom friends in the old days, and so much alike that they might have been brothers, with Edward always shining just a little the brighter. Edward had always patronized Lewis—unconsciously, perhaps, but Lewis had felt it. Charles had seen to that. Now the shoe was on the other foot.

Oh, I'm not the only one enjoying this weekend, Charles thought. Whether Lewis knew it or not, he must have been waiting for the opportunity for years. And then to run into Edward on the street like that was sheer good luck. And apparently Edward was delighted to come up for the weekend. Thinking we'd all be glad to see him. The appalling nerve some people have.

I would never have done that, Charles thought, smiling a grim, happy little smile. I would never have come back. As long as he stayed away, we couldn't be sure what had become of him, no matter what reports we heard. But now! It's an object lesson, he thought, and, suddenly anxious for talk, for the delicious rehashing of last night's scene, he bounded to his feet, dashed into his shower, and emerged, clean and shiny, to select from his wardrobe a pair of brown Bermuda shorts, beautifully cut, and a beige wool shirt. He buttoned the cuffs of the shirt, knotted a beige-and-brown silk scarf carefully around his neck, put on a pair of knee-length beige socks and brown sandals, and, opening a door in the side wall of his room, stepped onto an outdoor staircase that curved to bring him, as he hopped lightly from the bottom step onto the grass, in face with the river.

There was Leona, coming out of the kitchen door, and talking animatedly to Bridie. Her Bermuda shorts were of red linen and her navy-blue wool shirt was open at the throat and rolled to her elbows. She paused to strap on her wristwatch, and then, seeing Charles, she smiled brilliantly and hurried to take his arm.



LEONA's lawn was as wide as her house, and its green velvet ex-

TURPENTINE
Alain

panse was unbroken except for two statues—one of a white marble woman, which stood far to the right and about a third of the way down, and another, much nearer the river and on the left, of a gray stone clown who raised his sad grin to the heavens. On each side, the lawn was bounded by a high, dense wall of old trees, old hedge, old thicket, all sorts of old greenery—uncared for now and growing wild but still putting forth fresh leaves and new shoots—that shielded Leona's domain from the view of the neighboring houses, although their white stone walls, glittering in the sunlight like her own, sometimes showed a flash of brightness through a break in the foliage. The house on the right belonged to Lewis and Dolly Maitland, Leona's closest friends—except, of course, for Charles, who, in addition to being her dearest companion, was her lion, her literary light, and also, although she did not say this, her claim to distinction in the community.

Leona was tall and slim, with a halo of cloudy black hair that swept becomingly around a face crowded with unformed features. Surely, one thought, the nose would grow larger, or the mouth would settle, or a bone would show itself on one cheek, at least. Even the eyes seemed to have been left unfinished. Brown, they should have been a shade lighter or a shade darker. "My mysterious Leona," Charles called her. "Mysterious, dreaming, romantic Leona."

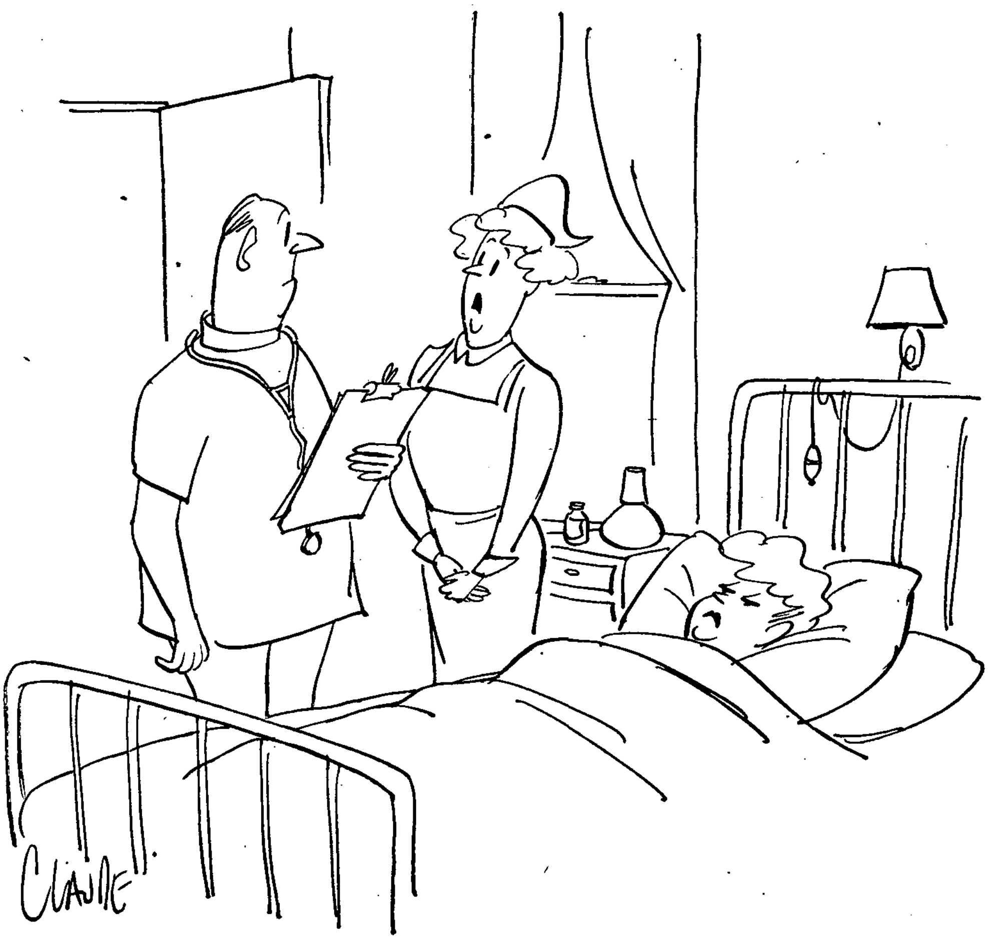
Walking arm in arm to the river, they did not speak, Leona because she was always careful to discover Charles' mood before conversation, and Charles because he didn't want to get to the subject closest his heart before he was comfortably settled in a chair.

From the house, two pairs of eyes watched them. Through the kitchen window, the beady Irish eyes of Bridie followed their movements with malevolent attention, and from the window of the second-floor bedroom he shared with Leona, George Harkey, who had just got out of bed, watched his wife and Charles Runyon with a muffled brown gaze in which curiosity and resentment struggled for supremacy with a very bad hangover.

Charles walked rather stiffly, perhaps because he missed the comforting concealment of a jacket, and from the back his small, shapely figure wagged more than a little. Leona's shorts gave to her slow and sinuous prance a very curious effect, as though with every step she was on the verge of sitting down hard, but she continued fairly upright, flirting her cigarette, until they reached the lawn's edge. There, where the ground fell steeply to the river, Leona's latest improvement was now, after months of talk and effort, ready to be enjoyed. Just below the level of the lawn but well above water level she had built a wooden deck, six feet wide and running the whole width of the lawn, with a low railing around it. This was not a jetty, for Leona disliked sailing. This was purely a deck. It was painted a very pale blue, and furnished for lounging, with red canvas sling chairs and tables of black wrought iron. It was a delightful spot, private, uncluttered, Leona's realization of the perfect boat, on which she could ride the restless waters of the river while remaining safely anchored not merely to the land but to her own lawn.

"The deck is really charming," Charles said, lowering himself into a chair, but his tone was perfunctory.

"Wasn't it clever of me to have it built so low, so that it doesn't interfere



"She keeps calling for her mink coat."

with the view from the house at all. Even from the upstairs windows you simply can't see it, unless you know it's here."

She would have gone on, for the house—the frame and expression of her personality—interested her endlessly, but Charles, with a brisk nod, stopped her. He lit a cigarette, threw away the match, snuggled back in his chair, and looked her straight in the eye. "Well, Leona," he said, "and what do you think of our friend Tarnac now? Quite a revealing evening we had last night, eh?"

They had already discussed the evening at length, and at double length, before they went to bed, but realizing that Charles wanted every detail of it recalled, and herself eager to savor it all again, Leona said, "Oh, Charles, isn't it appalling to see a man so shattered? And in such a short space of time. Why, you know, Charles, I walked into Dolly's living room last night and I simply didn't know him. I actually didn't recognize him. He was standing over by the fireplace with Lewis, and I looked at him, and I looked at Lewis, and I said, 'Where's Edward?'"

"I know, darling, we all heard you."

"And then, of course, I was so overcome when I saw who it was that I simply lost my head."

"I'm afraid you were very cruel, Leona."

"I didn't mean to be cruel. You know I'm never intentionally cruel. Besides, what you said was much, much worse, and you didn't even have my excuse of being flustered. No, you were perfectly cold-blooded. You waited till we were all settled with our drinks, and everything was all smooth and lovely, and then— Oh, Charles, it was perfectly killing. I'll never forget how funny you looked, peering around the room until Dolly was driven to ask you what was wrong, and you said, 'I'm looking for Edward's pretty girl. Isn't she coming down?'"

She paused to laugh at the recollection, and Charles neighed softly.

"And then Edward said, 'What pretty girl?' and you said, 'Why, surely you're not up here alone, Edward. Why, Edward Tarnac without a pretty girl is only half the picture.'"

"That stung," Charles said with satisfaction.

"You know, Charles, I was quite worried for you. If you'd said that to him five years ago he'd have thrown his drink at you."

"But that was five years ago, wasn't it? And instead of throwing his drink he swallowed it, didn't he? Oh, he's learned what's what, these last few years. He's learned his lesson, all right. And then, of course, your poor George had to put his foot in it."

"Oh, poor George is such a fool, Charles. Not a glimmer of social sense. Instead of letting it drop then, he had to pipe up, 'And why shouldn't he come up alone if he wants to?' And naturally that set you off again."

"Well, really, what could I do? George has such a sagging effect on conversation, don't you think? And of course, being a newcomer, he couldn't be expected to know how things were. Obviously I had to tell him what we all know—that Edward's appearance in solitary, as it were, showed how greatly he had changed."

"And Lewis enjoying it all hugely. Edward always made Lewis look rather dim. Not now, though. Edward's face is so ruined-looking, somehow."

"Positively raddled. Of course, Edward always looked much younger than his age. You know that, Leona. He kept those boyish looks of his a very long time."

"Oh, that was another thing, Charles. Did you have to keep on calling him Boy? Really, I was squirming."

"Don't be a hypocrite, Leona. You know you loved it all. And he had it coming to him. Of course, when you consider how he was brought up, the youngest son, an adoring mother, a trust fund from that uncle of his—"

"Do you know, Charles, I don't believe he has a penny of that money left."

"Well, what would you expect? You remember how he threw money around. That boat, and those silly little racing cars, and that procession of vacant-faced girls, and that endless, exhausting masculinity, constantly being paraded before us—just a show, of course. The psychiatrists know about that. But so wearisome. And terribly bad manners, if you remember."

"Yes, Charles, you have a few scores to settle with him, haven't you, dear?" She stopped, afraid that she had gone too far. Charles would not tolerate familiarity. But he answered her calmly.

"Certainly not. His kind of schoolboy humor never affected me, except to bore me. I do know it used to be impossible to have any good conversation when he was around. Those insufferable interruptions, and— Do you remember his abominable habit of saying 'Now the question direct'?"

" 'Cutting through the grease,' he used to call it."

"Exactly. Exactly. A thoroughly uncivilized mind, if you call it a mind. A man who will express himself in such terms is capable of any gaucherie. No sensitivity, no character, no breeding, and of course, now that all that juvenile charm has been drowned in liquor, you can see what he is. It's pitiful, of course." He sat up and glanced, with impatience, toward the green wall of foliage that concealed the Maitlands' house. "Aren't Lewis and Dolly coming over," he asked, "and our beaming friend Edward, for lunch? Aren't they late? It must be after noon."

Leona laughed melodiously. "Charles, Charles," she said in affectionate reproval. "Are you so eager to sharpen your teeth on poor Edward again? They'll be here soon. Lewis is probably mixing his famous whiskey sours. He said he'd bring a jug over. He and Edward will probably need them."

"Dolly, too," Charles said, settling himself comfortably again. "I fancy she got quite a shock when she saw our returned hero last night. She used to have quite a thing about him, you remember."

"She's trying to forget it now," Leona said.

"Trying to forget what?" Dolly cried, jumping gaily down onto the deck. She was a short, bouncy girl with brown hair, which she had braided into pigtails. "This thing is divine, Leona. I'm going to lie down flat." She lay down flat on her back, sighing luxuriously in the sun's heat. "The others will be right along," she said. "Lewis is bringing the whiskey sours, or will bring them, after he's had a few himself."

"Where is Edward staying in town? He wouldn't tell me last night," Charles asked.

"That's just it," Dolly said. "He won't say where he's staying. He says he's looking for an apartment." She stopped a moment, then turned to them with a conspiratorial grimace. "Listen," she said. "Don't tell Lewis I told you, but he tried to borrow money last night. A hundred dollars."

"Did Lewis give it to him?" Charles asked sharply.

"Not he. You know Lewis. Lewis never lends money, to anyone."

"Well, Tarnac is down and out, then," Charles said.

"Oh dear. I hope he's not going to start borrowing all around," Leona said. "But I was quite cool with him last night. I doubt if he'd have the nerve to ask me."

"I hope he asks me," Charles said. "I'll give him short shrift. But then I was cool, too, to say the least."

"That's another strange thing," Dolly said. "You know, ordinarily he'd have struck out at you last night. You know how belligerent he used to be. But I got the feeling that everything you and Leona said to him just passed over his head. He didn't seem to care. It was Lewis he was looking to. I suppose he always knew you two disliked him, but apparently he thought of Lewis as a friend."

Charles nodded. "Everyone saw how Lewis felt about Edward—except Edward himself, of course. That blessed obtuseness of his saved him from a lot in those days."

"He tried to settle down to a heart-to-heart talk after you people left," Dolly said, "but he got to the borrowing part too soon, and Lewis cut him off short."

"Oh, why doesn't he get on the bus and go back to New York!" Leona

cried impatiently. "He's ruining the whole weekend."

"Nonsense, my dear," Charles said. "Far from ruining the weekend, he's adding a certain excitement to it. Besides, he'll undoubtedly stick around now in the hope of retrieving himself. Not that he has a chance. He must see that he made a mistake in coming here. He should never have come, that's all."

"Oh, don't think he doesn't know that now!" Dolly cried. "You know how he was last night—almost apologetic. Today he's just morose. I don't think he's said two words all morning. Don't worry, though, Leona. I don't think he'll make any scenes. He's hardly in a position to, after all. And of course he doesn't want Lewis to tell about his attempt to borrow money."

"It's what we were talking about earlier, Leona," Charles said. "What used to pass as— uh, conversational dexterity in our friend would now be sheer bravado. He can no longer meet us on our own ground. He has to pretend not to notice. He's no longer an equal, after all."

"Really, Charles!" Dolly cried. "Aren't you carrying this a little too far? He's broke, of course, and obviously he's been on a long bender, but I think it's nonsense to talk about him not being an equal, and so on. I mean, I think that's silly."

Leona sat up straight. "Dolly," she said, with a nervous glance at Charles, "please remember to whom you are speaking."

Charles, whose face had grown small, dark, and closed, was silent for a moment, while Dolly, confused, cast about for words of apology.

"Don't apologize, Dolly," he said at last. "I may seem silly to you, and of course, you must say what you think. We won't discuss it."

"Yes, of course, Charles," Dolly said, on the verge of tears. "I only thought—"

"Don't think, dear," Charles said. "It does not become you."

"I can't tell you," Dolly said desperately, directing herself at Leona, who was still stiff with outrage, "how glad I was to get away from the house this morning. Susie woke up at six sharp, and screamed continuously from six-thirty until after eight. I nearly lost my mind."

"Oh, yes, Susie. How old is she now?" Leona asked coldly.

"Four," Dolly said disconsolately. "That was her fourth birthday the other day, Leona. When I had the party."

"I detest children," Charles said. "They're so short."

THE SPOILS OF LOVE

When all is over and you march for home,
The spoils of war are easily disposed of;
Standards, weapons of combat, helmets, drums
May decorate a staircase or a study
While lesser gleanings of the battlefield—
Coins, watches, wedding rings, gold teeth, and such—
Are sold anonymously for solid cash.

The spoils of love present a different case
When all is over and you march for home;
That lock of hair, those letters, and the portrait
May not be publicly displayed; nor sold;
Nor burned; nor returned (the heart being obstinate)—
Yet never trust them to a strong-room safe
For fear they burn a hole through two-foot steel.

—ROBERT GRAVES

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"Here come Lewis and Edward with the whiskey sours!" Leona cried. "And not a minute too soon, either. We have the glasses all ready here, Lewis. Edward, what do you think of my new sun deck?"

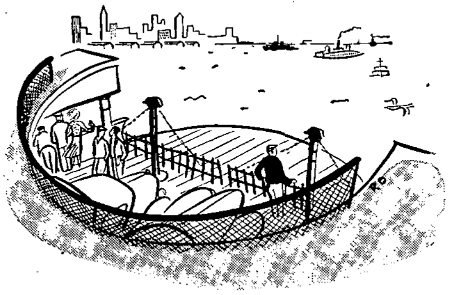
"Great," Edward said with no enthusiasm. "Just great, Leona." He pulled a chair from the group around the table, turned it to face the river, and sat down apart from the company.

"Come now, Edward!" Leona cried, with a smile for the others. "I have to almost twist my neck off if I want to see you. Why don't you come in with the rest of us?"

"I'm all right, thanks," Edward said. He was wearing gray slacks and last night's shirt without a tie.

Edward and Lewis were both tall, both blond, and both strongly built. They both had the same kind of regular, clean-cut, blue-eyed good looks. Lewis's face, bland in his youth, had grown blander. The restlessness that had always characterized Edward had worn his face, and the self-confidence had gone, taking the shine with it. Also, he was suffering from a bad hangover, and looked, generally, perhaps more unhappy than he felt. Lewis at once started to pour the whiskey sours.

"I hear you're looking for an apartment, Edward," Charles said smoothly. "Perhaps I could help you. I hear of things—friends in the theatre going to Hollywood and Rome and such places. What have you in mind? I mean, what price have you in mind?"



Edward gulped the first drink and handed his glass back to Lewis for a refill. "I'm not going to hurry about the apartment," he said. "I want to look around a bit, find what I really want. I'm all right for the time being. And since I know what your next question is going to be, I'll save you the trouble of asking. I'm staying at the Tenley, on Washington Square. Now you know."

"The Tenley!" Dolly cried. "Oh, poor Edward, but that's a terrible old flea bag. Oh, I'm sorry, Edward, I didn't mean anything."

"It's all right, Dolly," Edward said. "It's a flea bag. You're absolutely right."

"I thought they'd torn the Tenley down years ago," Charles murmured. "It was one of the hangouts of my rather rowdy youth."

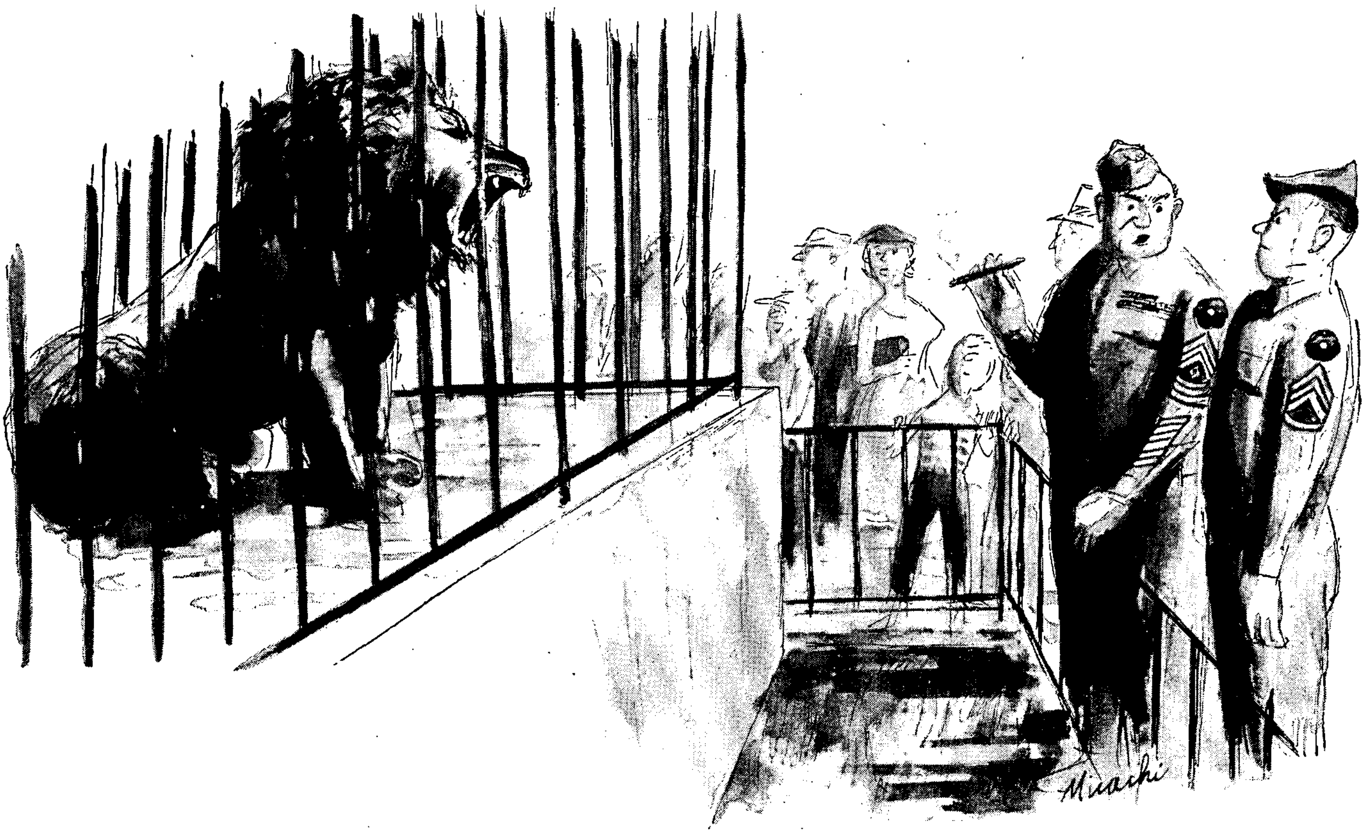
Lewis kicked impatiently at the table leg. "Not to change the subject, but isn't Bridie bringing the lunch down here? Edward and I were a little ahead on those whiskey sours."

"Which reminds me that I need a drink," Edward said, passing his glass over his shoulder.

"Oh, she's bringing a basket down any minute now," Leona said. "She's rattled, as all the maids are today. They can think of nothing but the ball."

"The ball!" Charles shrieked. "Great heavens, Leona, do you know that I completely forgot the ball. And I thought of nothing else all week. I even brought my embroidered French waistcoat along. I should look superb in the waltzes. I'm going to cut quite a figure, Leona."

"I'm sure you are, darling," Leona



"See what I mean? You gotta bring it up from deep in the chest."

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said, "and the girls will go wild over you, as usual. They adore waltzing with you, Charles." She turned to Edward. "I suppose you know the maids are having their ball this weekend?" she inquired, smiling. "Tonight's the big night. Or did you remember?"

"I remember the ball," Edward said. "I thought it was always on Saint Patrick's Day."

"It used to be," Dolly said, "but they had too much competition from New York, so they changed it."

"Charles puts us all in the shade," Lewis said, and gazed at them with the air of fascinated and respectful amusement that Charles always inspired in him.

"You did rather well yourself, Lewis," Charles said, pleased. "Last year, some of the policemen were quite jealous."

"Oh, I'll admit I have my little following," Lewis said, grinning.

"Well, of course some of the maids must cherish secret passions," Dolly said. "Poor things. How they must look forward to tonight."

"There's no secret about their collective passion for Charles," Leona said. "Charles maintains that only servants can dance the waltz really well, Edward. Female servants, that is. He says their souls are clad in caps and streamers. They hold their heads up to keep the caps on, whirl to make the streamers flutter, and so they achieve the perfect posture for the waltz. You see, Charles, how well I remember what you say?"

"Your memory is phenomenal, darling," Charles said, "and quite accurate, too. That is just how I imagine them when I dance. I keep my eyes shut tight, of course, and the hall seems filled with black and white dresses, the full black skirts, the frilly white aprons, and streamers—oh, it's a charming picture. My waistcoat provides the significant, necessary note of color. Can you see it all, as I do now?"

"You should have been a painter, Charles," Dolly said shyly.

"Dolly banal," Charles said, but kindly. "We can always count on you, can't we, dear."

"What are you wearing, Leona?" Dolly asked hastily. "I bought a pair of black net stockings with rhinestones on the insteps. After all, it is sort of a fancy-dress thing for us. And why not give those nice cops something to look at, I thought."

"Very generous of you, darling," Leona said. "I'm wearing the white crêpe, you know. That should get them."

"They were eager enough last year," Lewis said. "I was afraid they'd eat you girls up. The atmosphere got almost primitive."

Leona laughed throatily. "Well, I do think they like us to come," she said.

"I *think* it's a nice thing for us to do," Dolly said. "I think it's something we *ought* to do," she added virtuously.

"Well, of course, they're honored that we come to their little party," Charles said. "Why, it's positively feudal. And whether they know it or not, that's why they enjoy it."

"Feudal my foot," Edward said. He stood up suddenly, staggered, and was obliged to grab the handrail. "Feudal my foot," he repeated. "You're all itching to go. You wouldn't miss going for the world."

"Well, that's our old Edward," Lewis said unpleasantly.

"I always thought you were a friend of mine, Lewis. Did you know that?" Edward said.

Lewis looked first at Dolly and then into his glass. "Of course I'm your friend, Edward," he said.

"That's just it!" Edward shouted, ludicrous in rage. "You're not my friend! None of you are. You all hate me. I should never have come. I thought there was something here. I thought we were all friends here. Old friends." He seemed about to weep.

"Edward," Leona said. "Edward,

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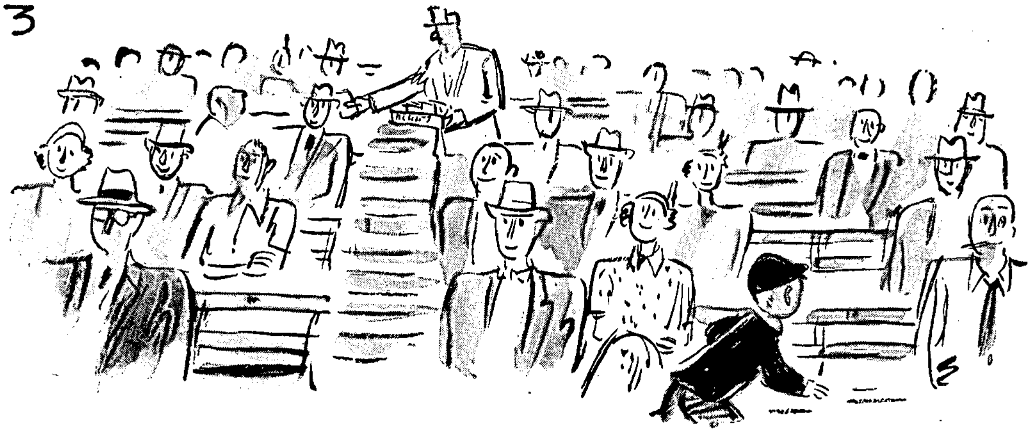

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darling, you've had quite a lot to drink, and you're sitting in the sun. Please go and lie down. Please, Edward. Do go into the house."

"That's right," Lewis said. "What you need is sleep. You can lie out on Leona's side porch. There's shade there. Can't he, Leona?"

"Of course he can!" Leona cried. "Do you want any of us to go with you, darling? Oh, poor Edward, you've been through such a lot, and—"

"Never mind about all that now, Leona. Never mind what I've been through. I know what you'd like. You've had your spectacle, and you want me to go away quietly, don't you? You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd like me to get on the bus and go back to New York. But I'm not going back to New York, see? I'm going to stay here till I'm good and ready to go, and I'm going to make this weekend so miserable that you'll remember it for the rest of your days. I'm not leaving. I've no shame. I'll make everything you say about me true—you see if I don't. But don't get your hopes up. I'm not leaving." From the lawn, where he was standing now, he waved his arm at them. "I'll be back," he said, and started his unsteady progress toward the house.

Charles made a disgusted gesture. "I always knew it," he said. "The fellow is a peasant."

Lewis said, "I don't envy him his head when he wakes up about four o'clock this afternoon and remembers all this. Did you know he took a bottle up with him last night, Dolly? He must have been drinking all night."

"Really," Leona said, "I do wish he'd go. I've seen enough of him to last me a very long time."

Charles smiled. "Oh, we may as well see the finish," he said. "Mr. Tarnac seems to have gone through so many metamorphoses since his arrival. First, an almost touching friendliness. Then this morning, morose silence. Now, a futile aggressiveness that is more pathetic than anything. And tonight, I expect, painful penitence. We'll just have to be nice to him, my dears, but don't get so softhearted that you invite him down again, Lewis—for all our sakes."

They were distracted by a shout. Edward had retraced his steps and was standing only a short distance away from them, balancing himself against the stone clown. "Do you know what you people are?" he shouted. "I just thought—do you know what you are?"

"Oh, God, what now?" Leona whispered. "Charles, what will I do? The servants will hear him!"

Charles stared grimly at the floor of the deck, hoping that by avoiding Edward's eye he would also avoid his attention. The others, too, looked down, praying for silence.

"You're the people who never make mistakes, that's what you are!" Edward bellowed. "Do you hear me? You're the people who never make mistakes! Not a single mistake does a single one of you ever make in your whole lives! That's what I think of you." He turned back up the lawn, and disappeared in the direction of the Maitlands' house.

They all took exaggerated attitudes of relief.

"Goodness," Dolly said. "I couldn't

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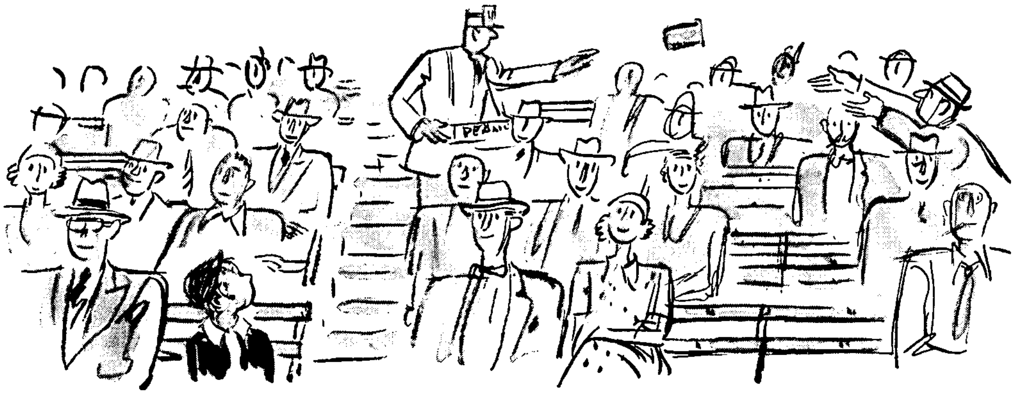

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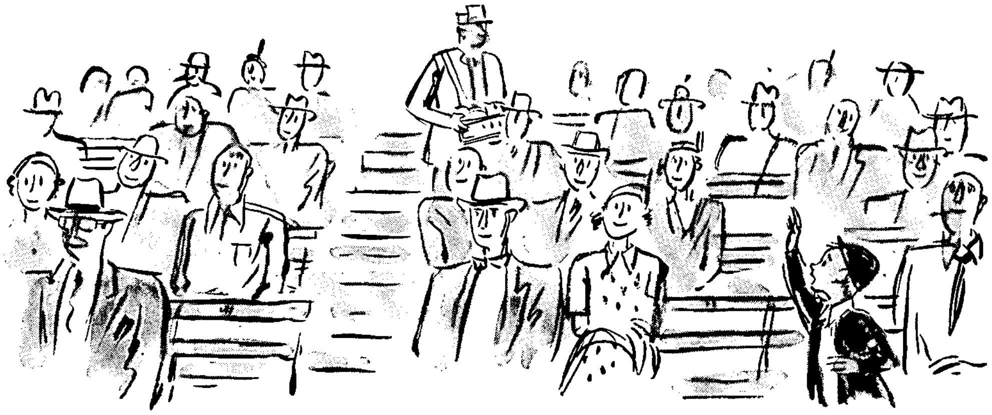

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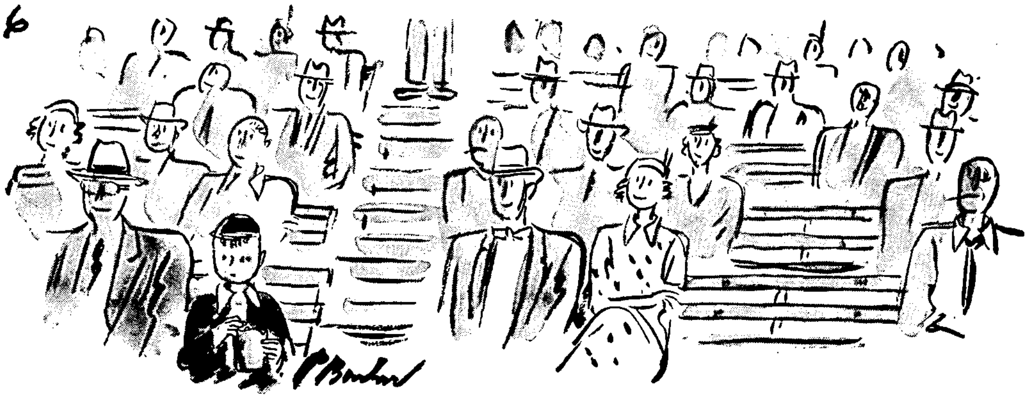

imagine what he was going to say. I was petrified! Is that bad, never to make a mistake? Really, I think Edward must be losing his mind."

Charles smiled benignly at her, and then his gaze continued past her and across the wide river to the opposite side, where the green bank rose solid to the tranquil blue sky. "I must congratulate you again on your deck, Leona," he said. "An excellent idea. Such an educated view, my dear."

"And here at last is Bridie with the food," Lewis said. "I'm hungry enough to eat a horse."

"And poor George, bringing up the rear," Leona said. "As usual."

"I still cannot believe that you're actually married to a credit manager," Charles said. "Not that George isn't a dear, but it seems such an unlikely occupation. Almost exotic."

Leona, who always referred to George as a vice-president of the store where he was employed, turned almost purple with shame, but she understood that she was being punished for her earlier boldness, and didn't try to defend herself.

AT five o'clock that afternoon, jaded with talking about the dance, anxious now only to get on with it, willing even to have it past, so that they could start enjoying the discussion of it, most of the maids at Herbert's Retreat lay down on their beds for an unaccustomed ceremonial nap before getting dressed for the evening. The fine white stone houses, those beside the river and those scattered a little distance from it, were silent—the families departed for cocktails and dinner, the maids, supine, for once acknowledged mistresses of the kingdom they regarded, in any case, as their own.

The kitchens were deserted, but from every kitchen ceiling a freshly pressed dress, a long dress, hung and shivered gently in the mild breeze that stole up at intervals from the river. The maids' dresses were of bright colors—pink, yellow, blue, violet, red, and green—because the girls liked to escape as thoroughly as they could from the grays and black-and-white of their daily uniforms.

Only in Bridie's kitchen was there a black dress to be seen, a matronly taffeta that hung with uncompromising stiffness from the center beam. Not far from the dress, Bridie herself, scorning sleep, sat at her table by the window, stirring one of her eternal cups of strong tea. She had commanded her friend Agnes, who worked for the Gieglers, to join her, and at this moment Agnes sat drooping, with her pale eyes fixed on Leona's lawn and her ears half attentive to Bridie's conversation, which consisted, as usual, of a series of declamatory, denunciatory, and entirely final remarks.

"Naps in the afternoon," she said fiercely, slamming her wet teaspoon on the table. "If they were in their beds at a decent hour at night, when they ought to be sleeping, they wouldn't be looking to lie down at this time of day. What do they want with naps, big strong lassies like them? Cocktails they'll be after next, I suppose. Cocktails with the family, I suppose."

She drew up with a jerk, intrigued by the last picture she had conjured up. Suppose now, she thought, Mr. Harkey,

Dana Fradon

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• •

or Mrs. Harkey herself, were to come out here and invite me to sit down for a cocktail with them. She glanced covertly at Agnes, who was still contemplating the grass.

Bridie went on with her meditations. Well, then, I would sit down with them, she thought—not on one of the comfortable chairs but on an ordinary chair, just to show them that I know as much about good manners as they do, and I'd take a drink, whatever they were having themselves, and I wouldn't be pushy, but neither would I be backward. "Mrs. Harkey," I'd say, "as one woman to another—" "Oh, go on, Bridie," she'd say, smiling a little bit. "Won't you call me Leona? It's ridiculous for us, living along here in the same house year after year, and not being real friends."

This pleasant scene was interrupted by Agnes, who spoke up suddenly in her thin, incurious voice. "Here's Josie. I would've thought she'd be lying down along with the rest of them. I wonder what she's after."

Bridie peered out the window. Josie, the newest maid at the Retreat, and one of the youngest, was crossing the lawn on quick fat legs, coming from the Maitlands' house, where she worked. She was a short, stocky girl, with a pretty face.

"She should have come round by the house," Bridie said. "Mrs. Harkey hates to see anybody using up that lawn of hers. . . . Well, and what brings you here this time of the day, Josie? I thought you'd be asleep like the rest of them."

"I couldn't sleep," Josie said. "I'm too nervous. And I'm all alone there, except for that Mr. Tarnac, and he's up in his room sleeping it off."

Bridie nodded heavily at Agnes. "What was I telling you?" she said. "And where are all the rest of them?" she asked Josie.

"They've all gone off driving somewhere. And then they're taking the child to her grandmother's, so they can go to the dance."

"And they didn't ask Mr. Tarnac to go with them?" Bridie asked.

"He wouldn't go. Sure, he's in no fit state to go anywhere. He's been falling-down drunk ever since they got in last night. And the rest of them all making fun of him and all. I don't know what sort of a fellow he is to put up with it. You should have heard them at dinner last night. You should have heard that little Mr. Runyon of yours. The things he said, I couldn't begin to remember the half of them."

"It's a pity Mr. Tarnac couldn't stay where he was, and not give them the satisfaction of laughing at him," Bridie declared. "The men around here were always envious of him, with his money and his big boat and his racing cars and all. And the women, that used to be throwing themselves at him, are congratulating themselves now that they stayed clear of him. The one here was forever inviting him over. And that Maitland lassie was very sweet on him. Oh, I believe to this day that there was more went on there than anybody'll ever know about. But that little Mr. God—I hate to see him so set up. I hate to see him getting any kind of satisfaction. I heard him last night, himself and Mrs. Harkey talking after they came home. Laughing and carrying on about Mr. Tarnac's clothes and the way he's all broken up, and each of them repeating to the other what they'd said. And then this morning they couldn't wait to start in on it again."

Josie, who had been listening respectfully, turned to Agnes. "Did you know Mr. Tarnac, Agnes?"

"No, he was before my time," Agnes said regretfully. "But Bridie's been telling me all about the big house he had and how he sold it and all. And lost all his money. It's a terrible thing, a man to throw away a fortune like that."

"But still and all," Bridie said, "he's a decent sort of a man, and I always liked him." She almost believed she was telling the truth, but the fact was that when Edward Tarnac lived at the Retreat, he was no more to her than one of a group she hated; it *was only in his* new role that she liked him. She took the cups and saucers off the table and carried them over to the sink.

Agnes sighed. "What are you wear-

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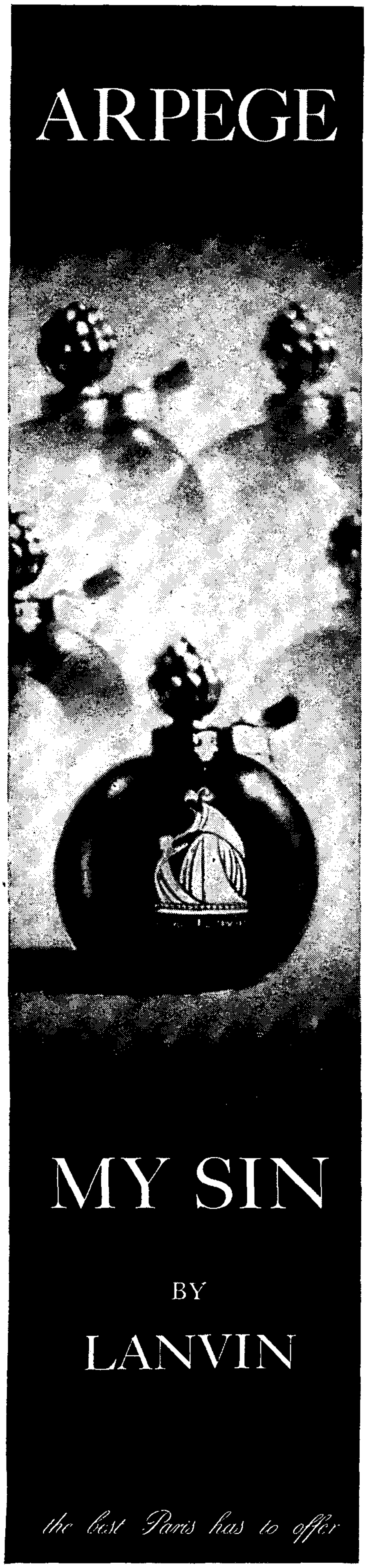

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ing to the dance tonight, Josie?" she asked.

"Me ballerina," Josie said. "And me ballerina-type sandals. And I've dyed a pair of stockings to match. Pink. Do you think it'll be all right?"

"Lovely," Agnes said. "Pink is lovely on you, Josie—lovely with your skin."

"That's another thing!" Bridie shouted, splashing noisily among the dishes. "There'll be Josie in her pink stockings, and you in that green getup of yours, Agnes, and that crew from here'll be there laughing at you behind their hands and making little of you. That's all they come for, to have something to laugh about. They make me sick."

Josie was red with indignation. "What's Mrs. Maitland going out and buying special black net stockings for, then, if she's only coming to laugh? Special stockings that she paid twelve dollars for. She's dying to come to the dance, so she is. She went and spent twelve dollars for special stockings to wear to the dance. What would she do that for if she's only coming to laugh? You're only making it up, Bridie, to stop us from enjoying ourselves."

Bridie, who had abandoned the sink, stared at her in astonishment. "What's that about stockings? Now, Josie, don't start crying. I wasn't trying to stop you from enjoying yourself. I was only thinking *they'd* be trying to stop you enjoying yourself. Now sit down and tell me and Agnes about the stockings Mrs. Maitland bought. Black, did you say they were?"

"Black net," Josie said, subsiding, "with a whole lot of rhinestones here—" She indicated her own chubby instep. "And she went all the way in to some special actresses' shop in New York to get them. I heard her talking to Mrs. Ffrench about them yesterday afternoon when I was waxing the hall. 'Aren't they the sexiest things you ever saw in your life?' Mrs. Maitland says. 'Do you think our visiting policemen will like them?' she says. 'Why, I should think they'd go berserk,' Mrs. Ffrench says, and they both laughed and laughed. 'I don't know why you bother,' Mrs. Ffrench says. 'I think they're a dull collection, myself.' 'Oh, I think they're sweet,' Mrs. Maitland says, 'and very attractive, some of them. Lewis was quite jealous last year. And you know, they're wonderful dancers. I wouldn't miss this for anything.' Well, I was curious, wanting to know what they were talking about, so I went into the living room on the excuse of asking them did they want anything, and there was Mrs. Maitland with the long shorts on her, y'know? And the stockings up against her leg. She put them away quick, but I found them in her drawer this morning, and I looked at them. And the price was on them, twelve dollars. I'm telling you, wild horses wouldn't keep her from the dance. She's dying to go."

"Well, I declare to God," Bridie said. She sat down at the table again. "What else did they say, Josie?"

"Nothing, except Mrs. Ffrench asked Mrs. Maitland, 'What's Charles going to surprise us with this year?' she says. 'He had such an amusing outfit last year,' she says, 'and the girls made such a fuss over him,' she says. 'Oh, the girls adore Charles,' Mrs. Maitland says, 'and he's like a little child about the dance, he's so excited about it. He pretends not to be, of course,' she says, 'but you know it gets to be a bit of a bore, he can talk of nothing else all day afterwards. You know, Charles is a tiny bit conceited,' she says, 'and he rather fancies himself in the waltz.' And then they went on talking about the party Mrs. Ffrench is giving next Friday. That was in the afternoon, before Mr. Maitland and Mr. Tarnac got here."

" 'The girls adore Charles,' " Bridie repeated. " 'The girls adore Charles.' Sure they were all laughing their heads off at him, the way he was shaping around on the dance floor with his eyes closed and all. You never saw such a sketch in your life. We were all breaking our hearts laughing at him. And he brought those special little flat patent-leather shoes of his, too. I saw them when I was doing the room this morning. Well, I declare to God. And that one upstairs, Mrs. Harkey—I wonder what she's going to doll herself up in. I declare to God, all the parties and all they have to go to, and they have to take over our little party, too. Wouldn't you know it of them."

"And every time one of the fellows asks one of them to dance, one of us is left sitting!" Josie cried. "Oh, I know there's extra men, and all, but still I don't think it's fair. And all the money they have to spend on themselves and all, and us trying to struggle along on what we make— How can we put up an appearance against them? It's not fair, so it's not." She stood up. "Well," she said, "I'd better be getting home. I have to get ready for the dance, although I haven't much heart for it now."

Bridie folded her arms and leaned on

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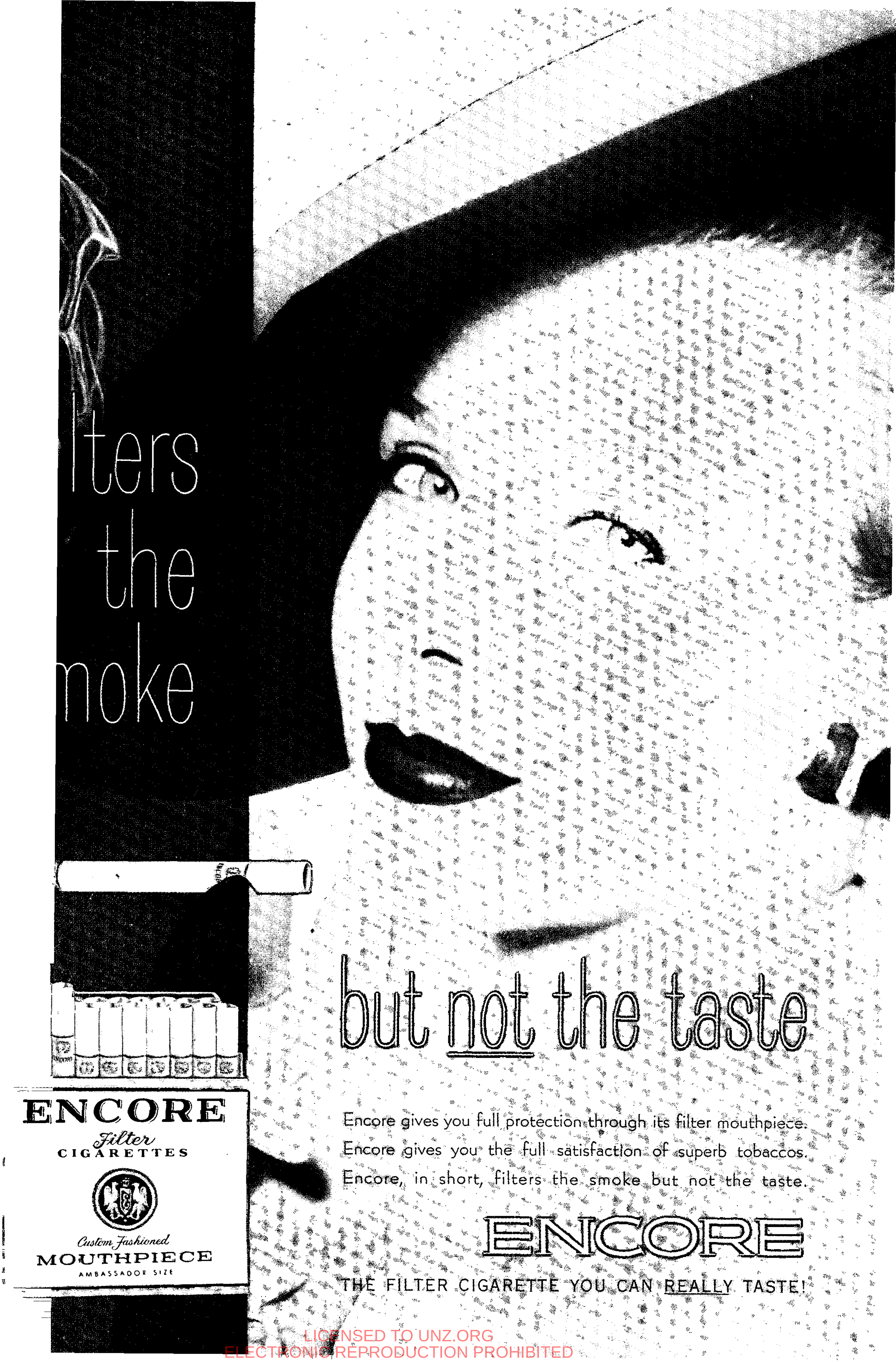
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the table. "Wait a minute now, Josie," she said. "Maybe there's something we can do about all this. What do you say, Agnes?"

"Sure what could we do?" Agnes asked nervously. "You don't want to get into any trouble, now, Bridie."

"No need to get into any trouble," Bridie said. "We could just pass the word around. They only come around to look. That's what Mrs. Harkey said to me. 'We're only going to drop around for a little visit,' she says to me. 'Just for a look. It's such fun to sit and watch.' Well, then, let them look, if that's what they want. We'll boycott them. Very polite, of course, as though we thought they just came to look. As though we didn't think they wanted to dance. Who can make any trouble out of that?"

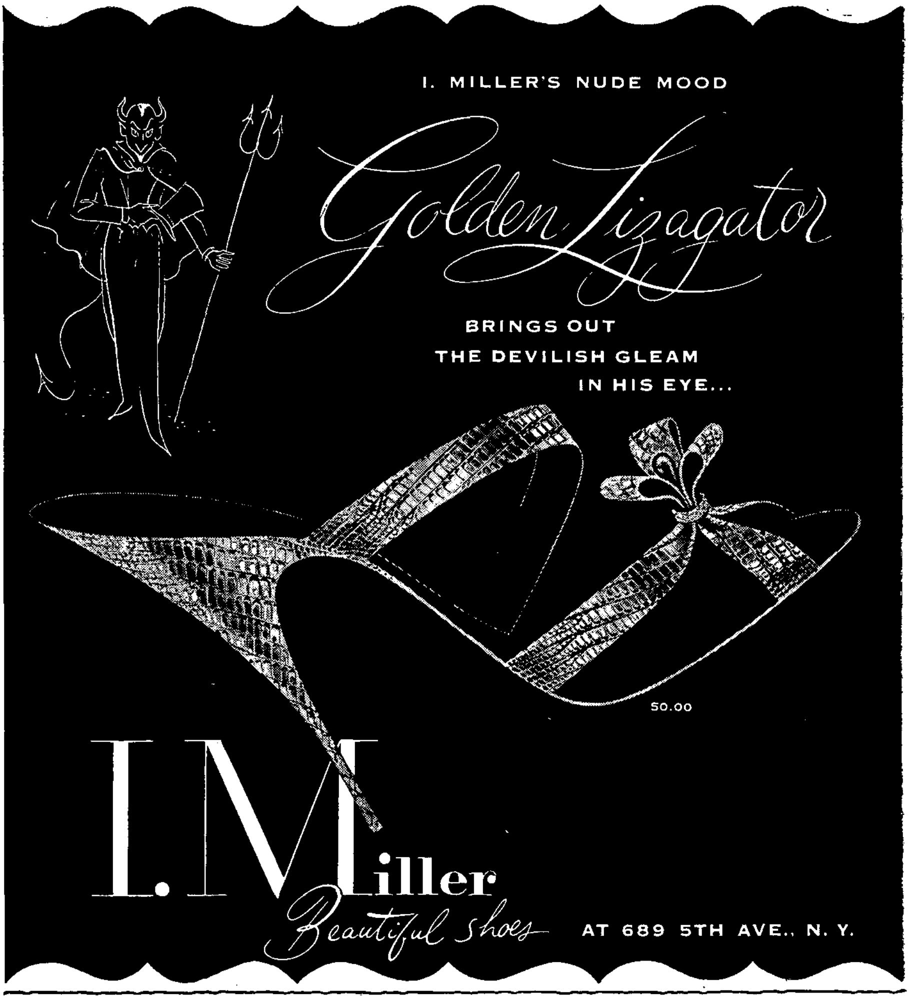
"I don't want to risk my job," Agnes said.

"No fear of that," Bridie said. "How can you risk your job when they won't know anything about it? They'll just think the fellows are shy, or something."

Josie sniggered. "Oh, God," she said, "there she'll be sitting up there with her black stockings on her, and nobody coming near her!"

Agnes smiled meanly, stood up, and brushed bread crumbs from the front of her skirt. "We'll have to make sure all the girls know about it, Bridie," she said.

THE dance began at nine o'clock. At eleven, George Harkey still waited, surrounded by the empty chairs he was holding for Leona, on a dais at one end of the long village hall. His solitary dinner at the village bar-and-grill had been preceded by five very sweet Manhattans, and he was drowsy. He tried, with a monotonous lack of success but nonchalantly all the same, to count the eyelashes of his left eye with the fingers of his right hand and the eyelashes of his right eye with his other set of fingers. Head bent, eyes alternately glazing and wandering, he still could not entirely avoid seeing the feet of the dancers as they galloped past his perch. Underneath him, the dais, which had been built for some pageant, thudded industriously in time with the dancing, and around him the empty chairs rattled. Suddenly the hall darkened slightly. Someone had turned the lights down. To George, who had just then been gazing intently into the palms of his locked hands, the change seemed tremendous. The music, the laughter, the pounding of feet, and the voices, that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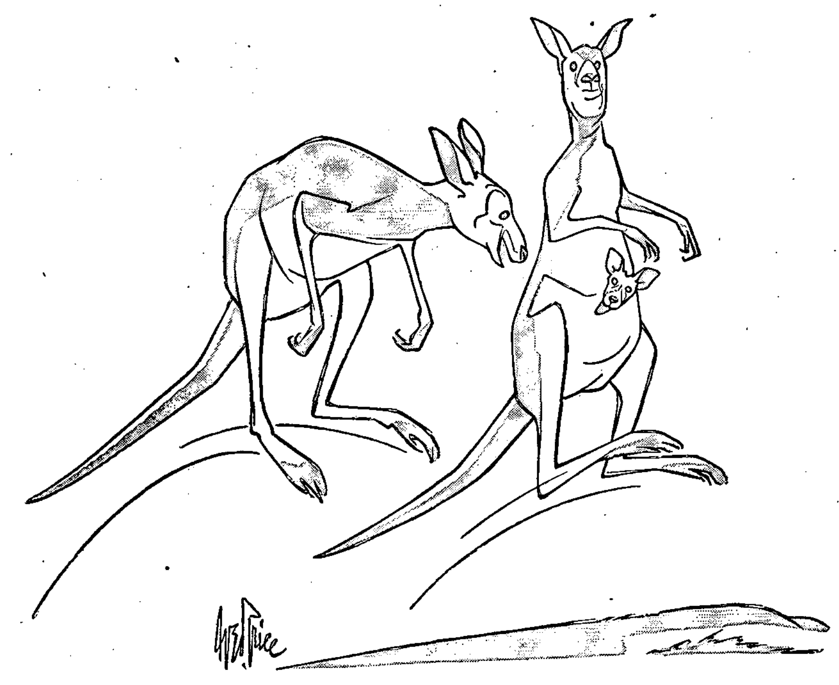

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formerly had come at him in one bright, enveloping blast of exhausting but familiar sound, now seemed to deepen and at the same time to grow more shrill. It was an ominous alteration. Was he in the same room? Had he, perhaps, slept?

He raised his eyes fearfully and gazed down the length of the hall. Dimly, far away across the sea of jiggling heads, he perceived the glitter of instruments. There was the stage, there were the musicians. In front of the stage stood a bank of the same thick, stiff green shrubbery that sprouted at intervals in tubs along the side walls, separating into chummy groups the empty chairs that had been set aside for tired dancers. Were there any tired dancers? George couldn't tell. The nausea that had been caressing him at intervals all day embraced him without warning, and roughly. He closed his eyes tight and gripped the seat of his chair with both hands, but still, in his horrified vision, the dance floor swung right, swung left, with sickening precision, as though some giant pendulum had control of it, and the dancers, oblivious, whirled giddily on, and he was increasingly aware of the Manhattans and of the two tough pork chops that since suppertime had lain, almost forgotten, inside him.

The wave passed, leaving its victim trembling but not seriously impaired. He opened his eyes, put his hand to his hip pocket, and took out a large silver flask. He unscrewed the top, poured some whiskey into one of the two sticky glasses that some earlier Retreat visitors had left on the chair beside him, and drank. That was better. He hoped no one had noticed him, but it was too late to worry now, and he poured another drink, finished it off, and set the glass on the floor, so carelessly that it turned on its side and rolled dismally under one of the chairs.

He recorked the flask, crossed his legs, and sat back to survey the festivities, with the suave, aloof smile he had often seen Charles Runyon wear. On George's square, earnest face the smile sat awkwardly, but he knew only that he felt tired, and tried to solve the problem by leering on one side of his face while he rested the muscles of the other side.

At this moment, through the wide entrance door at the side of the hall, he saw Leona enter, pause, and raise her arms in greeting to the merrymakers. She was wearing a sleeveless white crêpe dress that clung to her tall, slender figure, and there were diamonds in her ears. She raised herself on tiptoe, waved

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to the band, and pranced gracefully to the dais and to George. Behind her, Charles, Dolly, and Lewis followed confidently, their smiles radiating pleasure, camaraderie, and, above all, approval.

Leona tripped up the steps and stood beside George, regarding him with a humorous *moue* that he found peculiarly repellent.

"Well, George, all alone? Poor George has been sitting here all alone," she said to Charles, who had already taken a chair and arranged himself in an attitude.

"Never mind the poor-George stuff," George muttered, but no one heard him.

Dolly plumped herself down beside him. "Where is everybody?" she demanded. "Are we the only people here?"

"The Gieglers were here," George said, "but they left. The Ffrenches left, too, and the Pearsons. Some of the others were here. The Allens, I think. Anyway, they're all gone. But now you're here," he added with an effort.

"George, how do you like my fancy dress?" Dolly asked.

She was wearing her favorite cocktail skirt, of black satin cut in a wide circle, and with it a tight, sleeveless, modestly low jerkin blouse of black-and-white striped satin, that laced at the back with red corset strings. There were towering red heels on her black satin sandals, and a small triangle of rhinestones glittered on each black net instep. Her hair was piled in curls on top of her head and decorated with a bright-red rose.

"You look fine, Dolly," George said. "What do you mean, fancy dress? It's just a dress, isn't it?"

"Well, it's a little costumy, don't you think? Lewis said I looked like a French doll."

"Dolly means it's not quite what one wears," Leona interrupted, leaning across George to twinkle brilliantly at Dolly. "You must excuse George, Dolly. I suspect he's not seeing quite clearly. Didn't you dance at all, George?"

"No one asked me to dance," George said. He stood up. "No one asked Nat Ffrench to dance, either," he said, "or Rita, or the Gieglers, or anybody. Nobody asked anybody to dance. So they left."

"Been to the bar, George?" Lewis asked boisterously. He was in great good humor, and looked large, solid, and secure in his well-cut dark-blue suit.

"I didn't go near the bar," George said. "It's in the room behind the

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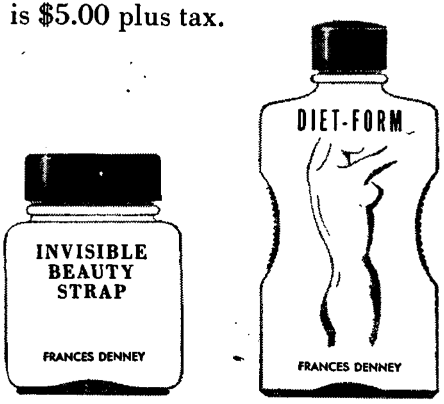

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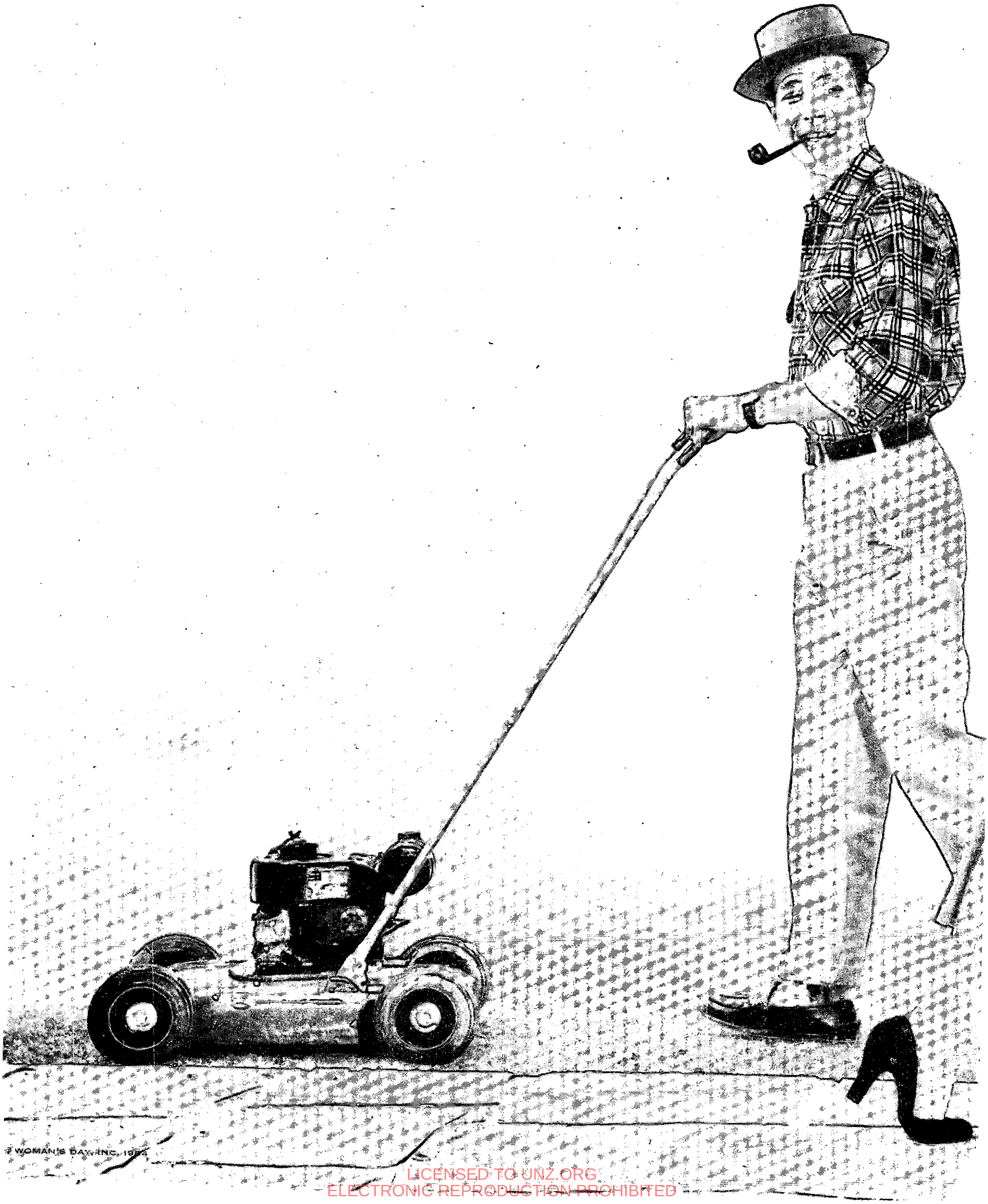

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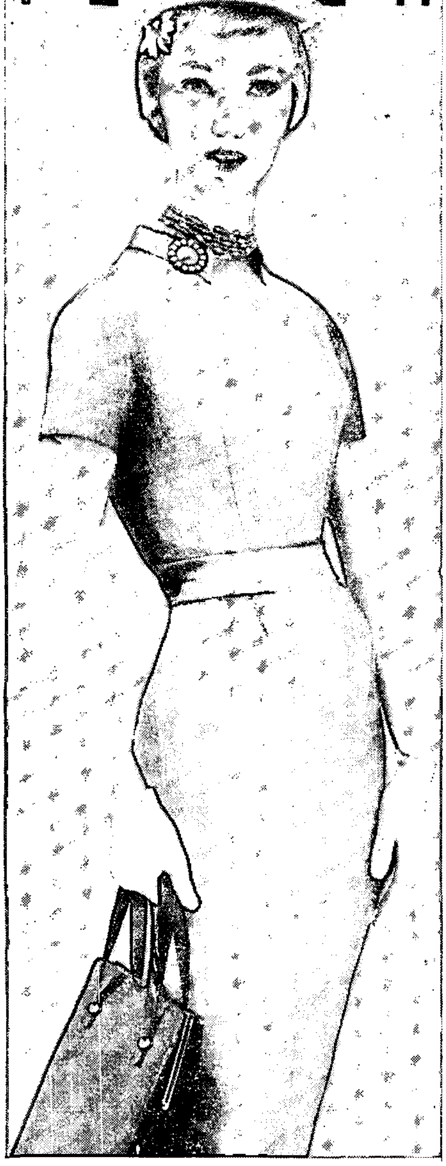

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stage. You have to walk right through the dance to get to it."

"That's where it always is," Leona said happily. "Go on, Lewis. You play waiter. I'll have a Scotch-and-water."

"I think I'll leave now," George said. "I'd like some fresh air. I'll go along home, I think."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, George," Leona said. "You're not going to march out the minute I come in. Did you see Bridie?"

"She has a chair down there near the stage, I think," George said. "I really think I'll go now, Leona."

"Sit down, George," Leona said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, sit down and shut up, George," Charles said.

"All right," George said. "Didn't know I was so popular. But I'll sit at the back here. See, I'll sit here."

He tilted a chair back against the wall and sat down, sleepy but resigned to staying awake. He closed his eyes.

"Isn't this gay?" Leona said. "Well, for goodness' sake, will you look at Edward! I forgot all about him. He's dancing with the Ffrenchs' maid, Eileen something. He didn't come in with us, did he? I thought he stayed in the car."

"He woke up when I was getting out," Dolly said. "I took it for granted he'd gone to the bar."

"Well, I never," Charles said, two or three minutes later. "Our Edward is getting quite a whirl. There he is again, with a different girl."

"The Bennetts' cook," Leona said absently.

"Never you mind, Charles!" Dolly cried gaily. "Wait till the waltzes start. You'll put poor Edward completely in the shade."

"Really, Dolly!" Charles snapped. "This brawl means nothing to me. Be serious, my dear, even if you can't be intelligent. I'm here to observe, not to dance."

"Haw-haw," George said from the back. They all turned to stare at him. He had the flask in the open again.

"George, what on earth! What are you doing with that ridiculous flask?" Leona cried.

"My own flask." George, unperturbed, took another swallow, keeping his eyes fixed on Leona.

"Well, he's a pretty how-de-do," Charles whispered angrily. "You should have let him go home, Leona."

"He'll go in a minute," Leona whispered back. "Let's just ignore him."

"It's bedlam in the bar," Lewis said, returning with their drinks, "but I must say they gave me quick service. They're a nice bunch of fellows, those cops, or whatever they are." He put the loaded tray on the floor of the dais and began to hand drinks around.

"What are they, anyway, Leona?" Charles asked. "It really interests me. It is in the nature of a social phenomenon, you know, this gathering. Who are these imported stalwarts?"

"Policemen, mostly. Firemen, I suppose, too," Leona said. "Who cares, as long as they can dance?"

"The Department of Sanitation is represented, too," Dolly whispered, gazing at a red-faced young man in a white linen jacket, who was dancing with the Gieglers' long-faced Agnes.

"Complete with carnation in lapel," Charles remarked. "My, aren't we chic!"

Leona giggled. "You're both perfectly terrible," she said. "That's a very respectable-looking coat. And a very nice-looking young man, too. I think you should be ashamed of yourselves."

Dolly choked suddenly, and hid her face behind Leona's shoulder. "Leona!" she spluttered. "Will you look at our Josie in the dyed pink stockings. Did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Macabre, my dear," Leona murmured. "Poor thing, she must have slaved to get that color. It matches her ears, though."

Charles threw an arm casually over the back of his chair, and his black flannel coat slipped open to show more than a glimpse of the gray-and-rose brocade waistcoat he was wearing.

"This dais was a charming thought," he said expansively. "What do they use it for? May queens and things? I adore sitting here, being at once a member of the audience and a player. And yet, not really of either group. The critic's lot is a lonely one, my dears. I feel remote from the rollicking servants, and just as remote, in a different way, from you delightful people. The cold, uncompromising eyes give me no peace. I say it ruefully, I assure you." He sipped his ginger ale and smiled at them complacently.

Lewis made an impatient movement, and Dolly glanced at him warningly. "Well, I wish we'd start dancing," she said. "I'm getting restless, sitting here like this. How do they make chairs this hard?"

"There is something strange about it," Lewis said. "How long have we been here? Twenty minutes? Half an hour?"

"I suppose they're shy," Leona said. "George said none of the Retreat people who came danced."

George, who had been dozing, came

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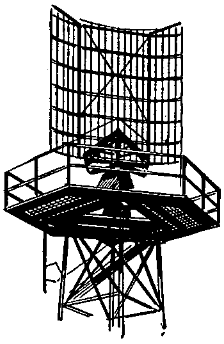

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to at the sound of his name and sat up, looking around blearily.

"Well, where's the rush, girl?" he inquired. "I thought we were going to be stampeded. What happened to the stag line?"

Leona shot him a venomous glance. Turning to Lewis, she said in a low voice, "Did you notice anything in the bar? I mean, were they friendly and everything?"

"Sure," Lewis said. "They went out of their way to help me get the drinks. They were— well, you know, the same as they always are."

"I'm afraid you girls outsmarted yourselves," Charles said, chortling faintly. "The poor creatures are paralyzed by the splendor of your attire."

Leona turned impulsively to Lewis. "Lewis, why don't you and Dolly start things off by dancing together. Not that I care that much about dancing, but if they're shy—"

"Nothing doing." Lewis said.

"Oh, Leona, we can't do that," Dolly said. "They have to ask us. We can't just jump right into the middle of their dance. After all, we don't really come here to dance. We just come— well, to be nice."

"You're stuck," George said. "It's a boycott. They're on to you, girls."

"That's ridiculous, George!" Leona cried indignantly. "They're dancing with Edward."

George shrugged.

"If it were a boycott," Charles interposed, "we'd know it by their demeanor. They'd giggle or point their fingers or something. These people can't control their emotions. They have to show what they feel. But I can see no evidence of hostility in this assemblage."

"Neither can I!" Leona cried. "Why, they're smiling and friendly and all. There's Bridie waving at me now. They're just shy, incredible though it may seem. Well, who ever would have thought it? It's too bad. Not that it matters, of course."

"I didn't know Edward could even stand up," Dolly said suddenly, "and look at him now. The life of the party."

"The parlormaids' Don Juan," Charles said. "The Scullery sheik."

George emitted a rude crow of mirth. "A rehearsal, by God!" he cried. "Is *that* what you're going to say to Tarnac tomorrow, Charles? I've always wanted to see you working on those witty sayings of yours. Try some more, Charles. We'll tell you the good ones."

Charles froze into a dark knot of rage. Leona turned pale.

"Shut up, you," Lewis said. "Do you

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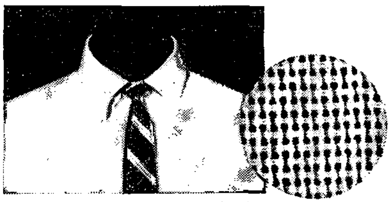

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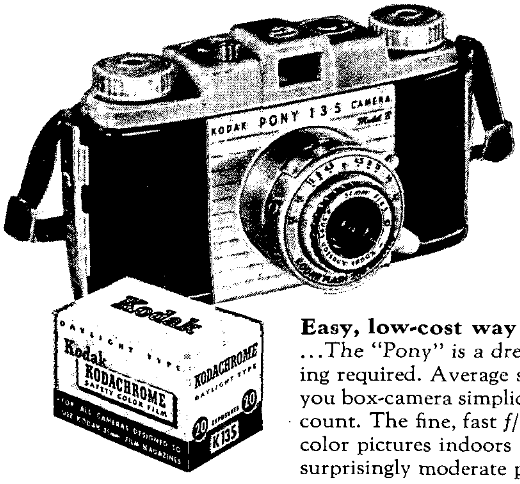
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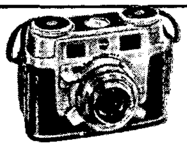

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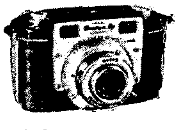

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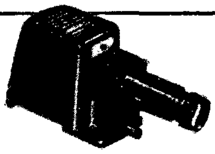

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George waggled a finger at him. "Now, now, Lewis. Just because Tarnac is dancing and you're not. No one asked me to dance, but you don't see me getting all red and angry."

Lewis crouched like a beast on his straight wooden chair. "Come outside," he said. "I'll break your neck for that."

"Break it here," George said with enthusiasm. "Come on, break it. Hit me. Come on, hit me."

"Oh, God!" Leona moaned. "Will you two stop it! Stop this at once. The servants, Lewis! Have some sense! Oh, Charles, smile as though nothing had happened. Dolly, stop glaring at George that way. Lewis, pull yourself together, please."

Lewis squared around to face the dancers again. Behind him, George grinned.

"All right," Lewis said. "All right. But I won't forget this, Leona."

"How could you, dear?" Leona said soothingly. "And neither will George," she promised, in a different tone.

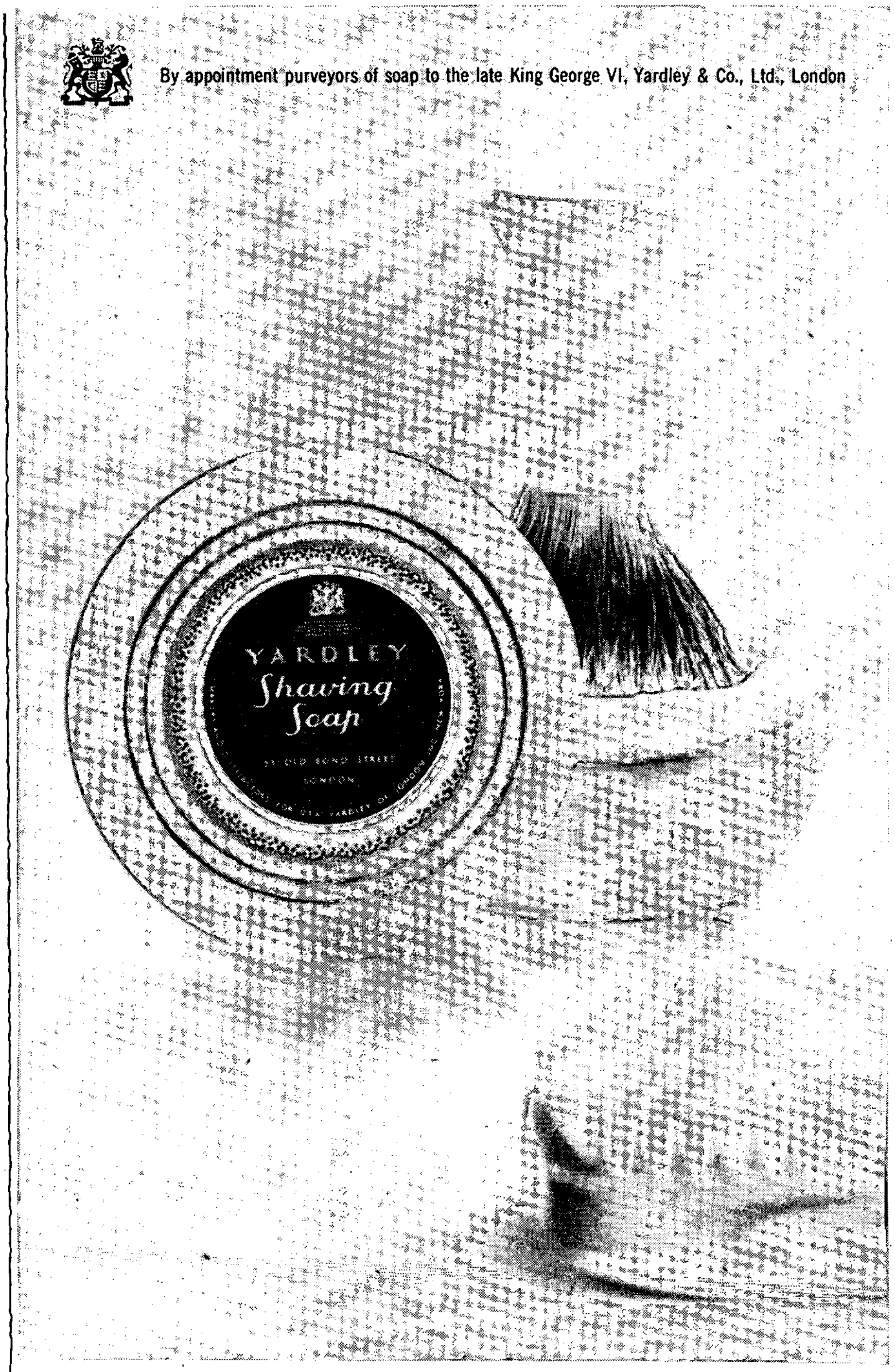
"Oh, let's go home. Let's get out of here, for heaven's sake!" Dolly said.

"You can't go home that fast," George said. "Maybe it *is* a boycott. Maybe they're not shy at all. Maybe they want to teach you a lesson. Us a lesson, I mean. Us a lesson."

"I couldn't care less!" Dolly cried. "It's all a great bore as far as I'm concerned. Let's you and me go anyway, Lewis."

"Little feelings hurt?" George inquired, and sniggered.

Lewis set his glass carefully on the floor, and then clenched his fists melo-



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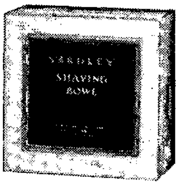

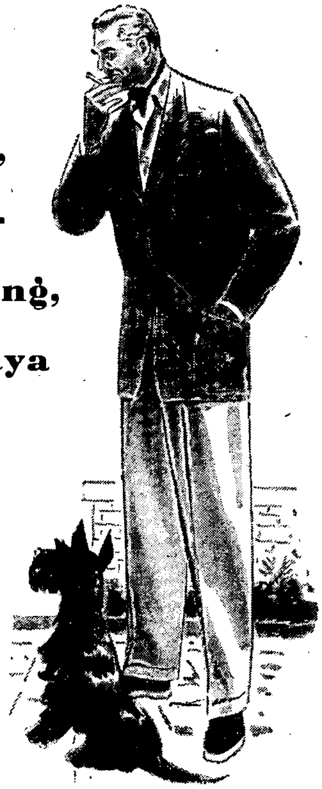

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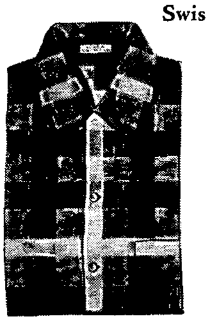

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dramatically. "Listen, little man," he said to George, "my wife's feelings are not hurt. My wife's feelings could never be hurt by a crew of drunken servants and street-sweepers and God knows what."

"Oh, Lewis, old man, *I* know that," George said, "but do *they* know that?"

"What do I care what they think!"

"Keep your voice down, Lewis," Leona said coldly. "For once, George is right. We have to stay a little while, I'm afraid, deadly though it is. We can't let them think they drove us out. We'll stay a reasonable time, and then go. I still don't think they're doing it on purpose. It would be too silly."

"We'll know tomorrow, anyway," Dolly said, sighing. "Edward will tell us."

"I must say he has a nerve," Leona said. "He hasn't come near us once. After all, Dolly, you are his hostess."

"Edward has reached his proper level, my dear," Charles said. "Look at the pathetic fellow, capering around."

"Utterly smug," Dolly said. "Oh, God," she added. "He heard us talking this morning on the deck, Leona. About the dance, I mean, and these damned stockings and all. Do you suppose he'll tell them? I really can't bear to think of them laughing at us."

"I don't think he'll say anything," Lewis said. "I don't think he'd go that far."

"I really think we've stayed long enough, don't you, Charles?" Leona said.

"We will not go home, children," Charles said. "I know you girls are disappointed you weren't asked to dance. Lewis and George, too, of course. But we mustn't let our little peeve show. This is much too interesting a scene to miss, and I intend to sit it out. Chins up, now. We're not leaving. Don't look so down, Dolly. There'll be other dances."

"What do you mean there'll be other dances?" Dolly cried furiously. "You're the one who's been making all the fuss about coming to this wretched thing. What about your special waistcoat and your waltzing slippers?"

Charles regarded her with cool amusement. "Leona knows all about that, Dolly," he said. "I have a severely infected foot, which obliges me to wear a pliable shoe. I never had the slightest intention of dancing tonight, but I didn't want to spoil your fun by refusing to come, and in any case the spectacle interests me, and you are making it even more interesting, my dear, with this childish display of temper because the

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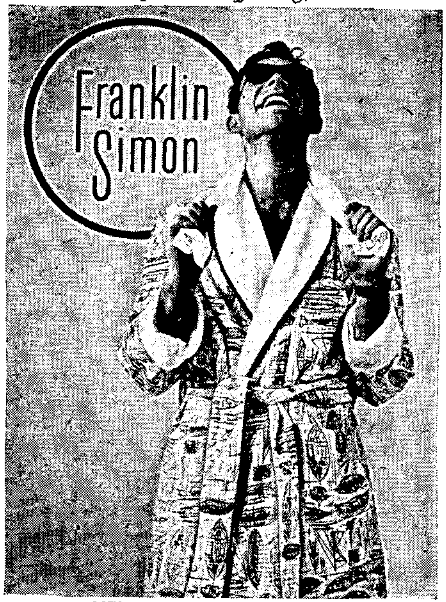

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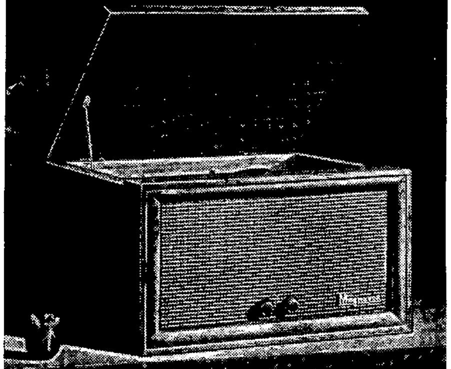

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little boys didn't notice your sexy new stockings. Isn't that so, my sweet? Leona, you remember my telling you about my wretched foot?"

"Of course, darling," Leona said. "You should apologize, Dolly."

"Haw, haw, HAW," George said. "He made that all up just now to save his face, such as it is."

"Leave the room at once, George," Leona said.

"Make me," George said. "Go ahead, make me. Make me."

"Make you what?" Charles asked in contempt.

Leona threw Charles a glance of anguish. "Oh, Charles, don't provoke him. Poor George is not himself this evening."

"Poor George," George said, apparently to himself. "Poor George," he said again. He stood up. "POOR GEORGE!" he roared. "POOR, POOR George!"

The nearest dancers hesitated and then went on. George smiled and sat down again.

"I'll kill you for this, George," Leona said.

"I'll do it again, and I'll do worse than that, Leona," George said, "unless you say after me now, 'Nice George.' "

Leona stared at him and then spoke quickly. "Nice George," she said.

"Keep smiling, children," Charles said brightly. "Remember, it's all just a little joke. Don't let them guess there's anything wrong."

"Now, Leona," George said, "say, 'Rich, handsome, *good* George.' "

"Rich, handsome, good George," Leona gabbled.

George looked pleased. " 'Popular George'?" he suggested.

"Popular George."

"Good enough," George said. "Now Charlie—'Nice George,' please. If you don't say 'Nice George,' Charlie, I'm coming over there and twist your ears, one to the front, one to the back. 'Nice George.' "

"Nice George," Charles said, sneering. Leona, Lewis, and Dolly, all three turned their gaze uneasily from him.

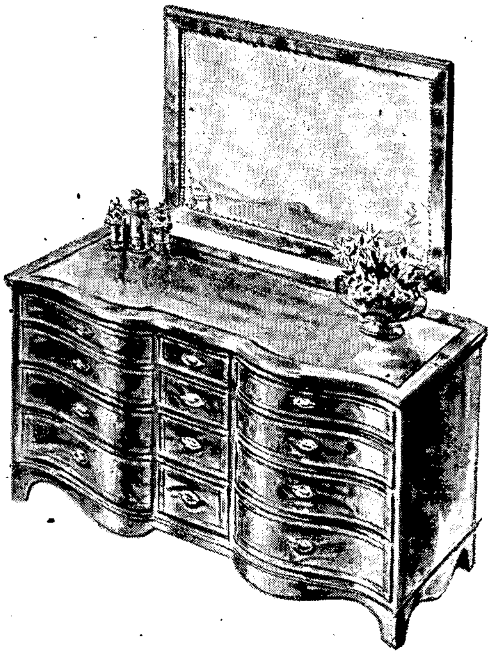
"Stop making faces, Charlie," George said good-humoredly. "Now all together—'Rich, handsome, witty George, good George, nice George.' "

"Rich, handsome, witty George," they chorused feebly, "nice George, good George."

George took out his flask. " 'Pleasant, popular, *able* George.' "

"Pleasant, popular, able George."

In the swollen peace that followed, Leona and Dolly smiled stiffly at one an-



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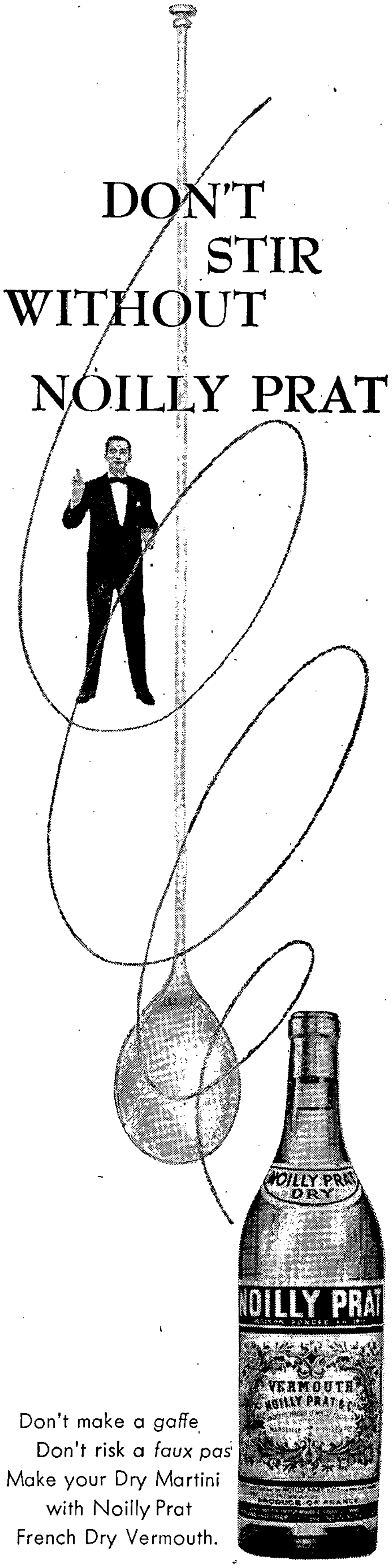
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other. "I really never felt so much of a fool in my life," Dolly said.

"We can leave in about an hour, don't you think?" Charles said.

"An hour, Charles, yes, let's say an hour at the most," Leona agreed fervently.

They continued to sit, smiling. Behind them, having tasted heaven, George slept. Before them, the dance went on.

NEXT morning, Charles awoke as usual at nine-thirty, but he did not immediately open his eyes. He waited, lying very still, breathing calmly and deeply, until his first impression of uneasiness, of being on guard, had passed into a determined surge of good spirits, and then, to his delighted surprise, into a playful well-being that carried him out of bed and across to the table where his notebook lay. He lifted the book, admiring the neatness—that is, he thought, the dispassionateness—of last night's entries. He had stayed awake almost until dawn, sitting here in silence until his temper was cool enough to let him write as he knew he should write. Now it was all in hand. The day was full of promise. He was going into battle, and his adversaries, meagre enough in their normal state, would all have horrifying hangovers.

"George," he murmured, and read. It was disagreeable stuff, but he absorbed it bravely. George was easy game. George would learn his lesson well. Thinking of the awakening George must at this moment be enduring with Leona, Charles could almost find it in his heart to be sorry for the poor wretch. Edward would squirm, too. That would all be perhaps too easy.

But then came the difficult part, because already, at the memory of the evening, Charles was beginning to rage again. He was churning with rage. He could burn the memory of his own ludicrous part in the whole business from the minds of the others, by turning their derision back on them, but could he forget it himself? Because if he did not forget it, or destroy it, its damage would show, and the others would know for certain that he had been as vulnerable as they to the general humiliation. "They must not know," he said aloud. "It must not show," he said. "Today will prove what I am—a man above all this petty frenzy. I am different from all these people," he told himself angrily. He stood up and strode barefoot around the room.

Suddenly he stopped in the center of the woolly white rug and, gazing down

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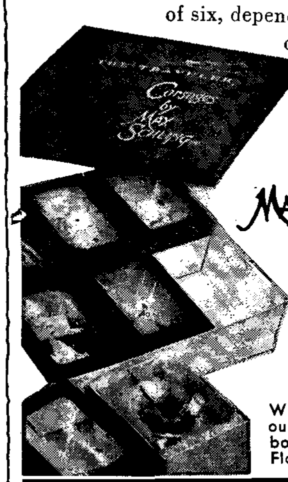

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at his untidy bed, clutched his head with both hands. "I simply must remember that I am an observer," he said. The image that had come to him again and again last night as he sat on the dais returned once more: He saw himself before leaving for the dance, posturing in front of this very pier glass, taking the attitudes of the waltz, actually dancing backward with the hand mirror, watching the swing of his coat and the curve of his trouser legs. "I cannot bear this!" Charles said wildly, and started to catalogue the shame of the others. Dolly's net stockings, he thought, and that absurd rose. Leona's open chagrin. Lewis's deathly embarrassment. And George with his sad little flask of courage. And Tarnac—why, he had enough gibes prepared to keep Tarnac reeling for a year.

Gradually Charles' head grew quiet. He opened the curtains. Another perfect day. It might be yesterday—but he thrust that thought quickly out of sight. He sat in the chintz chair and permitted himself an unusual indulgence: he smoked a cigarette before breaking his fast. Then he rang for Bridie, and when she appeared, he stared at her in amazement, for even he could not ignore the extraordinary violence she brought with her into the room.

She handed him his orange juice and poured the hot milk and coffee. He eyed her curiously as he sipped the orange juice. Her face was actually twitching with some emotion. Something must have upset her last night. He felt he could not bear it if she left the room before he knew what it was.

"A very pleasant party last night, Bridie," he said smoothly. "Very pleasant indeed. The girls looked so pretty in their little best dresses."

"I suppose they did, sir." Bridie hurled herself at the window curtains, and snatched them apart with such force that the whole inside window frame was left naked, ruining Leona's lovely draped effect. Charles frowned in surprise. More here than meets the eye, he thought, and wondered how best to approach this maddened woman.

"Poor dear Mr. Tarnac," he said tentatively. "Pathetic fellow, I'm afraid he's had a bad time these last few years. A pity, really."

"Mr. Tarnac is all right," Bridie said. She stared at him, and it seemed to Charles that for the first time that morning she remembered who he really was. "Oh, Mr. Tarnac's a lovely man," she said spitefully. "The girls all think he's God's gift to the women. They're all head over heels in love with him." She had rehearsed this speech the

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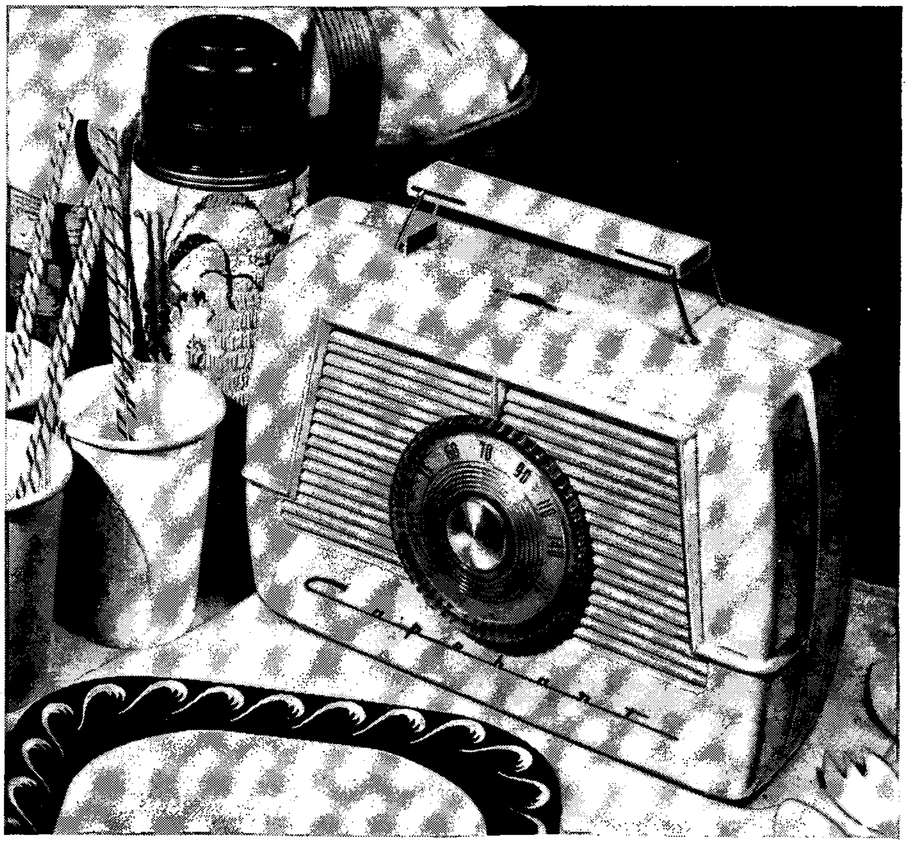

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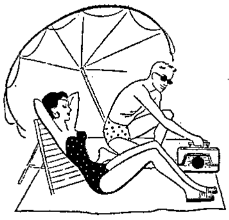

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night before, as she sat watching the dance and watching the watchers on the dais. She got little satisfaction from it now. She wondered if anything would ever happen in the world again that would be awful enough to satisfy her.

Jealousy, Charles thought, with disgust. This laughable monolith fancies herself in love. He picked up his notes, dismissing her. "The girls' opinion is always of immense interest to me. I must tell poor Mr. Tarnac what you said when I see him at lunch."

"You won't see him at lunch, nor at dinner either," Bridie cried, "for he went off back to town with the rest of that crew. They were all mad to get back to the city. The way they drove off, I wouldn't be surprised if the half of them were found dead, and I wouldn't be sorry, either."

"Who went back to the city? What do you mean?"

"Mr. Tarnac went back with all the fellows that were up here for the dance, and a few of the young ones that are working here, too. A lot of use they'll be around here today, if they ever come back here at all."

Charles laughed. Really, it was too good, that sodden fool Tarnac dashing around with a carful of drunken servants.

"And where on earth did these wild young things go, Bridie? To some dance hall, perhaps?"

Bridie took a deep and unsteady breath. "Oh, great God," she said, "when I heard of it! I could have dropped dead, so I could. I could have killed them."

"What did they do, Bridie?"

"Oh, Mr. Runyon, wait till I tell you, I had a nice chair that I sat on the whole evening, between the door where you come into the hall and the door where you go into the bar. Near the stage, I was. A couple of us sat there, and then from time to time other girls would come along and sit with us a minute or two. You know the way it is. And you know the way you talk. The boys would bring me a little drink now and then. Not that I took much, but you know, Mr. Runyon, I'm not accustomed to it. Oh, Mr. Runyon, the things I said. Things I wouldn't want repeated. I won't have a friend in the place when it gets out. I don't know where to go or what to do. I'm nearly mad, thinking about it all night long, and praying to God the records would be broke by the time they got back to town."

"What records, Bridie?"

"The records they made at the

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dance. Didn't one of the young fellows in the band—a radio mechanic he is, bad luck to him—rig up one of them wire-recording things right behind where I was sitting. Every word I said. If they'd only have given me a hint. But of course nobody knew, only the young fellow himself, the young blackguard, and a couple of his friends that helped him fix it up. Things I wouldn't have repeated for the world—I—"

"And that was why they were in such a hurry to get back to town, to play the records over?"

"Why else. All laughing they were—"

"And Mr. Tarnac was with them, and some of the girls from here?"

"Josie next door, for one. Lazy young lump, she—"

"Bridie, please pay attention. Tell me, did they put recorders anywhere except behind your chair?"

"In the bar, they had one. I wouldn't have minded that, I wasn't in there. And one in the vestibule as you come in, but I hardly stopped there at all. And another one under the platform you and Mrs. Harkey and Mr. Harkey were on. I wasn't near there."

She stopped suddenly, astounded, listening to what she had just heard her own voice say. And to think that I missed that, she thought, and realized how far she had drifted from her moorings in these last few hours.

"Yes," she said, "that's right. There was one under where you were sitting, too, Mr. Runyon."

Staring greedily into his eyes, she saw and recognized what she had never hoped to see again—a chagrin as hot and as bitter as her own.

—Maeve Brennan

•

Aircraft stocks attracted unusually heavy trading and five issues in that group were at the top of the most-active list. Glenn Martin on a turnover of 163,000 shares was the volume leader, up ⅞ at 24½. It was followed by Curtiss Wright, up ¼ at 10¼, Fairchild Engine and Airplane up ⅝ at 13¼, Boeing up ⅛ at 79 and North American Aviation up ¼ at 28¾.
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[*From a story in True Confessions*]

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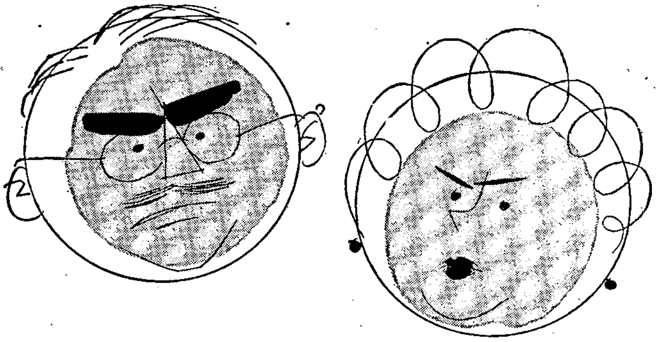

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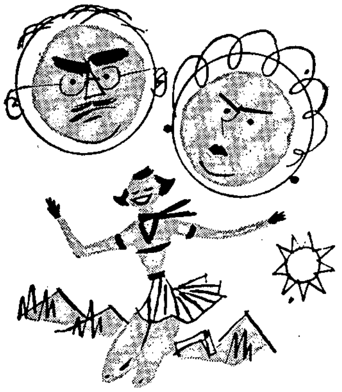

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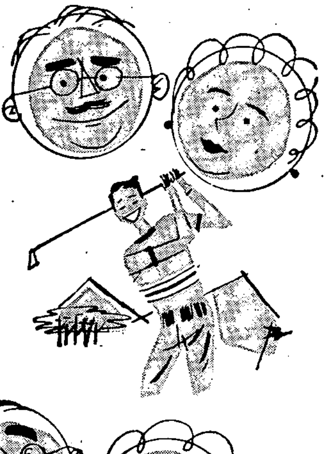

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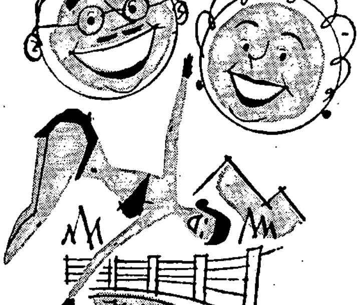

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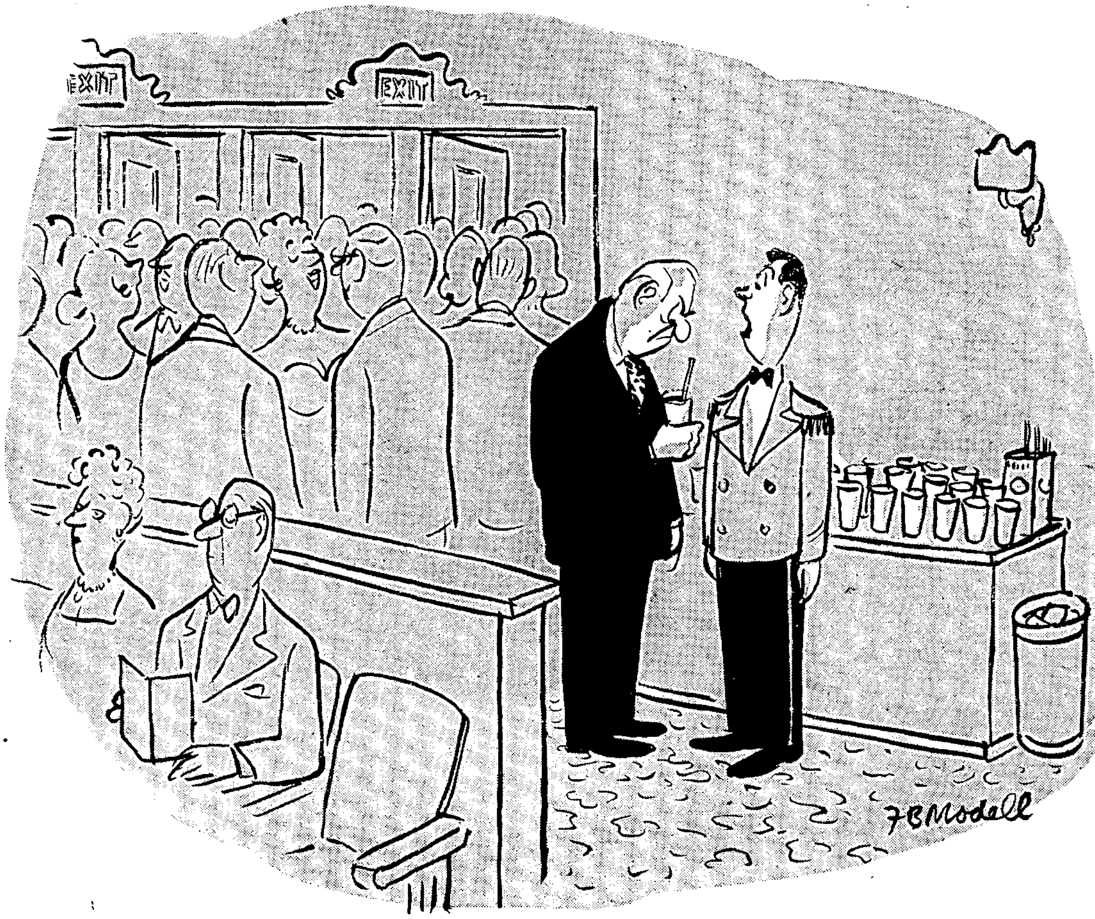
THE BEST AT LAST

"THE PAJAMA GAME," presumably the last Broadway offering to challenge the critics until after Labor Day, turned out to be by far the best musical we have had this season. This, as Mr. Walter Kerr has remarked elsewhere, is not much of a trick, since the competition has been confined to entries like "The Golden Apple," "Kismet," and "By the Beautiful Sea," none of which is likely to be long remembered by the historians. The margin of superiority is, however, considerable, and I should say that the entry at the St. James can be safely put down as one of the more satisfactory shows of recent years.

Its chief qualities are high spirits, spontaneity, and a manifest determination to please. There are, I suppose, no really electrifying performances, though Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw are all very pleasant people to watch; the music and lyrics, by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, are hardly in the grand manner (the serious songs and the words that go with them struck me, in fact, as even more vacant than is customary in such matters), but some of the lighter numbers are remarkably cheerful; the George Abbott-Richard Bissell book, in which the Boy (Mr. Raitt) represents Management and the Girl (Miss Paige) stands for Labor, has its moments of untidy and rather desperate contrivance—notably in a singular scene in which the lady removes her dress preparatory to being seduced and then reflects that this would be unsuitable with a man who is opposing a seven-and-one-half-cent wage increase to the workers—but it is still a good deal funnier and more coherent than most; the dances, devised by Bob Fosse, get a little out of hand now and then, when their author appears to mistake simple confusion for organized gaiety, but he still manages some very nice small arrangements, especially when Miss Haney and Mr. Foy are involved; and the scenery and costumes, designed by Lemuel Ayers, which provide for sequences in the factory where they make the pajamas, at an employees' picnic in the woods, in a moderately shady night club called Hernando's Hideaway, and in the heroine's modest shack down by the railroad yard, are bright and ingenious, if not exactly spectacular. On the whole, the qualifications in each of the above particulars don't matter much. "The Pajama Game" has its lagging moments, but for the most part it has a wit and style, an agreeable sense of professionals at work, that make it unique among the musicals now on display in town.

While Mr. Raitt and Miss Paige are decorative, sing well, and act at least acceptably, I was particularly delighted by Miss Haney and Mr. Foy, who are both clowns in a fine old tradition. Miss Haney, whose appearance suggests that she is engaged in a simultaneous burlesque of Audrey Hepburn and Jeanmaire, reaches her peak in one of those dance items featuring a dinner jacket and a derby hat, but she is a queer and fascinating combination of gruesome seductiveness and baggy-pants comedy throughout. Mr. Foy exercises his talents on just about everything: a knife-throwing stunt that looks perilously genuine; an admirable soft-shoe routine with Miss Shaw, who is stout but indomitable; a struggle to reinstate himself in his trousers that is an old vaudeville standby but still hilarious; and a blackout sketch with Miss Haney (the one about the multitude of lovers concealed in the wardrobe) that is also antique but also one of the joys of my life. Altogether, he is a very useful man to have about a stage, calling up memories of a type of all-round comedian now substantially extinct. Among the others are Ralph Farnsworth, Stanley Prager, Ralph Dunn, Thelma Pelish, Marion Colby, and



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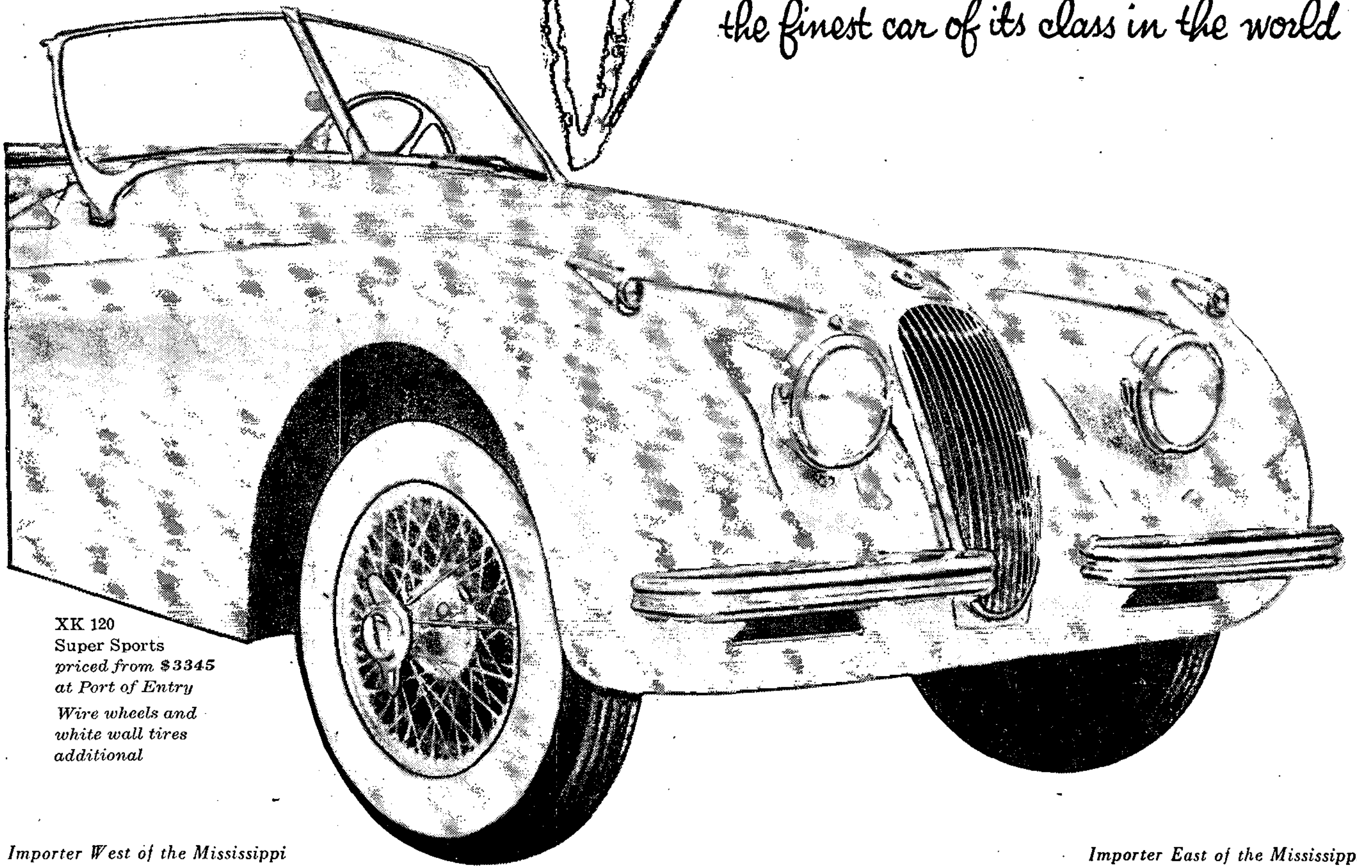

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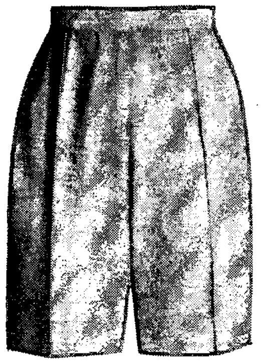

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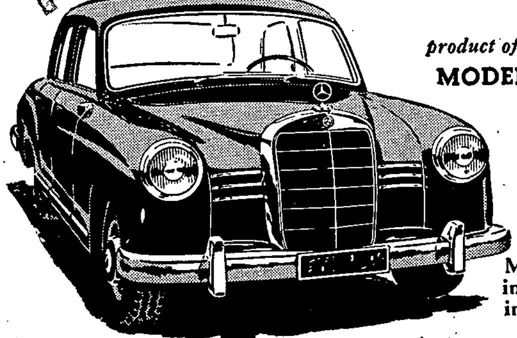
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UNERRINGLY performed, "The Sea Gull" can be a very fine play, picturing the comedies and tragedies of a used-up society with impressive Muscovite attention to detail. Anything less than an inspired rendering of Chekhov's drama can, however, come very close to catastrophe, since the wrong kind of laughter is never far from the surface and a good many of the protracted and melancholy discussions of life among the lost are apt to be a severe tax on your patience. The principal characters, who are not likely to have any even approximate counterparts in your experience, are quite an assortment. The hero is a young writer so strongly in rebellion against traditional forms that he has turned out a play containing neither scenery nor living people, and altogether so oppressed by his circumstances that he shoots himself twice, inflicting only a minor scalp wound the first time but doing much better the second. This boy's mother is a successful actress of forty-three (it is an interesting feature of the Russian drama that almost every actor states his precise age as soon as he arrives on the stage), who has a low opinion of her son's work and a worldly distaste for her rural surroundings. She goes on at length about these things, principally to her literary lover, who is as grisly a portrait of a self-enchanted man of letters as any in my memory. While his charm was inscrutable to me, and rather confirmed an old suspicion of mine that there is no experience so numbing as listening to an author explore the mysteries of his talent, he is irresistible to the ladies of the cast—especially the young woman of the title, a dreamy, unstable sort of girl, who chases him to Moscow and catches him there, to her sorrow. In addition to these broody personalities, the company includes Uncle Peter, a man of sixty and supernaturally dilapidated even for that great age; Masha, a well-preserved twenty-two, whose dismay at having to marry the local schoolteacher is such that she has taken to snuff and solitary drinking; Dr. Dorn, fifty-five, who is described as overly given to "philosophizing," a word that in this context appears to mean woolgathering; and an overseer and his wife, whose ages are not specified, though it is indicated that they are in their late fifties and so clearly crowding senility.

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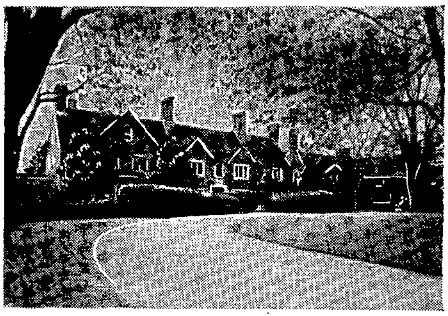

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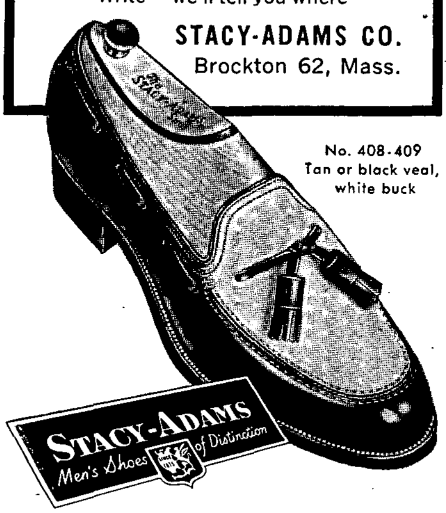

No. 408-409
Tan or black veal, white buck

last week at the Phoenix, the stage came to life, and the sad humor, penetrating observation, and inescapable tragedy of the play were apparent and moving. Much more of the time, however, the performance, a mixture of strangely warring acting styles, achieved either that effect of unconscious parody which so often lies in wait for the Russian drama or that air of dull and aching monotony which frequently threatens it, too. While the actors and the direction are chiefly responsible for these mishaps, some blame must be laid on the current adaptation of the text, which I thought flatly literal in general and now and then actually absurd in particular. It occurred to me, for instance, that when the actress and her son were talking about the novelist's amorous assaults on the young girl, Nina, it was hardly fortunate to cause the youth to say, "He is out in the garden now, working on her development," and there were a good many other lines that similarly and disastrously fractured the audience's composure. The behavior of an alien and outdated society is apt to strike the spectator as funny enough without gratuitous assistance from the translator.

Of the players, I thought that Judith Evelyn, as the actress mother, succeeded admirably in capturing the proper Chekhovian mood; that Montgomery Clift, as her son, was generally correct in spirit, though sometimes disturbingly American in delivery; that Maureen Stapleton, as Masha, was very comic, if not exactly in the manner envisioned by the author; that George Voskovec was both restrained and effective as Dr. Dorn; and that June Walker did an interesting and intelligent job as the overseer's wife. The others, including Sam Jaffe, Mira Rostova, Will Geer, Kevin McCarthy, and John Fiedler, obviously had their hearts in their work, but the results were, on the whole, a little disconcerting. Duane McKinney's setting in the park of the Sorin estate was irritatingly stylized, but his interior was remarkably good. The symbolic gull followed what appears to be an established convention in revivals of this play in that it looked disagreeably stuffed, complacent, and unnatural.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

MOST FASCINATING BACKWARD GLANCE OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sarnia (Ont.) Canadian Observer*]

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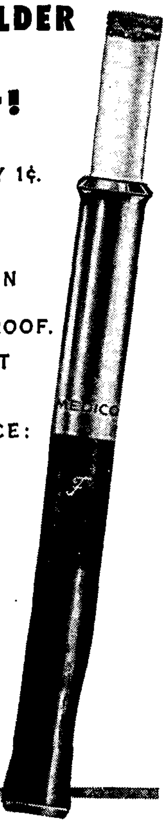

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AFTER THE BALL IS OVER DEPT.

[*From the Washington* (*D.C.*) *News*]

DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD:

My husband and I went to a costume ball the other night. As far as I am concerned, it will be the last one I'll ever attend—with him, anyway.

I had begged him to go as Pierot to my Pierette, but he wouldn't. I suggested then he go as a Sultan and I'd go as a Harem Girl. Or he could go as a sheik, or a gaucho, or a Roman senator, or anything respectable. But no. He went as Dr. Kinsey.

You are saying to yourself, "Well, why not?" I'll tell you why. He carried a pencil and pad, and he used his role to ask the various guests—women only—the most impertinent questions you can imagine.

Why, Mrs. Mayfield, I have not read the Kinsey Report and I do not intend to, but I have heard a lot about it and I know that it covers no subject that my husband did not cover.

One woman, a very casual friend of mine, came up to me in tears and told me some of the things my husband had asked her. One woman, a person he has known for years, slapped his face. The husband of another woman threatened to take him outside and beat him up.

Several women told me point blank they had NEVER been so insulted. One friend of ours tried to play along with him and goodness knows what she told him, but she called me in panic the next day and said for heavens sake to tell my husband she was joking.

His comment was that the answers were "highly explosive."

Mrs. Mayfield, the ball is over—but the repercussions certainly aren't. I have tried to explain to people, to apologize, for my husband, but you know how it is. Some people will always believe I sanctioned his behavior whereas I am more than mortified.

I know I will never hear the last of this, and each time someone makes a crack—such as calling me Mrs. Kinsey—I feel like creeping under the table.

Maybe I should go away for awhile until it all blows over. What do you think?

MRS. A. M.

DEAR MRS. A. M.:

You know as well as I do that husbands can make pretty silly fools of themselves sometimes—but I have never felt that a wife should have to hang her head because of this.

After all, just because two people are married it doesn't mean they have lost their individuality and are melded into one person. Not at all. You are still you and he is still Joe Zilch, or whatever the name is.

If and when he chooses to put on an "act," so to speak, there's no reason for you to feel that people think YOU'RE acting the fool, too. In fact, quite the reverse. I imagine all sorts of people were drawing highly complimentary contrasts in your favor.

Oh, I understand how a wife hates for her husband to make a fool of himself, the silly so and so, but I'm just saying there's no reason for you to take his offense and carry it on your shoulders. No, it's better to square those shoulders, stick the chin out and pretend the old dear is merely a tenth cousin, thrice removed.

M. M.

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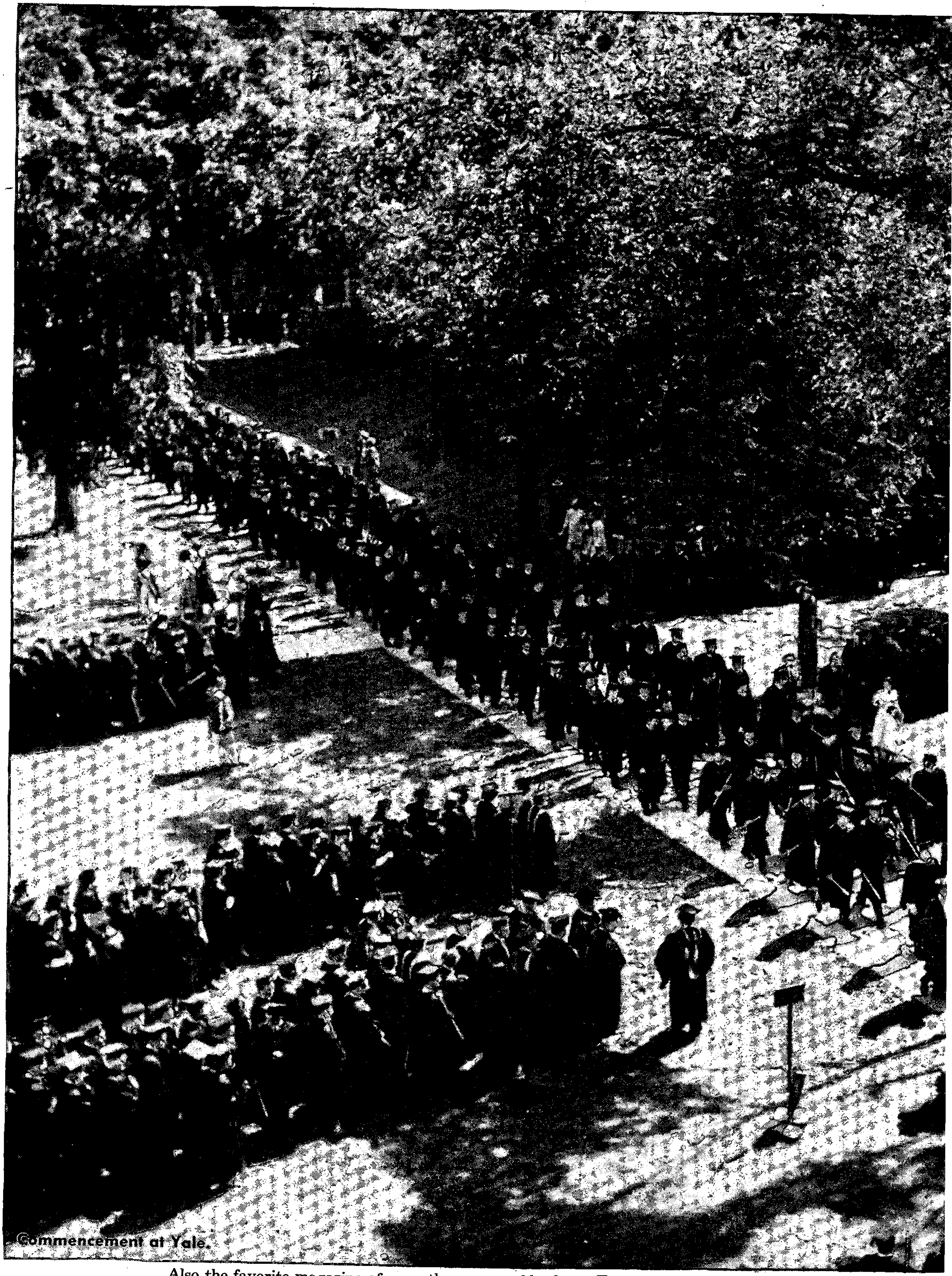
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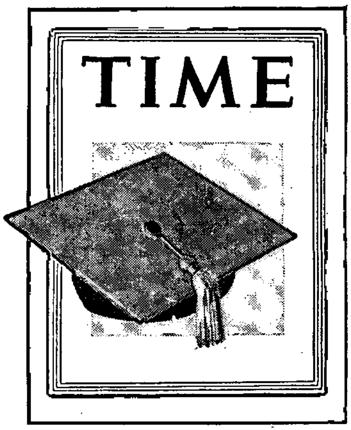

The Clergy . . . The Judiciary . . . Officers in the Armed Forces . . . Federal, State and Local Officials, etc.—and their wives.

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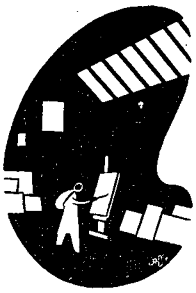
THE ART GALLERIES

Paris and Detroit



CRITICS are always looking for sources and derivations, and there is a tendency now—perhaps started by Andrew Ritchie with his arrangement of the "Sculpture of the Twentieth Century" exhibition early last year at the Museum of Modern Art—to speak of Rodin as the "father" of the modern movement in sculpture. I have never been able to agree, and though the Valentin Gallery has just mounted a new and fairly extensive showing of his works, I see no reason to change my mind. Rodin was a great sculptor, possibly one of the greatest, but except for Bourdelle and a few others he exerted no influence, and it seems to me that the trend of the main figures of our era, from Brancusi and Archipenko down to Moore, Arp, Lipchitz, and Giacometti, has been away from Rodin and, indeed, in active opposition to the whole Michelangelo-Houdon-Barye tradition, of which he was the culmination. At any rate, after Rodin, the way was opened to a more eclectic approach. Even Maillol and Despiau, to a certain extent, bypassed him and went back to the Greeks, while the more advanced men looked further afield—Lipchitz to the Orient, Brancusi and Archipenko to the geometric forms of Cubist painting, Moore to more archaic sources. Rodin's "story-telling" tendencies, of course, have been especially frowned on, and in a sense (a very incomplete sense, it's true) it might be said that his main bearing on contemporary sculpture was comparable to that of the Impressionists on modern painting—he was a precursor, to be sure, but even more than that a sort of point of departure for much bolder experiments.

Yet if Rodin had little direct influence, he was a strong inspiriting factor. By sheer force of personality, and the amazing, driving vigor of his works themselves, he gave a new strength of appeal to sculpture. In the best meaning of the word, he popularized it, not only among lovers of art but among artists, and I think there can be no question but that a good deal of the recent revival of interest in the medium derives, one way or another, from the impetus Rodin gave it. The new show, which will be exhibited in six other cities in this country, speaks eloquently of the emotional power and vitality he could bring to his work. Some eighty items make up the collection, of which a trifle more than half are sculptures and the remainder water colors and drawings. This is not an overly large assemblage for so versatile and prolific an artist as Rodin, but it has been admirably selected to provide as good an idea as possible of the man's production. There are several big set pieces, among them the chunky but beguiling "Honoré de Balzac," the tenderly posed "Pierre de Wiessant" (from the "Burghers of Calais" memorial group), and the large, contorted reclining figure called "The Martyr," and though these crowd the gallery a little, they also illustrate his capacity for the monumental. There are, in addition, the only slightly smaller "L'Homme Qui Marche," the suave "Torso of Adèle," and "The Prodigal Son," as well as a number of smaller studies—the tiny "Bather" and "Petite Ombre Se Coiffant" are examples—that are so quickly and, as it were, casually done that one almost feels the imprint of the artist's modelling thumb upon them. A group of portraits (Charles Baudelaire, Gustav Mahler, and the extraordinarily perceptive Pope Benoît XV) are included to show how skilled he was in this department.

But what one gets most of all from the collection is the feeling of movement. There is little that is static in Rodin's sculpture; there is always tension. Bodies twist, as in "Pierre de Wiessant," or soar, as in the oddly named "Standing Faun" (he seems actually to be completing a leap). Even the "Old Man Praying" has a lunging quality, while the figure in "Iris" abandons all restraint and indulges, almost grotesquely, in an archaic caper. There are times, indeed, when the contortions become phrenetic, as in the "Torso of a Young Woman," in which the girl's pose has been so exaggerated that she appears swaybacked, and in the bouncy "Three Faunes." But if movement was occasionally Rodin's weakness, it was also his strength, and the show testifies to his skill at conveying it sculpturally.

ELSEWHERE in the galleries, the range is from the mid-nineteenth-century landscapists Martin J. Heade and Fitz Hugh Lane, at Knoedler, to a group of the avant-garde French at the Sidney Janis, and in between is a remarkably effective collection of works

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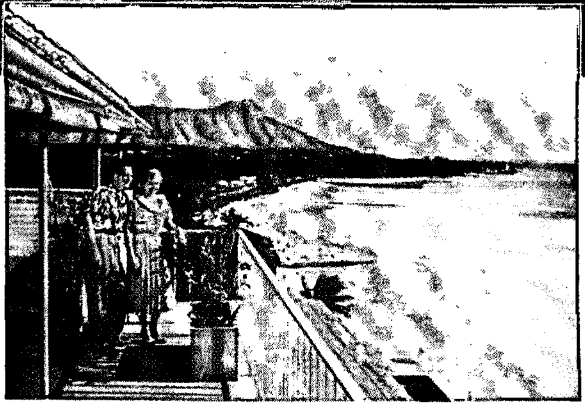

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by a coterie of young Detroit artists at the A.C.A. I enjoyed the Heade-Lane show, even though there's a good deal of corn in it. Neither man was a top-flight painter, and both had a weakness for the conventionally sentimental—slants of sunlight before the coming storm, sails against the sunset, and so on. Yet they had a gusto that is disarming, and in other branches of their work (Heade in his naturalistic studies of flowers and birds, and Lane in his primarily documentary, panoramic "views") they revealed a technical address of a high order. I was particularly taken with Lane's "New York Harbor" and the charming small "Brace's Rock," and by Heade's "Cloudy Day, Rhode Island" and his serene "Salt Marshes, Newport, Rhode Island."

MONDRIAN'S "Composition: 1937," in the Janis showing, seems to me, in its perfect balance and justness of design, one of the most satisfying paintings of his I've ever seen, and although nothing else in the collection quite comes up to its peak of excellence, there are enough others that come near it to make the affair worth a visit. Note especially the fine Léger "Girl in the Mirror," of 1925, the earlier Metzinger "Woman with Fan," Herbin's brilliant, aspiring "Noon," and the early-futurist "Landscape with Poplars," by Kandinsky.

I HADN'T heard about it, but on the evidence of the A.C.A. exhibition there appears to be a renaissance of some dimensions in Detroit. Nineteen artists make up the show, and if none of their works is actually outstanding, the general level is far above the average, while several indicate what appears to be definitely high promise. I'd list Harry Packman (see his stylized study of a girl called "Figure"), Ben Glicker (the lively "Dance Hall" and "Skaters"), and Evelyn Brackett (her misty, half-Surrealist street scene called "Paradox") among these, and I liked, too, James Calder's strict, sunny "Jefferson Avenue" and the wistful "Spring," by Henry Bernstein. The show closes this Saturday. —ROBERT M. COATES

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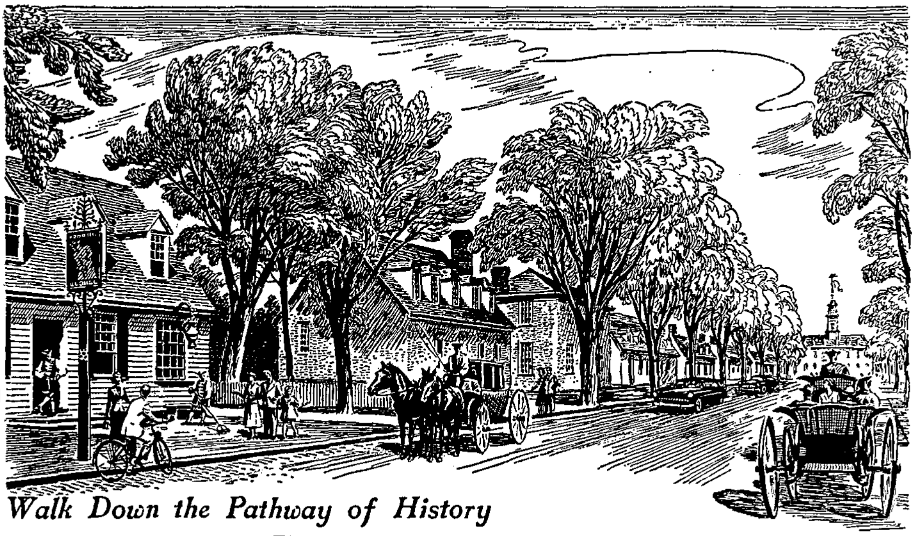

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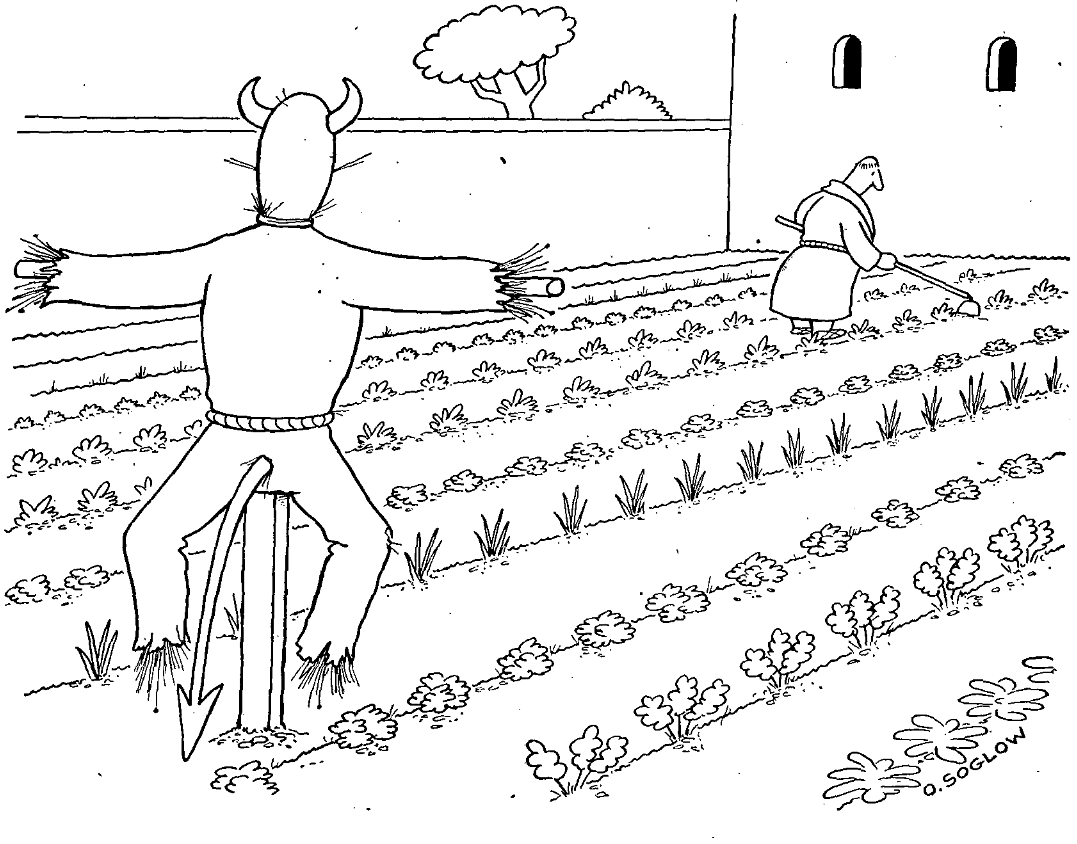
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

HOWTOISM

THE way to deal with eelworm in phlox is to spray with Murphos, a paraltrion curb. The way to avoid being slighted by bus drivers, waiters, and salesgirls is to be unselfish, self-confident, thoughtful, enthusiastic, and happy. The way to stop a long-winded speaker is for the chairman to rise, thank him for his splendid contribution, and lead the audience in thunderous applause. The way to resist a male seducer is for the lady to sit in an armless straight chair and pop a piece of salt-water taffy into her mouth every time he is about to kiss her. The way to saw curves on a bevel with a band saw is to make a layout on the top side of the workpiece and then tilt the table to the angle required. The way to get out of a cocktail party is to write, "Gosh, I'm sorry, but I had already made plans to go to the country, and I'd be leaving three ardent golfers in the lurch if I fouled out now." The way to keep matches dry in a rowboat is to put them in a fruit jar whose lid has been fastened to the underside of the seat; to get at them, unscrew the jar from the lid. The way to hem a circular flounce on a slip-cover is too complicated to go into here. The way to make a "Stradivarius" violin is to do what it tells you to do in "You Can Make a 'Stradivarius' Violin," a publication of Popular Mechanics Press.

The above useful information, and much, much more, can be found in current additions to the already enormous mass of howto literature. It is a dipperful from the great American reservoir of know-how. The how-to book professes to tell, and often does tell, the reader how to do, be, become, make, or cope with something. How to eat, talk, breathe, sleep, cook with sour cream, play canasta, give a church supper, raise parakeets, bet on the horses. How to be healthy, wealthy, wise, and happily married. How to become popular, articulate, refined, charming, virile, cultured, and couth. How to cope with children, sex, religion, old age, Christmas, in-laws, and other common problems of life.

The R. R. Bowker Company has just got out a revised edition of "How-to-Do-It Books: A Selected Guide," which is a two-hundred-and-nine-page descriptive bibliography compiled by Robert E. Kingery, of the New York Public Library. Mr. Kingery has cut a few paths through the jungle of howtoism, culling out a mere thirty-five hundred titles, which he has arranged under nine hundred heads, from Abacus to Yoghurt, but traversing even these well-blazed trails is fatiguing. Alcoholics, Allergy, and Alligators; Candle-Making and Candy-Making; Chiggers and Children; Diving Boards and Divorce; Embroidery, Emotions, Enameling, Encyclopedias, Entertaining, and Etching; Floods, Floors, and Flowers; Fossil Collecting, Funerals, and Fur-Farming; Imagination jostling Incinerators; Mental Illness cheek by jowl with Metalwork; Money—Counterfeiting cozying up to Money-Making Ideas; Survival—Atomic Bombs modulating into Swans. There are books on how to succeed as a motel operator, a woman, a baby-sitter, a committee member, a guest, a parent, a child, a lover, a Chevrolet owner, and a baton twirler. ("The Baton: Twirling Made Easy!") There are howtos on encouraging bees and earthworms (Thomas J. Barrett's "Harnessing the Earthworm") and on discouraging ants, bedbugs, cockroaches, moths, silverfish, and termites. There are howtos on pigeons and pigs and poker; on poultry, pregnancy, printing, and poison ivy; on sleuthing ("The Art of Detection, or, How to Be a Sleuth") and sleeping ("How to Sleep Successfully"); on standing ("Your Carriage, Madam!," by Janet Lane) and sitting ("Sitting Pretty," by, needless to say, the same author); on "How to Win Prize Contests," on "How to Improve Your Tumbling," and on "How to Make Your Conversation Interesting;" on rabbits, rheumatism, riddles, rifles, reducing, reptiles, rock collecting, and rugs; on lace and lizards, lacrosse and lampshades; on wood carving, meat carving, soap carving, and ice carving; on how to make mobiles, be a widow (three titles, including Donald I. Rogers' "Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow"), play skat (Joseph P. Wergin's "How to Play Skat"), and get tall (Paul O'Neil's "Why Be Short?"); on how to collect books, bookplates, beadwork, bottles, buttons, and butterflies; on how to buy things (almost a full page of titles) and even one book on how to throw things away—Morgan Towne's "Treasures in Truck & Trash," which tells "how to pick out the treasures from the junk in the cellar and attic, how much they are worth, and where to sell them," and which is by no means the only entry among Mr. Kingery's thirty-five hun-



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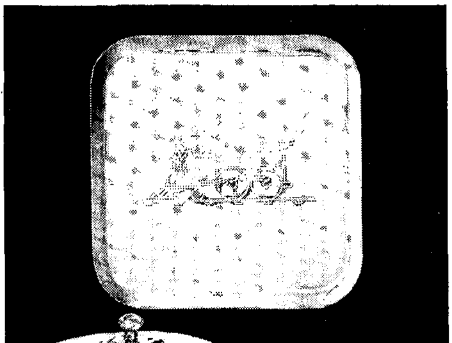

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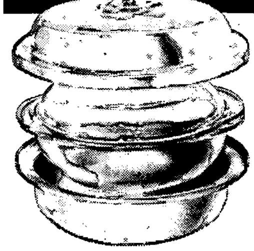

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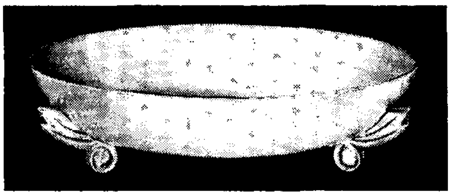

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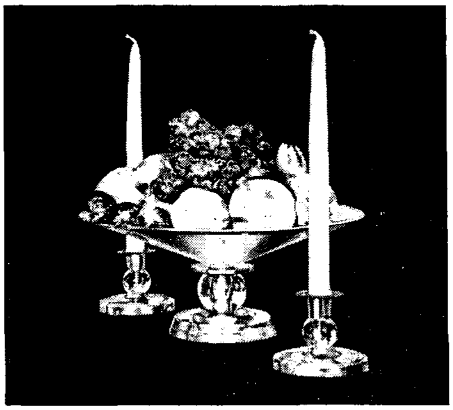

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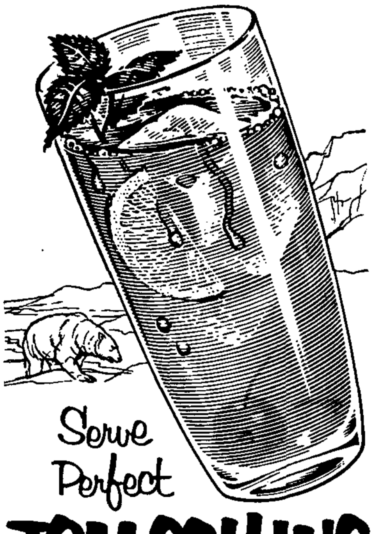
dred that sounds as though it might really be quite useful in dealing with one of the many special problems that bother people in this intricate age. After all, it is not the fault of the howto author that modern life gets more and more complicated, calling on him to settle problems that are more and more arcane. One sometimes wonders, however, whether a feedback is not at work here and whether a number of these problems would perhaps never have arisen to bother us if books had not been written telling us how to solve them.

There are so many howtos on every subject, with dozens more piling up each year, that it is impossible to find one's way around in the accumulation. (Mr. Kingery's bibliography would be more help if it were more selective.) The contradiction arises that whereas the howto is, by definition, addressed to a lay audience, it currently takes an expert on howtos to know which title in the tangled mass will deliver the goods. Thus, under "Drawing," Mr. Kingery lists not only ten general titles but also so many specialized ones—on how to draw nudes, landscapes, children, faces, hands, trees, flowers, animals (subdivided into farm animals, forest animals, birds, cats, and dogs), boats (also ships), locomotives, cars, planes, and ballet dancers. Howtos build on each other the way coral reefs are formed—the new generations flourishing on the bones of the dead, the mass steadily rising. Howto authors make a living by taking in each other's washing, or even their own—quoting from each other or from their own earlier works to add authority (and padding)—and they may go so far as to marry each other, like the Overstreets. Harry A. wrote "The Mature Mind," "A Declaration of Interdependence," "About Ourselves," et al.; Bonaro W. wrote "Understanding Fear," "How to Think About Ourselves," et al.; as man and wife they have jointly produced "The Mind Alive." Howto writers are to other writers as frogs are to mammals; their books are not born, they are spawned. A howtoer with only three or four books to his credit is looked upon as sterile—or, more likely, is just beginning his career. Some howtoers, like the utility man on a ball team, can play any position; a typical example is Raymond F. Yates, whose forty-odd books include "The Antique Collector's Manual," "Atomic Experiments for Boys," "Weather for a Hobby," "Model Gasoline Engines," "The Hobby Book of Stenciling and Brush-Stroke Painting," "Fun with Your Microscope," and "How to Make Beautiful Gifts at Home." More commonly, however, the howtoer turns out the old, reliable model year after year, merely varying the emphasis and the title. Norman Lewis, for instance, has written, to date, "Word Power Made Easy," "How to Speak Better English," "The Lewis English Refresher and Vocabulary Builder," "How to Read Better and Faster," "Power with Words," "Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary," and two word-power books for kids; Dr. Louis E. Bisch has written "Your Inner Self," "The Conquest of Self," "Why Be Shy?," "Your Nerves—How to Release Emotional Tensions," and "Cure Your Nerves Yourself." Howtoers have, in fact, discovered a method of reproduction unknown to frogs—simple variation of a title. Thus, Betty Cornell followed up her "Betty Cornell's Glamour Guide for Teens" with "Betty Cornell's Teen-Age Popularity Guide," and in 1952 Peter Steincrohn simply republished his "You and Your Fears" under the more fashionable title of "How to Master Your Fears." The importance of the title in howto writing cannot be exaggerated. Sometimes a howto seems to be nothing *but* a title. There are various kinds. Cute: "Your Health, Sir!" (a medical howto). Finger-Jabbing, or Now Hear This: "Sex and You." Dignified: "The Techniques of Creative Thinking." Encyclopedic: "How to Clean Everything." And, above all, Optimistic: "How to Make Your Daydreams Come True," "Be Glad You're Neurotic," "You Can Start All Over" (for widows and divorcées), "Love Without Fear," "Forever Young, Forever Healthy." In the bright lexicon of howtoism, there is no such word as failure. "Why should not Failure have its Plutarch as well as Success?" asked Samuel Smiles, the Victorian inspirationalist; his answer was because failure makes "depressing as well as uninstructive reading." Howtoism recognizes failure only as a spur to success, limitations only as something to be overcome, tragedy as merely an error that can be rectified with proper know-how.

IT may have struck the attentive reader that some of the above works are, to say the least, supererogatory. Granted that there's a right way and a wrong way to do everything and that most peo-



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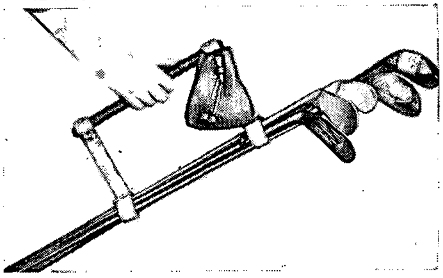

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ple want to do things right, one may still wonder whether it is needful, or even possible in a single lifetime, to read up on the technique of *every* activity one engages in. Do we really need, for instance, Dorothy Biddle's and Dorothea Blom's "Christmas Idea Book"—two hundred and twenty-one pages about Christmas decorations, indexed from "Angels" to "Wreath Theme"? Or Dorothea F. Sullivan's "How to Attend a Conference"? Or Philip Francis's "How to Serve on a Jury"? Or Jeremy Martin's "How to Prepare for Your Draft Test"? (No one has yet written "How to Do That Time: A Handbook for Prospective Convicts.") Can one imagine even the most devoted vestryman studying the New York Protestant Council's "Principles of Church Ushering"? Or the most conscientious housewife sending for the Department of Agriculture's "Tools for Food Preparation and Dishwashing"? The answer to the last question is yes; General Eisenhower denounced the dishwashing guide during the 1952 Presidential campaign as "a symbol of the shameful wasting of tax funds," with the result that after he got elected, the Department had to print fifteen thousand more copies of it to meet the demand from alerted housewives.

The fact is the country is in the grip of a howto mania comparable to the dancing mania that swept over Europe in the fourteenth century. There has always been something in the American soul that responds to the howto book. We are an active, ingenious, pragmatic race, concerned with production rather than enjoyment, with practicality rather than contemplation, with efficiency rather than understanding, and with information rather than wisdom. Our frontier past and our industrialized present both incline us toward a preoccupation with technique, with know-how rather than know-why. This fascination with technique has been building up since the war, stimulating, and being stimulated by, a growing spate of howto books on every conceivable department of life and a few inconceivable ones. This may be because as world issues appear increasingly hopeless of solution, people console themselves with efforts in spheres where solutions are more manageable—the practical and the personal. As this trend continues, the man in the American street is increasingly on his happy way toward losing his amateur standing. "Amateur," from the Latin "*amare*," "to love," is defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as "1. One who loves

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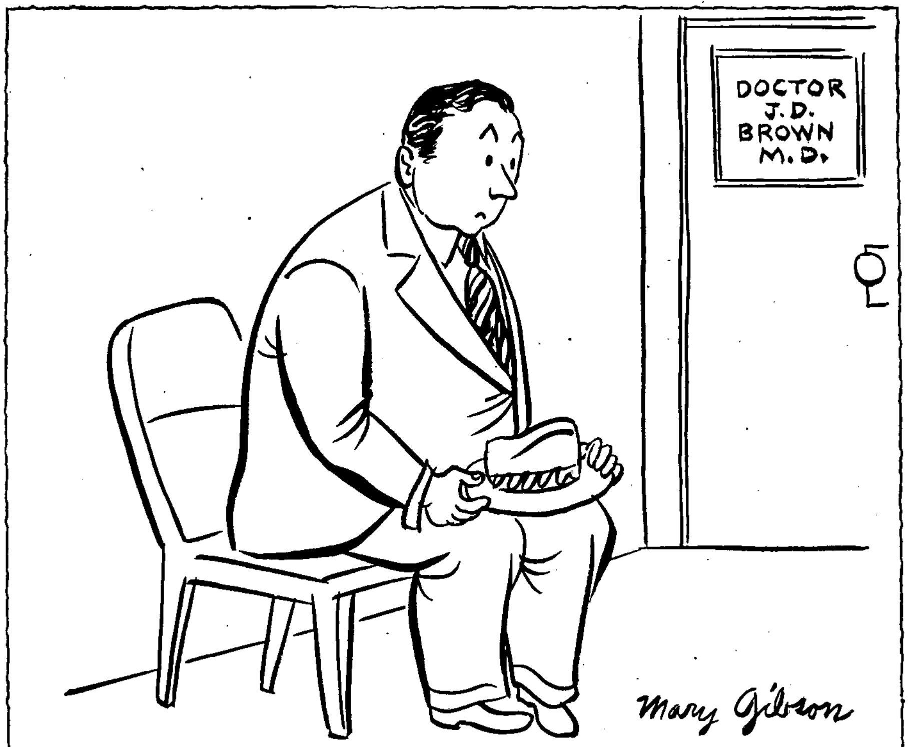
or is fond of; one who has a taste for anything. 2. One who cultivates anything as a pastime, as distinguished from one who prosecutes it professionally, hence sometimes used disparagingly, as dabbler, or superficial student or worker." "Professional" also has its disparaging side in the Oxford—"one who 'makes a trade' of anything that is properly pursued from higher motives, as a *professional politician*." This disparaging connotation has just about died out over here, however, as the example itself shows—is Truman, or was Taft, looked down on for being a professional politician? Some old fogies may view the rising tide of howtoism with alarm because it professionalizes activities they think should be pursued for love, or for fun, or just for the hell of it. But that man in the American street is insulted if he is called "amateur" or "dilettante," flattered if he is rated "professional" or "expert" or "specialist," and not at all convinced that there is any higher motive for activity than success.

It is—or, at any rate, used to be—different in England, where the cult of the amateur once flourished to such an extent that it was considered a bit ungentlemanly, if not downright shady, to do anything too well. Undue preparation and study of techniques, whether for playing games or running an empire, were thought unsporting; old-style British athletes—the "gentlemen," or amateurs, that is, and not the professionals, who were significantly called the "players"—never went to indecorous lengths in their training, and in consequence they got some nasty jolts from upstart Australians and Americans who took a more professional attitude toward sports and played to win rather than for fun. If proficiency is what is valued most, then the ultimate logic is that the low-skilled many should not play at all but instead should watch the highly skilled few, and this is what has happened to sports like baseball and football among American adults. (The cover on a trial issue of a new sports magazine planned by Time, Inc., shows, significantly, a crowd of spectators.) "Perhaps it is the fate of every form of recreation," the Oxford Dictionary quotes a British journalist as writing in 1890, "that it should become more or less 'professionalised'—if I may coin a word—and degraded from its original pure health-giving aim."

It was in many ways an absurd attitude, but there was something attractive about it, too, and even something sensible. A completely professionalized life, which is what would result if one tapped the full resources of howto literature,



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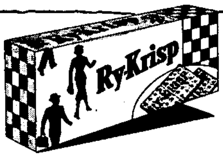

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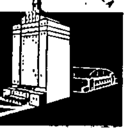

would be monstrous. There is even a new book, published by Dutton and written by Albert A. Ostrow and called "How to Enjoy Yourself!," that gives detailed instructions on how to enjoy family life, how to have fun on a vacation, and how to get the most out of laughter. Although Mr. Ostrow, who is also the author of "Pastimes for Two" and "Time Fillers," is an expert enjoyment man, his book is depressing, and still more so is the fact that it was published at all. Besides being intolerably dull, the professionalized life is likely to be complicated. For example, "Esquire Etiquette," which the editors of *Esquire* got out last year as "a guide to business, sports, and social conduct," deals thus with the problem of leaving things behind after a weekend visit: "If you're a chronic forgetter, try this: before you leave home, paste a little list inside your suitcase, itemizing all its contents, then check and double-check the list as you pack up to go home." This solution is obviously unworkable, since a chronic forgetter would forget to check the list as he packed up, or if he remembered, it would turn out to be an old list and he would drive his host crazy trying to find things he hadn't brought. Even if it did work, the solution would be more complex than the problem, which is rarely a recommendation. Or take baby-sitting, not usually considered a skilled trade, but on which Mr. Kingery lists three technical manuals. The latest of these is Mary Furlong Moore's "The Baby Sitter's Guide," comprising a hundred and twenty pages of know-how—all very intelligent, reasonable, practical, and sure to produce a baby-sitter of awesome competence, but still a hundred and twenty pages. Is life long enough, even at sixteen, to master all this? It takes more than a page just to chart the contents of "the baby sitter's kit"—a small suitcase containing, among other things, "bright rubber balls (in different sizes for different ages). A small flashlight. . . . Large-size crayons for small children (ages 2 to 5). Regular-size crayons for children (ages 6 to 10). A dozen or so strips of bright-colored cloth. . . . A pair of blunt-end scissors. . . . Plenty of Scotch Tape. . . . A shiny tin pie pan and big spoon (for very small children)." *Ars longa est* indeed in the howto world.

It is amazing, when one explores this world, to find how many crafts one has been practicing without being aware they *are* crafts. Driving a car, for instance. I have been driving for some thirty years without accidents and also

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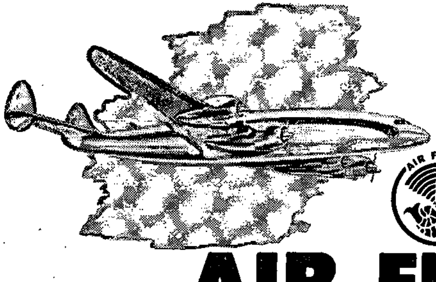
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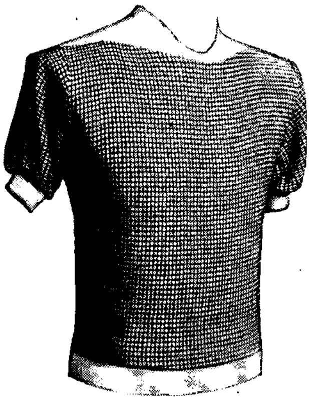

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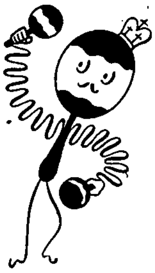

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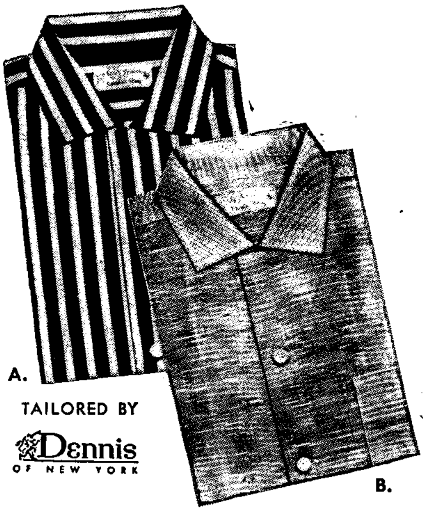
without benefit of Paul W. Kearney's "How to Drive Better and Avoid Accidents" or Truman S. Smith's "Driving Can Be Safe." Or picnicking, which I've been doing even longer without help from John E. Shallcross's "Complete Picnic Book." Or reading, on which I haven't been wised up since the third grade but on which there is a whole shelf of howtos, including general treatises, like Norman Lewis's "How to Read Better and Faster," and specialized ones, like I. A. Richards' "How to Read a Page," which presumably prepares one for Mortimer J. Adler's "How to Read a Book." (I have looked in vain for "How to Read a How-to-Read Book.") An impressive newcomer in this category is a large volume called "How to Become a Better Reader," which Dr. Paul Witty, director of Northwestern University's reading clinic, has written "after twenty years in the reading-improvement field." Dr. Witty estimates that the average person (me?) reads at only two-thirds his potential speed and at half his potential rate of comprehension. To improve, the average person is supposed to read a series of rather mediocre articles and stories Dr. Witty offers, and score for each his reading time and his remembrance of the content. One is chivied along with the usual mixture of threats ("If you are a poor reader . . . you miss out on the wealth of reading materials that could enrich your life. Because your reading is limited, you as a person are limited") and encouragement ("You have now completed 15 of the 20 lessons in this book. Lesson by lesson, you have grown in your reading power"). It all sounds practical enough but much too elaborate—a common fault of howtos, whose authors often tell the reader both more than he cares to know (for instance, Dr. Witty presents a seven-page bibliography of nothing more specific than "books you may want to read") and a lot that he knows already ("If you do not learn to appreciate poetry, you will miss a reading experience that can enrich your life," the Doctor observes).

Or bringing up children. Mr. Kingery lists forty-three books on the subject, including "Complete Book of Mothercraft" but not including those listed under such special headings as "Infants—Care" (twelve titles), "Adolescents" (five), and "Sex Education" (eight). Middle-class America has developed the professional parent, who I am not. All Mr. Kingery's listings seem to me dispensable save two—Spock and Gesell, the twin household gods who watch over

The Capri Collar



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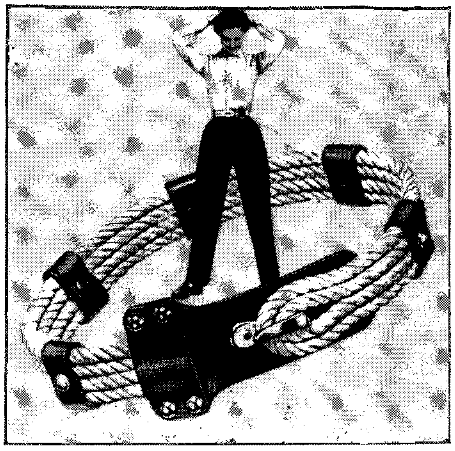

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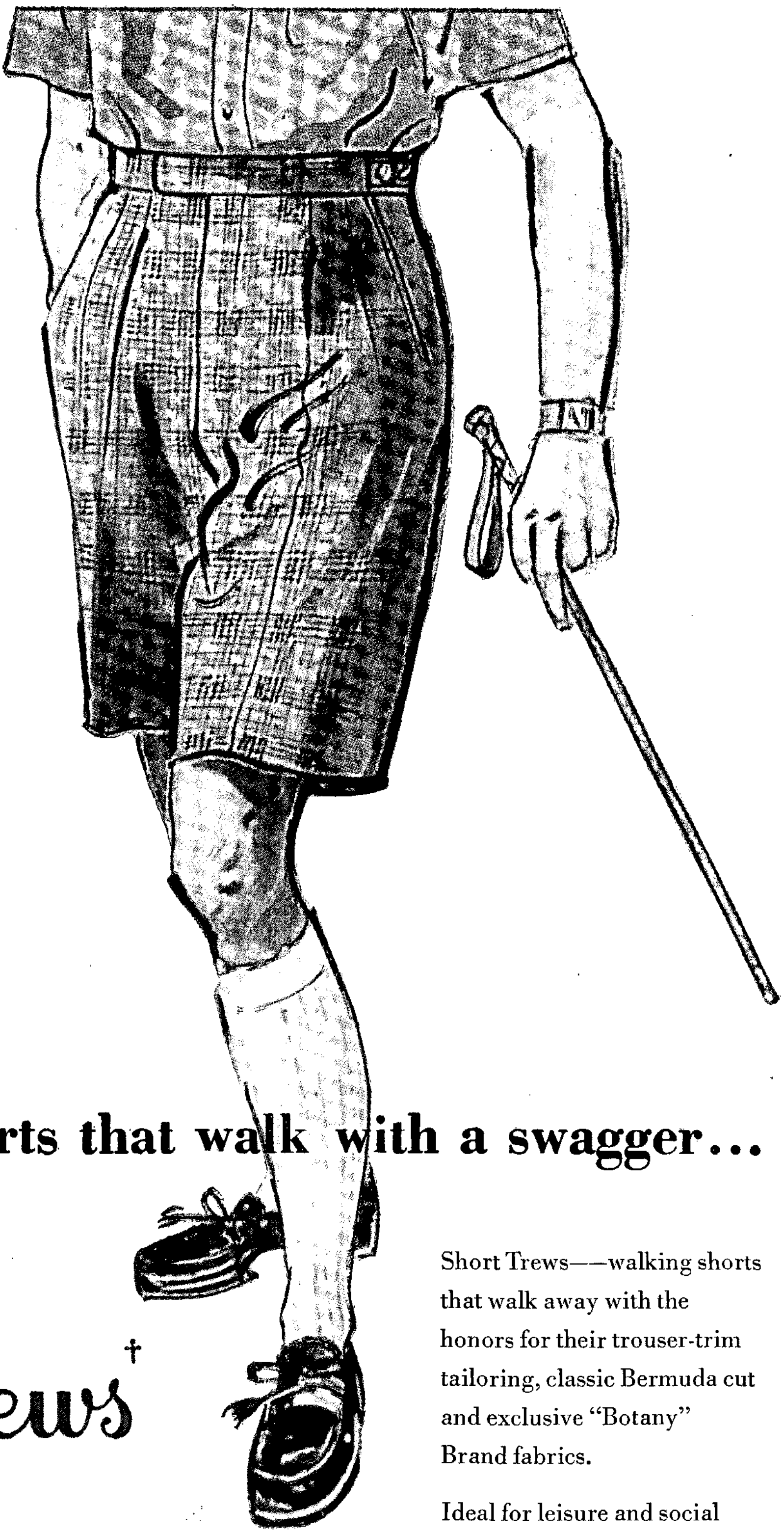

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the American nursery and playroom. Dr. Gesell's painstaking studies, in "Child Development," of what kind of behavior may be expected from the child at each age level are not only authoritative but reassuring, in the same way the Kinsey Reports are: lots of others do it, too. And Dr. Spock's "Baby and Child Care," which has sold five million copies since it was published in 1946 and contains five hundred pages of sensible, definite advice, is, in the thirty-five-cent Pocket Books edition, the biggest buy in the whole howto field. I have used Spock and Gesell, but to qualify as a professional parent I should have subscribed to *Parents' Magazine* and I should have consulted the following works, each of which covers some problem I solved, or failed to solve, in a hopelessly amateurish way: "Naming Your Baby," "Your Child and Other People; At Home, at School, at Play," "So Your Child Won't Eat!" (nope), "Better Home Discipline" (uh-huh), "Jealousy in Children," "Happy Journey; Preparing Your Child for School," "Your Child Can Be Happy in Bed" (m-m-m), "Money Management—Children's Spending," and "Children's Rainy-Day Play" (by June Birdsong).

Although there are many howtos outlining the duties of adults toward children, I have come across none that reverse the field. It was different in the old days, when etiquette books were as often aimed at children as at their elders. "*De Civilitate Morum Puerilium*" appeared in London in 1532, subtitled "A lytell booke of good maners for chyldren nowe lately compyled and put forth by Erasmus Roterodam in latyne tonge with interpretacion of the same in to the vulgare englyshe tonge by Robert Whytyngton laureate poete." (Howto authors were considerably more eminent then.) The contemporary parallel runs in the opposite direction, as Dorothy Baruch shows with her "How to Live with Your Teen-Ager." We have come a long way from William Fitzhugh, of Virginia, who observed in 1687 that children would "better be never born than be ill-bred."

If howtoism makes life complicated, it also makes it much too simple. To the howto author, and to a commercially important part of the American public, literally every aspect of human existence presents itself as a technical problem that can be solved if one has the know-how. Everything that was once a matter for meditation and retreat into the wilderness has been reduced to the level of technique. I don't know whether anybody has yet written "How

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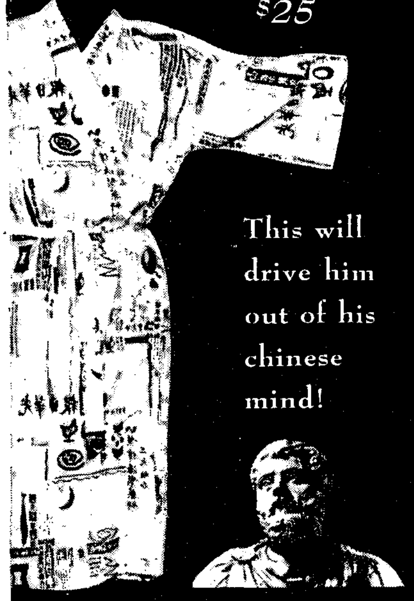

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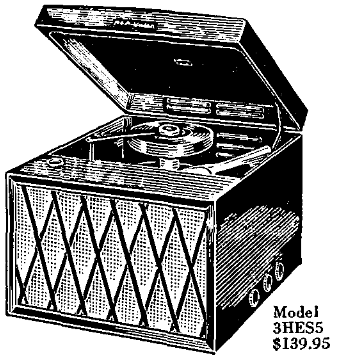

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to Be a Mystic" (Simon & Schuster, $3.75), but one E. Stanley Jones has written "How to Be a Transformed Person." Mr. Jones, who is billed by his publishers, the solid and reputable religious-book house of Abingdon-Cokesbury, as "America's Best-Loved Author of Devotional Books," is also the author of, *inter alia*, "Victorious Living" and "Growing Spiritually," the second of which promises to "show how to become a spiritually mature person . . . how to cast off anxiety, fear, and worry . . . how to fill the daily life with love, peace, and joy," a claim that ought to be looked into by the Federal Trade Commission. America's B.-L.A.O.D.B. has to date rung up total sales of more than a million and a half copies. The teachings of Christ are howtoized in Ernest Trice Thompson's "The Sermon on the Mount and Its Meaning for Today," which the John Knox Press advertises as "not idle idealism but a practical way of life for the atomic age." The problem of belief, which used to bother people in the old-fashioned days, has been tackled by the prolific Dr. Ralph W. Sockman in his current "How to Believe" (Doubleday). Dr. Sockman, pastor of Christ Church here since 1917, and director of New York University's Hall of Fame on the side, writes out of twenty-five years' experience as a broadcaster, during which, he says, he has received "two million and more letters"—or an average of two hundred and twenty every day, including, as is only fitting, Sunday. Dr. Sockman is nothing if not conscientious. His two hundred and twenty-four pages raise and, after a fashion, dispose of every hard question imaginable, from "Is not religious faith pretty largely wishful thinking?" (No, for then "what accounts for the fear of hell?") to "Is the universe honest?" (Yes, because God would not permit man's yearning for immortality to exist if it were not to be satisfied, and a dishonest universe would not satisfy it). Dr. Sockman even grapples with my own particular problem: "If a person has no interest in religion, what can be done about it?" His reply is: (1) "The responsibilities involved in rearing children" may cause one to look to God for guidance; (2) "It often takes emergency or disaster to crack the shell of life and let the gleams of God break through;" (3) "Is it smart to go through life without looking into the force called religion, which has inspired the world's finest art, its greatest music, its noblest living?" Smart or not, and despite some personal experience with children and emergencies, though not with disasters, I failed to get the essential know-how from "How to Believe," maybe because I couldn't read very much of it. (This is a too little recognized drawback to many howto books. The first, and often insoluble, problem is how to get through the book that tells you how to solve the problem.)

THERE is nothing new under the sun, including howtoism. Ovid's "Art of Love," still in print after two thousand years, is a more practical handbook on sex and seduction than many of its modern competitors, although—or perhaps because—it was written without benefit of Freud. As Judaic-Christian morality began to shadow the pagan world, the howto began to yield to the moral treatise, or oughtto. Sometimes the two genres were combined, as in the Book of Proverbs. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red" are both moral precepts and practical advice. Existing in a general atmosphere of piety, the straight howto tended to have a defiantly cynical and worldly air. Machiavelli advised his prince that he "should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety: this last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality," while the morality of Lord Chesterfield's famous "Letters to His Son" can be summed up as Save the surface and you save all. Such works aimed at success rather than virtue, to put it mildly. With the rise of the bourgeoisie and its science, the choice between the howto and the oughtto became—or at least appeared to more and more people to become—unnecessary. The cake could both be had and eaten as the notion spread that if something "worked" it was good and—the other way around—that the virtuous were intended by the Lord to be prosperous as well. The stage was now set for the grand entrance of howtoism.

Our own Benjamin Franklin, that slightly smug Philadelphian paragon of benevolent practicality, was typical of the new dispensation. Bourgeois, industrious, competent, and rationalistic to an almost lunatic degree, Franklin often wrote in the howto vein, as in "The Art of Making Money Plenty, in Every Man's Pocket," "Way to

Wealth," and "To a Young Man—on How to Choose a Mistress." His "Autobiography" and his "Poor Richard's Almanack" also are full of know-how. But the genre by no means began in this country with Franklin. There were several howto-oughttos among our seventeenth-century best-sellers—notably Samuel Hardy's "Guide to Heaven" (not a travel book but a book containing "Good Counsel How to Close Savingly with Christ") and Bishop Bayly's "The Practice of Piety." The trend became secular in the eighteenth century, as etiquette and self-help books multiplied. Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" went through thirty-one American editions between 1775 and 1800. George Washington at fifteen wrote down his own rules of conduct ("In Speaking to men of Quality do not lean nor Look them full in the Face.... Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth Napkin Fork or Knife"), and, according to Frank Luther Mott's "Golden Multitudes: The Story of Best Sellers in the United States," when the celebrated Parson Weems, who later became the first President's myth-making biographer, put out "The Immortal Mentor; or, Man's Unerring Guide to a Healthy, Wealthy, and Happy Life," Washington gave it a handsome blurb: "Invaluable ... perused it with singular satisfaction." Eleazar Moody's "The School of Good Manners" ("If thy superior be relating a story, say not, 'I have heard it before.' . . . If he tell it not right, snigger not") sold well throughout the century, and in Philadelphia in 1796 there appeared a volume comprehensively entitled "The American Academy of Compliments; or, The Complete American Secretary: Containing the True Art of Inditing Letters Suitable to the Capacities of Youth and Age. . . . With Dialogues Very Witty and Pleasing.... To Which Are Added the Art of Good Breeding and Behaviour.... With a Collection of the Newest Songs." Things got even more so in the nineteenth century. Generations of ambitious apprentices on both sides of the Atlantic pored over Samuel Smiles' "Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character, Conduct and Perseverance." A Philadelphia publisher—the city seems to have been the center for such works, perhaps because of the heritage of Franklin—in 1851 came up with "It Is Never Too Late to Learn: Facts for the People: or Things Worth Knowing. A Book of Receipts in Which Everything Is of Practical Use to Everybody;" and in 1876, Thomas L. Haines

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and Levi W. Yaggy put out "The Royal Path of Life; or, Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness," which sold almost a million copies.

The self-help howto has reached its peak in our century, as evidenced by the productions of a number of well-publicized members of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergy; of late years, these books, reflecting the tolerance produced by a complete lack of cultural standards, have democratically shared the top reaches of the nonfiction best-seller lists. They are "inspirational" self-helps, as against the "success" kind, in which the bead is drawn directly on the $$$ bull's-eye. The "inspirational" writer has no worries at all about repeating himself, since he never says anything definite; any up-to-date cleric can bat out a dozen howtos with his left hand, like Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick ("The Secret of Victorious Living," "A Great Time to Be Alive," "On Being a Real Person," "Faith for Tough Times," and ten others) and Dr. Sockman ("The Higher Happiness," "Now to Live!," "How to Believe," "Date with Destiny," "The Highway of God," and eleven others). Earlier "inspirationals" include Arnold Bennett's "How to Live," Douglas Fairbanks' "Making Life Worth While," Bruce Barton's "More Power to You" and "The Man Nobody Knows," and Elbert Hubbard's "Love, Life and Work . . . How to Attain the Highest Happiness for One's Self with the Least Possible Harm to Others," and the works of those poor-man's philosophers who used to fascinate Mencken and Nathan: Dr. Frank Crane and Ralph Waldo Trine. Among earlier "success" books were Frank C. Haddock's "Power of Will," which sold seven hundred and fifty thousand copies between 1907 and 1927, and Roger Babson's "Storing Up Triple Reserves—Success Is Secured by Developing Financial, Physical, and Spiritual Reserves," which might have stored up more reserves had it not been unfortunate enough to appear in 1929. Nor should two other Menckenian favorites be forgotten—Napoleon Hill, who, still in business at the old stand, recently got out a book bearing the almost perfect title, "How to Raise Your Own Salary!," and the late Orison Swett Marden, author of "Heading for Victory," "Pushing to the Front," "Getting On," and other works. A closely related group, no longer so popular as it was several generations ago, when Pushing to the Front looked easier than it does now, is the "success story," or like-me howto, such as P. T. Bar-

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Etiquette books are a transitional form between the practical and the philosophical genres. They have been with us a long time. In stable societies such as existed before the rise of capitalism and exist still among primitive peoples, etiquette, like many other topics now dealt with by howto books, was taught by parents to the young and was also absorbed naturally by imitation. But in our fluid society, where social classes are ill-defined and where people rise from a lower status and are unsure of themselves, there has for many years been a demand for etiquette books. The dominant ones today are by Emily Post, Amy Vanderbilt, and the editors of *Vogue*, and all are addressed to women, the culture bearers in this field, as in so many other fields of American life. Miss Post's "Etiquette," first published in 1922, and the oldest of the three, goes in for definite rules, on the lines num's "How I Made Millions; or, The Secret of Success" (1884) and "The Americanization of Edward Bok" (1920). The title of the latter, though certainly not its mood, was perhaps suggested by that of a best-seller that had appeared some years earlier—"The Education of Henry Adams," which might be called a not-like-me, how-not-to failure story.

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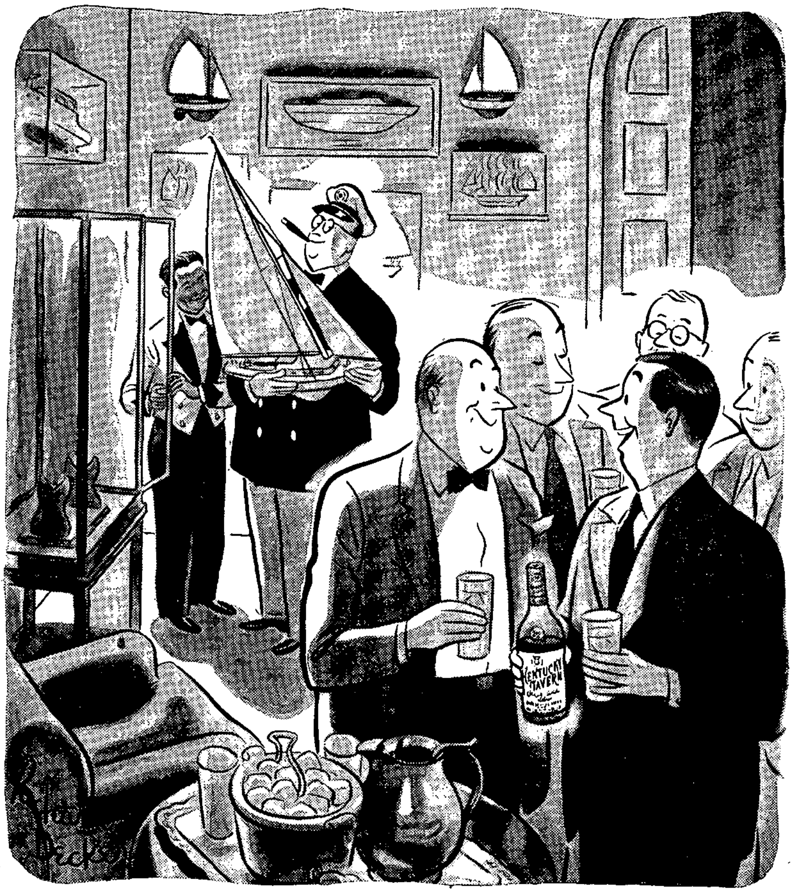

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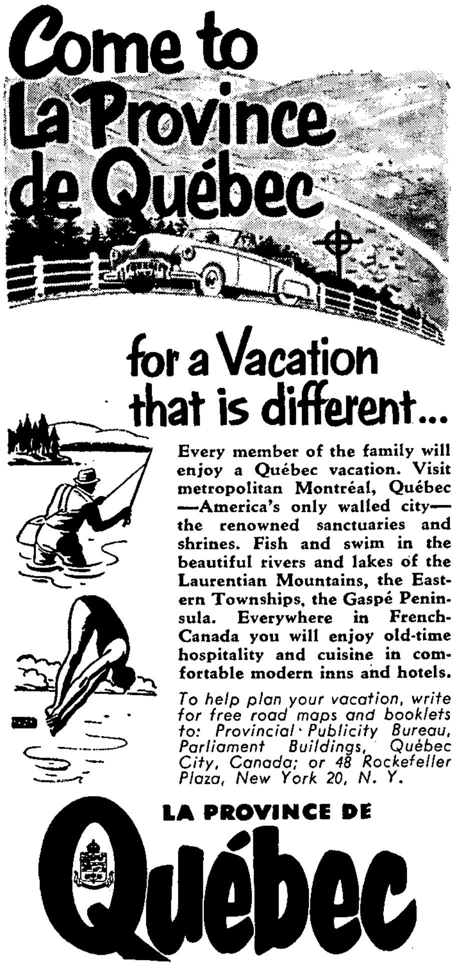
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for One," by Elinor Parker—for two, double the recipe or get Janet Hill's "Cooking for Two"); dietary cooking ("Good Food for Bad Stomachs"), religious cooking ("Cooking for Christ: The Liturgical Year in the Kitchen"), expensive cooking ("Escoffier Cook Book"), and cheap cooking ("500 Delicious Dishes from Leftovers"). In Mr. Kingery's list there are French cookbooks, German cookbooks, Greek, Polish, Hungarian, Japanese, Texan, and even Scotch cookbooks, but, naturally, no English ones; cookbooks whose titles charm the ear ("Continental Dessert Delicacies") and cookbooks with a leaden, dyspeptic ring to them ("One Hundred and One Quickies" and "The Can-Opener Cookbook"); cookbooks dealing with interesting topics like mushrooms, oysters, curries, and beefsteaks, and with dull subjects like whole-grain cereals, salads, and vegetables.

Gardening howtos run a close second in Mr. Kingery's bibliography, with twelve pages given over to such titles as "The Complete Book of the Gladiolus," "Perennials Preferred," "Rockeries," "Principles of Weed Control," and "Hotbeds and Coldframes." Photography is third, with nine pages, but it is hard pressed by works on how to kill or how to raise various kinds of fish, birds, and mammals—"How to Tempt a Fish," "Crow Shooting," "How to Live with a Cat," "Simplified Dog Behavior for Home, Car, and Street," "All About Parrakeets," and so on. The other large categories of practical howtos are games and sports, travel, collecting, health, and arts and crafts. The size of this last category indicates how much leisure Americans now have; more than two pages are devoted to the making of miniature models alone. The hottest theme in practical howtos today is, however, the care and treatment of the home. In 1940, forty-four per cent of all houses were occupied by owners, and six hundred thousand new houses were begun; in 1950, for the first time since Colonial days, over half the houses of America were occupied by owners, and a million new houses were begun. A former president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards estimates, by methods not revealed, that some twenty million Americans are now "earnest students of houses." And the first thing an earnest American does is buy a howto book. A homeowner is more likely than a tenant to fix the place up himself, because it's his and because he has to pay directly the considerable cost of hiring professional labor, so there is now a peculiar trend back to the self-sustaining homestead of two centuries ago. All this has brought prosperity to many people in addition to the howto publishers—to the makers of do-it-yourself gadgets, who almost surely don't sell the four billion dollars' worth a year they claim but who do sell a lot; to Hans Goldschmidt, of the Magna Engineering Corporation, who in 1947 created a multi-purpose tool called the Shopsmith, which has achieved sales of more than a hundred and fifty thousand to date and has been widely imitated by other furbishers of the home workshop that is replacing the rumpus room in many a suburban house; to the Easi-Bild Pattern Company, of Pleasantville, New York, which does a million-dollar-a-year business selling paper patterns for building boats, furniture, garages, houses, and other useful objects; to *Popular Science*, which describes itself as "for eighty-one years . . . the *new-idea* magazine of craftsmen, amateur or professional" and whose circulation is now at an all-time peak of 1,250,000 a month; to *Better Homes & Gardens*, a howto monthly whose editors never accept a manuscript without asking themselves, "Is it possible to *do* anything as a result of reading this article?" and which had a circulation of 3,600,000 last year and an advertising revenue of over $27,000,000 (fourth among all magazines, and up from $4,400,000 in 1940); and, finally, to the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, which estimates that every year 630,000 Americans are disabled by injuries received while doing their own home repairs (how's business, gentlemen?).

Etiquette books are a transitional form between the practical and the philosophical genres. They have been with us a long time. In stable societies such as existed before the rise of capitalism and exist still among primitive peoples, etiquette, like many other topics now dealt with by howto books, was taught by parents to the young and was also absorbed naturally by imitation. But in our fluid society, where social classes are ill-defined and where people rise from a lower status and are unsure of themselves, there has for many years been a demand for etiquette books. The dominant ones today are by Emily Post, Amy Vanderbilt, and the editors of *Vogue*, and all are addressed to women, the culture bearers in this field, as in so many other fields of American life. Miss Post's "Etiquette," first published in 1922, and the oldest of the three, goes in for definite rules, on the lines of a home-carpentry guide; the two later ones show a tendency to widen out. "Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette," for instance, is subtitled "A Guide to Gracious Living" and discourses on such matters as the tone of voice one uses in conversing with children, how to behave in taxis and airplanes, the problem raised "when a parent requires [financial] support," and how to cope with celebrities and gossip columnists (grin and bear it). "Esquire Etiquette" is the first full-scale etiquette book for men, which may or may not be a fact of sociological significance, and it, too, covers a much broader area than was ever dreamed of in Emily Post's philosophy, including instruction on "the rush," "the brush," and other aspects of intersexual conduct. Since the Post era, in short, the etiquette book, like etiquette, has melted. An extreme example is Jennifer Colton's "What to Do When" (Harper), which has chapters on dealing with gossip, *faux pas*, divorce, and "What to Do When You Want to Get Rid of People." As social forms have grown less rigid, good manners have more and more come to mean a combination of tact and common sense, which is one of the few indisputable advances in American culture in our time. The new-style etiquette book draws heavily on psychology, the ruling science of howtoism, and begins to compete with the problem-solving, and even the inspirational, kind of howto.

THE "philosophical" howtos (to use the word merely in the sense of nonpractical) may be divided into those that tell the reader how to cope with life and those that tell him how to cope with himself—the "problem" books and the "self-helps." The problem most often solved is sex. The exigencies of intersexual conduct have produced a whole howto library, ranging from "charm" books to clinical Baedekers, complete with diagrams. Since a howto is at once a symptom of deficient know-how and a cure for it, the size of this library may be interpreted in contradictory ways. On the one hand, it might appear that Americans are remarkably ignorant and inept in sexual matters. On the other hand, it is hard to see how any American could long remain unenlightened. However, inasmuch as no one reads a howto unless he thinks it can teach him something, and inasmuch as it is quite possible to read one and learn practically nothing, the first hypothesis would seem to have a distinct edge.

Adolescents were the main target of the earlier sexual howtos. Even in the

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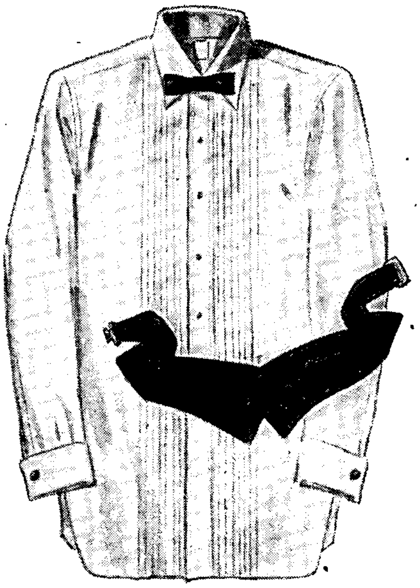

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pre-Freudian era, though adults might affect to be above sex, no such fiction could be maintained about adolescents. One celebrated attempt to answer the customary questions—or, more accurately, to give the impression of answering them—was "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," by Sylvanus Stall, D.D., originally published in 1897 and reissued periodically up to 1936. (This is by no means the only instance of longevity in sex books. Dr. Marie Stopes' "Married Love," which first appeared in 1918, is still on the pocket-book racks in drugstores, as is Frederick M. Rossiter's "The Torch of Life" [1932], M. J. Exner's "The Sexual Side of Marriage" [1932], and William J. Fielding's "Sex and the Love Life" [1927]. There has been, after all, no technological change in the field.) Dr. Stall's book is billed as having been written "for the boys who naturally ask questions about the origin of their birth and for parents who desire to answer them cleanly and truthfully." The tone is extremely pious; Part I, for instance, is entitled "God's Purpose in Endowing Plants, Animals, and Man with Reproductive Organs." A modern counterpart of Dr. Stall's tract is Evelyn Millis Duvall's "Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers," a current pocket book that was originally published in 1950 by the Y.M.C.A. Despite its slightly religious provenance, this contains a great deal on dating and petting and such, and there is a reasonably explicit discussion of physiological matters. (The aptly-named Dr. Stall ventures no closer to the point in this respect than to quote "And they twain shall be one flesh," though he does come clean about fish and oysters in Chapter IV, which he summarizes, "The Papa and Mama Natures United in the European Oyster . . . The Female Fish Lays the Eggs: the Male Fish Fertilizes Them with a Fluid While Swimming Over the Eggs . . . The Fishes Are Hatched by the Action of the Water and the Warmth of the Sun . . . Baby Oysters and Fishes Are Orphans.") Dr. Stall's rhetoric is unctuous ("my dear young friend"), Mrs. Duvall's brisk and businesslike. The two books, however, share a characteristic common to all howtos, ancient and modern; namely, considerable tolerance for the obvious. "If God had created each person separately, a full-sized man or woman, without parents and without a childhood, all the conditions of our lives would be different from what they now are," speculates Dr. Stall. Mrs. Duvall is terser but no less tolerant. "There are all kinds of

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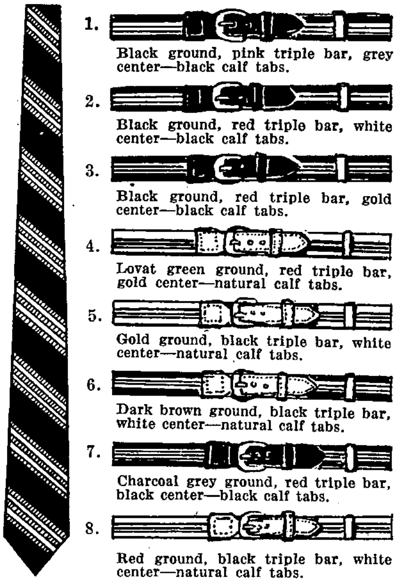

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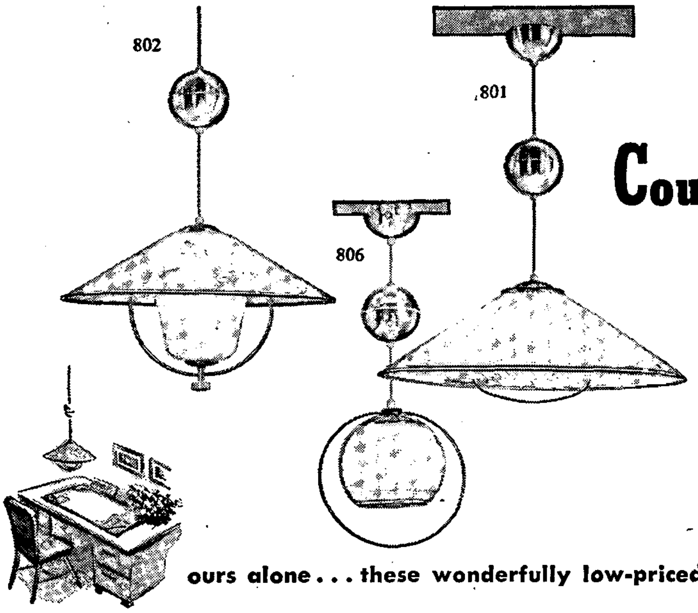
grandparents, just as there are all kinds of people," she writes. Somewhere in between Dr. Stall and Mrs. Duvall comes "Face Your Life with Confidence: Counsels for Youth," by William E. Hulme, Ph.D., chaplain of Wartburg College, in Waverly, Iowa. A match for Dr. Stall in piety and intelligence, Dr. Hulme nevertheless follows Mrs. Duvall in concentrating on boy-girl relationships. His rhetoric is breezy to the point of tornado force. "No one was more death on the phony than Jesus Christ," he states on the dust jacket of his book. In Chapter 33, which bears the heading "God, Sex and You," he advises, "Make your date a threesome with the Lord. Take Him along . . . and He will show you a grand time." Dr. Stall's "my dear young friend" approach is modernized into the real-life, case-history dialogue: " 'How's this for a rare one?' said a tall rangy young man as he pulled up a chair. 'I got a mother-girl friend problem.' 'That's not as rare as you think, Benny,' I said. . . ." In amount of solids per cubic foot of gas, Dr. Stall rates a little higher, mostly for his chapter on the sex life of the European oyster.

After adolescence, for some reason, sex howtos are very largely addressed to women. Maybe it's harder to be a woman. Lawrence K. and Mary Frank have just published "How to Be a Woman," but I do not find its male counterpart; it seems to be assumed that a man can manage to be a man without special guidance. It is reasonable there should be a whole shelf on motherhood, including Leontine Young's "Out of Wedlock," which McGraw-Hill advertises as "the first book-length study of the problems of the unmarried mother," but only a couple on fatherhood, and those with condescending titles like "Babies Need Fathers Too" and "Stork Bites Man: What the Expectant Father May Expect." But why are there two titles listed by Mr. Kingery on how to be a divorcée and none on how to be a divorcé? Why is there a book on wisdom for widows but nothing for widowers? And why, from her teens on, is a woman deluged with works on how to get and keep men, while the male would-be seducer finds little in print later than Ovid?

Betty Cornell leads the way—at least for the recent crop—with "Betty Cornell's Teen-Age Popularity Guide," which starts, "*Hi!* I'm Betty Cornell," and, like many of these how-to-be-a-woman books, is common sense chromium-plated with charm. In a resolutely



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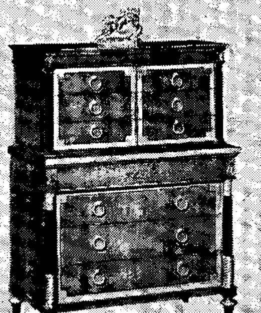

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bright and chatty way, it covers topics like skin problems, money, and personality ("First of all, let me say that every girl can be attractive"). Whether following Miss Cornell's precepts would make an adolescent girl popular, I don't know, but I suspect that she would become a terrible prig (an up-to-date prig, of course), all glamorized and personalized and adjusted, gay (but not frivolous), serious (but not too), intelligent (but not "intellectual"), and with a pasteurized smile that would curdle your blood as Miss Cornell's on the jacket of her book curdles mine. Lelord Kordel's "Lady, Be Loved!," which is blurbed as "What men want in women—candidly revealed by an enlightened male," is realistic and down-to-earth—often a few feet underground, indeed—and is written with the real howto afflatus, earnest and encouraging. "I hope that this carefully planned volume will prove a happy combination of the idealistic and the practical," the author says in the introduction, and the hope is at least half fulfilled. A compendium by Jill Edwards called "Personality Pointers" is now available—overpriced at thirty-five cents—and it seems to have everything, including "Pointers to the Light Touch," which begins, "The third field in which we desire to develop a daily rhythm of habits pertains to those qualities which make us different from everyone else." Physician, heal thyself! It also contains a four-page list of "Important Paintings Worthy of Study," and "The Self-Searcher," a twenty-three-page list of questions to ask oneself, which, with some omissions, runs like this: "Do I know what *my* colors are? Do I make my vowels sing? Am I direct, sincere, and simple? Do I know the proper way to sit in and rise from a chair? Am I lovable? Am I original? Am I valiant? Have I made a legal will? Do I know where it is? Do I hang up my clothes as soon as I take them off? Do I sew a snap-fastener onto each end of a piece of tape about an inch and a half long, and sew these tapes in the center of all shoulder seams? Am I so poised, so on my center, so innately joyous that life cannot sway me this way and that? Do I always keep my feet close together?"

That so many howtos are written to instruct women in the art of pleasing men and so few the other way around could be taken as evidence of male dominance in American life. It could also be taken as evidence of the contrary, just as the fact that there are manuals for men on how to hunt deer but none for deer on how to hunt men does not indicate the dominance of deer. Crude observation inclines me toward the second theory. In the past, there was the professional lover, always male—the Don Juan or Casanova who made a career out of seduction—and this may well explain why Ovid and other early writers of sexual howtos wrote primarily for men. But in this country today, marriage and not seduction is the career, and the professional lover is replaced by the professional married man and the professional parent. Since women have always been greater partisans of marriage than men, it would seem they have won. There is no space, even in this untrammelled treatise, to do justice to the great army of marriage howtos. Some are serious and useful, like Theodoor van de Velde's pioneering and scholarly "Ideal Marriage." Some are cheap and worthless, like Eustace Chesser's "How to Make a Success of Your Marriage" and Edwin W. Hirsch's "Modern Sex Life." Almost all deal with marriage in terms of "success" (a typical title is "Building a Successful Marriage"), and to such an extent that sometimes one feels that one is reading about how to open a profitable stationery store and wouldn't be surprised to see a big horseshoe emblazoned "SUCCESS" among the flowers at the marriage altar. "Sexual inadequacy will vanish when the husband or wife has achieved the proper mood which 'Pattern of Life Adjustment' affords those who once were victims of bad emotional habits," writes Dr. Hirsch. "By adjusting one's pattern of life so that one finds oneself efficient, one also acquires a philosophy of life. Wastage of emotional energy is generally due to lack of experience in addition to an inadequate cultural background." Dr. Hirsch is egregious even for a howto philosopher; he concludes the success story of one of his adjusted patients with the sentence, "A charming lady is now his wife and graces a pretentious home in which they entertain in style." One of the less attractive-sounding of the new marriage books is Dr. Abraham Franzblau's "Maturity in Marriage" (Simon & Schuster), which the publishers aver "shows the way to achieve a mature marriage," adding ominously, "and how to raise children so that they may be prepared for it." The industrious Dr. Franzblau has brought in God to back up Freud: "In his synthesis of religion and psychiatry, Dr. Franzblau makes a convincing brief for monogamy," his publishers say. This exclusive concern of sexual howtos with the married state is a bit confusing. One would think a person had to get married to have sexual problems.

THE aging have never lacked for good advice. Cicero wrote "De Senectute," and wiseacres like Bacon and Montaigne were not exactly mute on the subject. Such early efforts were not real howtos, being reflective instead of practical, and having on the whole a rather sombre approach. Their aim was to reconcile the aging to their lot through the consolations of philosophy, and not to show them how to beat the rap. Their modern descendants are doggedly cheerful, like "Life Begins at Forty," the perfectly titled best-seller with which Walter B. Pitkin got in on the ground floor, way back in 1932; "You Are Younger Than You Think," by Martin Gumpert, a pioneer in the lately discovered science of geriatrics; and Charles H. Lerrigo's "The Better Half of Your Life: How to Live in Health and Happiness from Forty to Ninety." More and more Americans are apparently in need of this sort of cheering up, in view of the fact that the national age level has moved steadily upward in recent decades; the average American male, who died at forty-nine in 1900, makes sixty-six or more today, and our women live even longer. Such vital statistics have caused a great burgeoning of howtos (Mr. Kingery lists twelve titles under "Retiring," including "Six Ways to Retire," "Where to Retire and How," "How to Retire to Florida," and "How to Retire to California"), of which a few current examples may be considered here. Ray Giles' "Live Better After Fifty" (McGraw-Hill) is one of those general vade mecums, covering everything from hobbies and "pension fright" to the art of making friends though elderly. Mr. Giles is a veteran howto writer (one of his earlier works is "How to Retire—and Enjoy It!," which should be carefully distinguished from Raymond P. Kaighn's "How to Retire and Like It") and, consequently, a master of jaunty prose. Stylistically, at least, his chapters live up to their titles, some of which are "Star Wagons," "Shake Off Your Handcuffs!," "For Wider Horizons, Keep Learning!," and "There's Always Collecting!" Jerome Kaplan's "A Social Program for Older People" (University of Minnesota Press), a manual on organizing social activities for what are delicately termed "senior citizens," sounds practical and authoritative. Having aged enjoyably, senior citizens face one last problem. So far, nothing has

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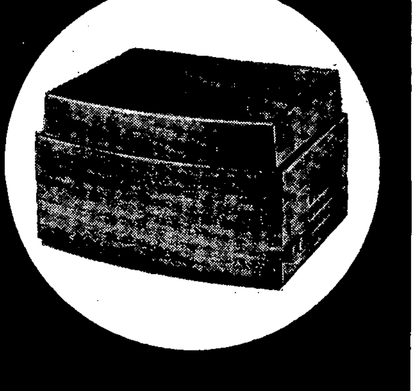

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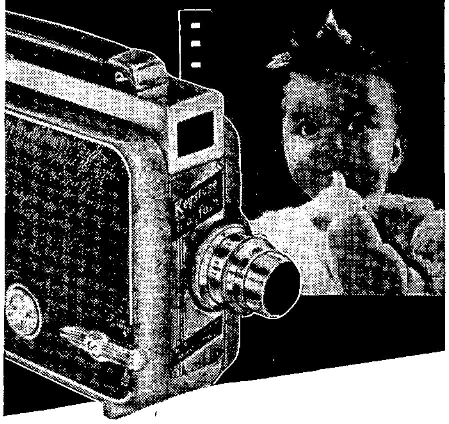

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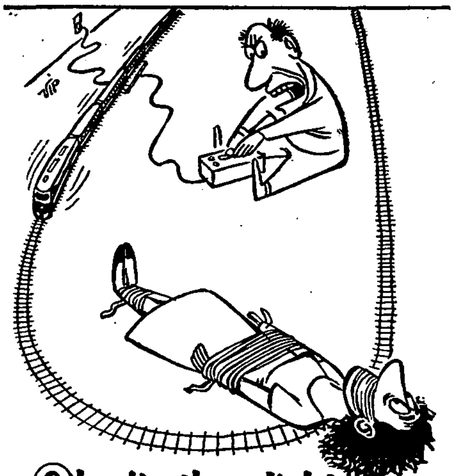
come out bluntly titled "How to Die," but this gap will doubtless soon be filled, as others have been. Meanwhile, we must make do with the Westminster Press's "And Peace at the Last," described as "the new Pastoral Aid Book to help the minister and the parishioner come to an understanding and acceptance of death," and Philosophical Library's "The Disposal of the Dead," a British work which covers "The Law of Burial," "A Short History of Cremation," "The Law and Practice of Exhumation," and other topics, and which, because of the usual English gift for antiquarian anecdote, often makes lively reading.

From one point of view, Dr. Anna K. Daniels' "The Mature Woman: Her Richest Years" (Prentice-Hall) is geriatrics, from another it is one more howto for women, and from still a third it is an "inspirational" work. But though the book is hard to classify, it is not hard to evaluate. It is terrible. And it is terrible in a way that is typical of a large, blowzy, sleazy class of psychological howtos, all of which have the kind of chapter headings Dr. Daniels goes in for—headings such as "Women, like Wine, Improve with Years," "Life Is Love, Love Is Life," and "It's Never Too Late to Love." Such books ramble from one psychological cliché to another, stringing these Técla pearls of "scientific" wisdom on a thread of common-sense advice that any grandmother would be glad to supply gratis. Thus Dr. Daniels' chapter on "How You Can Achieve a Well-Balanced Life" runs along like this:

> Perhaps I have been putting the cart before the horse. I have been talking of keeping our minds and emotions keen, our bodies healthy and strong, our spirits young. Yet, actually, none of these can be achieved without first achieving a well-balanced, well-rounded life. . . . How can it be attained? By keeping your body, mind and spirit healthy and strong and sound. . . . But the well-balanced life consists of more than a healthy body. One must also possess a healthy mind and a healthy spirit. How to attain them is perhaps a little more difficult to describe, since here we are dealing with things that are immaterial, intangible, and not easy to define. . . . Basically [a favorite howto word], the most effective recipe for sound mental health lies in having a real and lively interest in life [and the recipe for a real and lively interest in life is to achieve sound mental health]. . . . But merely having such an interest is not enough. Of and by itself, it cannot do too much. As with most things, you get out of it only what you put into it. In order to obtain maximum results from such an interest, you must give it everything you have. . . . On the other hand, you should not allow yourself to become so wrapped up in your interests that



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you lose all perspective. [Howtos often make living seem an impossible business, a steering between Scylla and Charybdis that the wiliest Ulysses couldn't negotiate.] ... Keep your sense of humor. Cultivate a detached, philosophic attitude toward life.... Don't let yourself get into a rut.... Sound mental health depends on broad, stimulating horizons.... Step out and meet new people.... Develop new diversions, hobbies, causes.... Make a point of learning at least one new thing each day.

And so on, and on, and on, an endless ribbon of truisms intertwined with injunctions that those psychologically fit enough to act on them do not need, while those who do need them would never be able to practice them.

THE most general problem of all is how to be a good person—in Americanese, a happy and successful person—and here the howto reaches its nadir. The quality of howtos fluctuates with their material, the best ones dealing with the most specific and most practical subjects. Many people can write intelligently and usefully about the tricks of their own trade, but to say something new and sound about life as a whole takes an exceedingly uncommon kind of mind, and one that is unlikely to be interested in writing a howto. For instruction in these matters, the wise reader will turn to Plato, Montaigne, Freud, or Whitehead—speculative rather than pragmatic intelligences, whose work is to howto literature as theoretical physics is to plumbing. But evidently few readers are wise, whence the fact that the late Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman's "Peace of Mind" (Simon & Schuster) has sold almost nine hundred thousand copies since 1946, that the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking" (Prentice-Hall) has sold over six hundred thousand copies and is still, more than a year after its publication, at the top of the best-seller lists, and that Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen has to date successfully perpetrated some thirty-five best-sellers with titles like "Lift Up Your Heart," "Peace of Soul," and his current "Life Is Worth Living."

These best-selling philosophizers and their less eminent colleagues in the self-help industry approach the subject from various points of view, but the broad idea has been the same for centuries. It was expressed in the full title of a best-seller published here in 1751: "The Family Companion; or, The Oeconomy of Human Life, on the Perusal of which, and following the Instructions laid down therein, all Persons may be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise, Even

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from the Crowned Head to the Meanest Subject. Every Man will be here Instructed in the True Methods of Attaining Happiness and Wisdom in whatever Situation in Human Life the Almighty has been Pleased to Place him." This spring's titles include "You Can Master Life," "Peace and Power Within" (". . . using the invincible combination of religion, psychology, and common sense, the author shows how to defeat defeatism and gain inner peace"), and "Treat Yourself to Life" (". . . explains how the reader can improve his life by changing his subconscious through spiritual treatments").

During the last ten or fifteen years there has been an interesting shift from the "success" book to the "inspirational." The former persists but is read only by the most consecrated salesmen, the most ambitious young tycoons. The general public—its economic worries and competitive zeal relaxed by a generation of prosperity, while in the same interval its anxieties in other directions have been sharpened by the permanent world crisis—is interested less in success than in peace of mind. The secular Dale Carnegie has been succeeded by a rout of rabbis, reverends, and monsignors. Mr. Carnegie offered not a regenerated psyche but merely the key to riches and popularity, and so, illustrating the rule that the more modest the aim the better the how-to, he wrote a relatively useful work. This very modesty of aim, however, makes the Carnegie approach obsolete for the present-day reader, worried by even more disturbing problems than how to please the boss. There is, indeed, something alarming in the craving of contemporary Americans for reassuring, soothing messages. Are we as jittery as all that? Certainly one would be justified in thinking so from such current titles as "The Conquest of Fatigue and Fear," "Relax and Live," "How to Control Worry," and "Freedom from Fear" (". . . this wise and helpful book shows everyone how to face his fear, understand it, and live with it").

To provide a semblance of peace of mind, the self-help writer has two powerful drugs in his pharmacopoeia: psychology and religion. The psychologists are doing all right. Neither James L. Mursell's "How to Make and Break Habits" (Lippincott) nor Harry and Bonaro Overstreet's "The Mind Alive" (Norton) nor Louis E. Bisch's "Cure Your Nerves Yourself" (Funk) nor Dorothy C. Finkelor's "How to Make Your Emotions Work for You" (Pellegrini & Cudahy), to name but four

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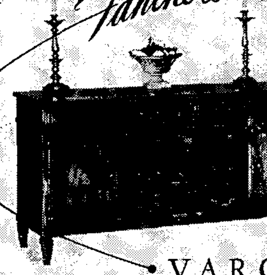

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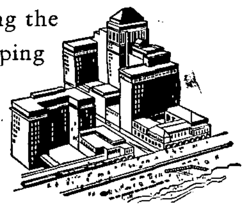

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examples, will bankrupt their publishers. But the big sales are being rung up by the men of God, perhaps because they can mix psychology—or what passes for it in the howto world—with religion, while the lay psychologists cannot reverse the process with any show of authority. The Reverend Dr. Peale, who is pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, in this city, has sold over three hundred and fifty thousand copies of his "A Guide to Confident Living" since 1948, and now, with even more success, he has repeated the mixture as before in "The Power of Positive Thinking," which starts out, "This is simply a practical, direct-action personal-improvement manual . . . a system of creative living based on spiritual techniques." Big medicine, that, every word of it, like the rest of the three-page introduction, which offers the diligent reader the rewards of both worlds—This and the Other—by means of the most powerful incantations of the tribal ritual: ". . . a practical method . . . successful living . . . peace of mind. . . . You will become a more popular, esteemed, and well-liked individual . . . scientific yet simple principles of achievement, health, and happiness . . . new life, new power, increased efficiency, greater happiness . . . a happy, satisfying, and worthwhile life . . . applied Christianity; a simple yet scientific system of practical techniques of successful living that works." It works, it's simple (yet scientific), it's scientific (yet simple), it guarantees happiness & success & worthwhileness & peace & salvation, and, best of all, it has been reduced by the intellectual labors of Dr. Peale to a system, a technique (these two words, or synonyms for them, appear twenty times in the three pages), that gets both God and Freud on the job, with "scientific counselling and . . . the application of religious faith." Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work! The actual text of Dr. Peale's book turns out to be a mite disappointing—proves, in fact, to be just the usual collection of real-life stories ("In a business office high above the city streets two men were having a serious conversation . . .") and exemplary instances ("The late Harlowe B. Andrews of Syracuse, New York, one of the best businessmen and competent spiritual experts I ever knew . . ."), interlarded with the standard commonplaces ("Most of our obstacles, as a matter of fact, are mental in character") and spiced with religiosity (Chapter 4: "Try Prayer Power"). Neither in title nor in content does Dr. Peale's book seem superior to dozens of its com-

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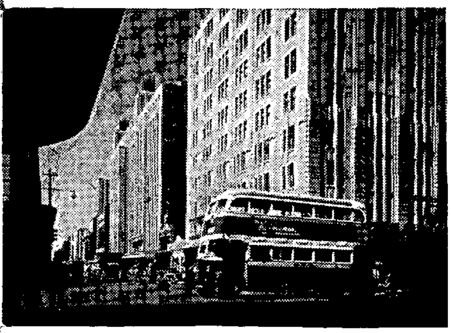

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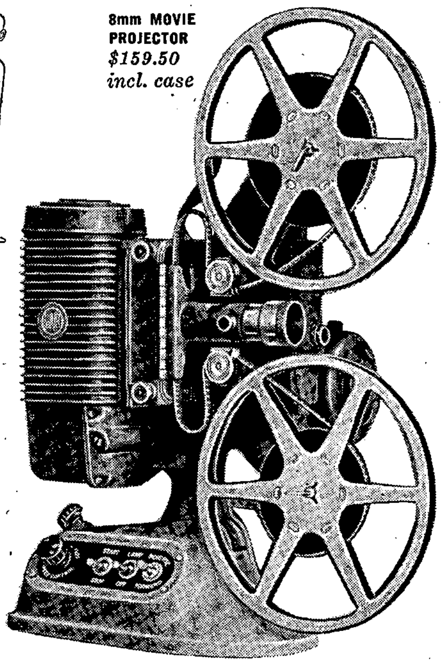

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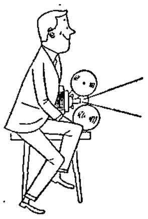

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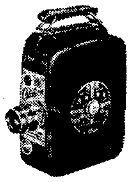

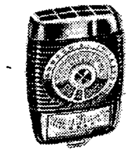

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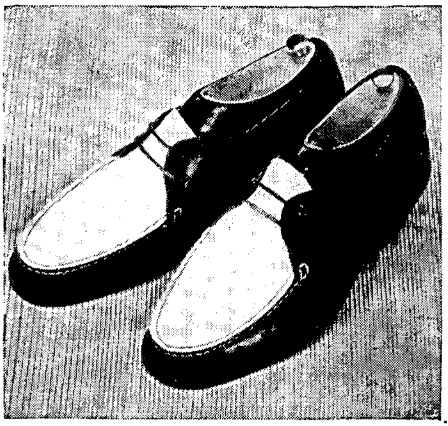

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petitors, or even distinguishable from them. Why a hundred Americans should plunk down their two dollars and ninety-five cents for "The Power of Positive Thinking" for every two or three who purchase, say, "Peace and Power Within" or "You Can Master Life" is a mystery of mass behavior as puzzling as the periodic mass suicides of the lemmings in the Arctic Ocean. There *might* be something in the nature of a hint if in writing "The Power of Positive Thinking" Dr. Peale had again had the services of Dr. Smiley Blanton, who collaborated with him in writing the earlier "The Art of Real Happiness" and who is blessed with a name quite unimprovable for his particular line of work. (Similarly, "Principles of Canoeing" demanded Pierre Pulling for its author, and who better to write "How to Play the Cinema Organ" than George Tootell? On the other hand, it was surely a mistake to have "So You Think It's Love—Dating, Necking, Petting, and Going Steady" put out by the Public Affairs Committee.) But Dr. Peale didn't.

AN impression may have advertently been left, in the course of this examination, that howto books fall short of delivering the goods they promise. While this is true in general, fairness demands a little more accentuation of the positive than has perhaps been apparent up to now. For one thing, some useful howtos actually do exist. Many, possibly most, of the "practicals" fall into this class; among the ones I have looked into, I was especially struck by Frazier Forman Peters' "How to Buy a House . . . and Get Your Money's Worth" (Garden City), a marvel of specificity, as is Haydn Pearson's "Profitable Country Living for Retired People" (Doubleday); "The Pocket Household Encyclopedia" (Pocket Books), which offers six hundred and twenty-seven pages of useful know-how and, with the pocket Spock, covers the practical side of domesticity for seventy cents; and Charles Simmons' "Plots That Sell to Top-Pay Magazines" (Funk), which analyzes, with an objectivity bordering on the cynical, the thirty basic plots of slick-magazine fiction. Pickings are slimmer in the "philosophicals," but there are, among those I ran across, "A Marriage Manual," by Drs. Hannah and Abraham Stone (Simon & Schuster), which is admirably terse, concrete, and clearly organized; Aaron Copland's "What to Listen for in Music," which is now available as a pocket book; Rudolf Flesch's "How to

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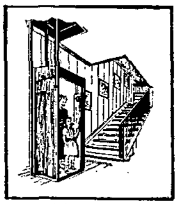

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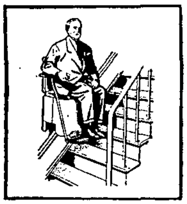

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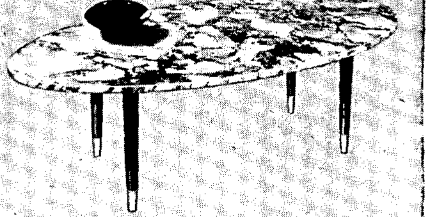

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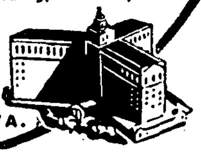

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fellow, with plenty of quality. Also, he can run, which, needless to say, is worth remembering.

BY far the best two-year-old I've noted this spring is a big, handsome bay colt from Belair Stud named Nashua, who won the Juvenile Stakes the other afternoon. It was his second start, and his second victory. Incidentally, in bringing it off he beat Summer Tan, who took the Youthful Stakes so smartly at Jamaica several weeks ago. As a matter of fact, Summer Tan went into the lead in the stretch and looked the winner all over until Nashua, who had swerved slightly, came on again, to win rather easily. William Woodward, the former chairman of the Jockey Club, who owned him and who died last September, had planned to send Nashua to England. As you may know, it was his annual custom to send some of his better racing stock abroad (among them, to name three offhand, were Prince Simon, who almost won the Epsom Derby; Black Tarquin, who won the St. Leger; and Flares, who won the Ascot Gold Cup), and last autumn Nashua was selected to go. However, when William Woodward, Jr., took over the stable a little later, he decided to keep the horse here.

AS for the Preakness Stakes at Baltimore this weekend, you can put down in your betting book that Jet Action is sharper than he was early this month, when he won the Withers Stakes at Belmont. Still, a good many people think Hasty Road is going to like the old-fashioned turns of the Pimlico course. Also, Correlation is ready for another go at the high dollar, and so are Goyamo and, if it matters at all, Hasseyampa. Fisherman, however, will skip it and rest up at Belmont, possibly for the Peter Pan Handicap, week after next. (A lot of good it will do him if Porterhouse runs against him.) No doubt there will be a dozen runners for the Preakness, with Marylanders rooting for their own Ring King and Staffordshire. Colonel Martingale, the old diamondback-terrapin man, fancies Artismo, with a saver on Jet Action.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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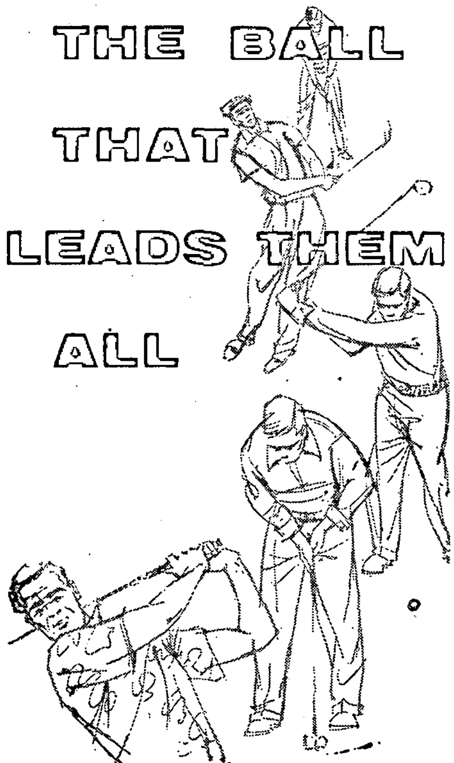

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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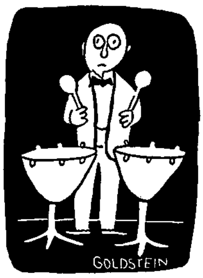

AT the Provincetown Playhouse, on Macdougal Street, on Monday night of last week, a little group known as the Opera Players presented for the first time in America three short operas by contemporary composers. One of them could scarcely be called an opera at all; another was an earnest try that didn't quite come off; the third was an expertly contrived and rather arty spectacle that had most of the things an opera should have but lacked emotional conviction. They were, in the order in which I have described them, Ernst Toch's "Edgar and Emily," Hermann Reutter's "The Way to Happytown," and Darius Milhaud's "The Sorrows of Orpheus." Of them all, I thought Mr. Toch's opus the most successful, mainly because its aims were no more complex than those of the average vaudeville skit. It dealt with the plight of an opera singer who was trying, by cajolery, exhibitionism, and even violence, to attract the attention of her unresponsive husband, who remained stolidly immobile and vocally mute until the curtain fell. This mildly amusing situation of course called for singing only on the part of the wife, and the music Mr. Toch had provided for her to sing was witty enough to hold one's attention for the ten minutes or so that it took to perform the work. "Edgar and Emily" was, obviously, not a major contribution to musical drama, but it was neat, unpretentious, and fairly entertaining while it lasted.

Mr. Reutter's "The Way to Happytown," on the other hand, was an attempt at serious opera, and its music had a sincerity that was entirely lacking in the other offerings of the evening. Its somewhat lugubrious plot concerned a young woman who was seeking her soldier sweetheart and finally died, evidently convinced that she was joining him in the great beyond. The net effect of all this was, I am afraid, dreary rather than touching, for the heroine did nothing much but wander around with a baby in her arms, looking a good deal like certain stereotypes in the melodramas of the eighteen-nineties. Mr. Reutter's score, however, occasionally showed gleams of inspiration, and I made a mental note to look out for any other compositions of his that might come this way in the future.

"The Sorrows of Orpheus" was a more elaborate affair, consisting of three short acts, but I could work up hardly any enthusiasm over it. It seemed to be one of those chic and pallid modern-dress versions of classical subjects that were as popular in Paris twenty-odd years ago as styles in millinery, and about as important. In this case, Orpheus is a village doctor who falls in love and runs away with a gypsy named Eurydice, taking her to a mountain hideout, where they are befriended by some good-natured animals. Here Eurydice dies and the animals mourn her. Then Orpheus returns sorrowing to town, where he is promptly killed by Eurydice's sisters, who think he has murdered her. The style in which this little story is treated is formal and self-consciously whimsical to the point where its dramatic values become quite unconvincing. One is never able to forget its deliberate artificiality long enough to take much interest in what happens to the protagonists. And Mr. Milhaud's music so skillfully avoids even the suspicion of an emotional purpose that one contemplates it all with the detachment one might bring to a rather routine game of cards.

Despite what I have said about the quality of these works, I have nothing but admiration for the enterprise with which they were produced and the care and talent that went into their performance. Instead of an orchestra, there were two pianos and a set of percussion instruments, for which Mr. Paul Aron, the conductor, had rearranged the scores. I am sure that this arrangement entailed no important losses in the musical value of any of the works, and Mr. Aron, dressed in a tailcoat, presided over the proceedings with all the dedication and spirit he might have devoted to a performance in the Metropolitan Opera House. The singers, in general, were adequate to their tasks, and a few of them—notably Ethel Erdos, who sang the lead in "The Way to Happytown," and Jeanette Scovotti, who did all the singing there was in "Edgar and Emily"—seemed to have voices of real promise. The occasion reminded me again of the fact that practically all the novel and provocative operatic happenings in New York recently have become the province of small chamber-opera groups of this sort—groups that manage to produce opera without orchestras or without scenery, and often with excellent young singers who have not as yet attained any particular fame. The reasons for this phenomenon are, of course, economic, since orchestras, scenery, stagehands, and famous singers cost a great deal of money. I have frequently been amazed by the musical quality of these small productions, and I have found nearly all of them very worth while. I was also reminded of another fact; namely, the quantity and quality of young American singers these performances are bringing to light. We have at present a tremendous surplus of such singers, which has been cultivated with admirable zest and ambition ever since, during the war, Edward Johnson joined with the Juilliard Foundation in bringing American talent into the Metropolitan Opera House. A very limited portion of this surplus is being used at the Metropolitan, even though more than half the roster, including a good many of the brightest stars, is now American. Some of the surplus has made its way to Europe, in such volume that, I understand, an important group of German operatic artists recently considered a protest because Americans were holding a wholly disproportionate number of positions in Central European opera houses. Just what this boom in American lung power and operatic artistry is likely to lead to, I have no idea. But it seems obvious that if we are not to discourage this flourishing artistic asset, we ought to get ourselves a few more permanent opera houses to display it in.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From Retailing Daily*]

WASHINGTON, April 27.—A top business economist took a long look at the H-bomb today and saw dollar signs in the atomic clouds.

Walter E. Hoadley, Jr., economist for Armstrong Cork Co., Lancaster, Pa., solemnly told the annual U. S. Chamber of Commerce meeting that the H-bomb could contribute to economic growth by increasing "the tendency of many individuals to adopt a shorter-term outlook on life."

To Mr. Hoadley, this means consumers will now proceed to increase their living standards substantially over the years ahead, worrying more about increasing their comfort now than securing their futures.

It apparently was the first time any economist of stature had translated the awesome proportions of the hydrogen bomb into an encouraging sales potential.

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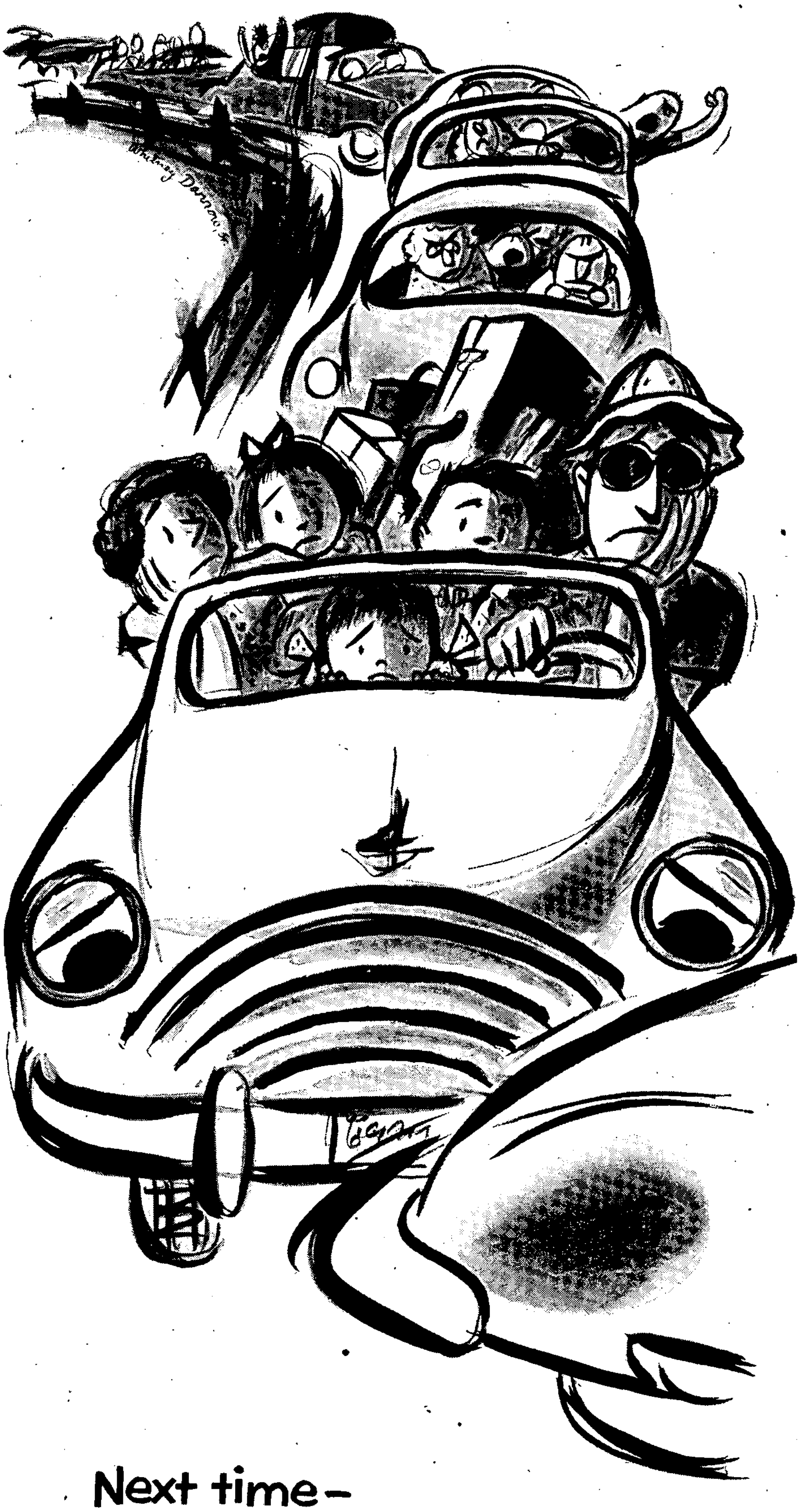

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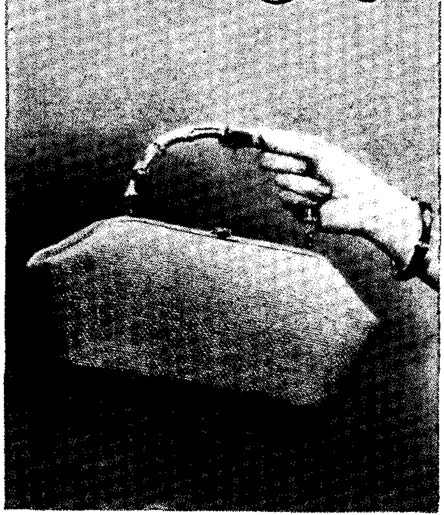

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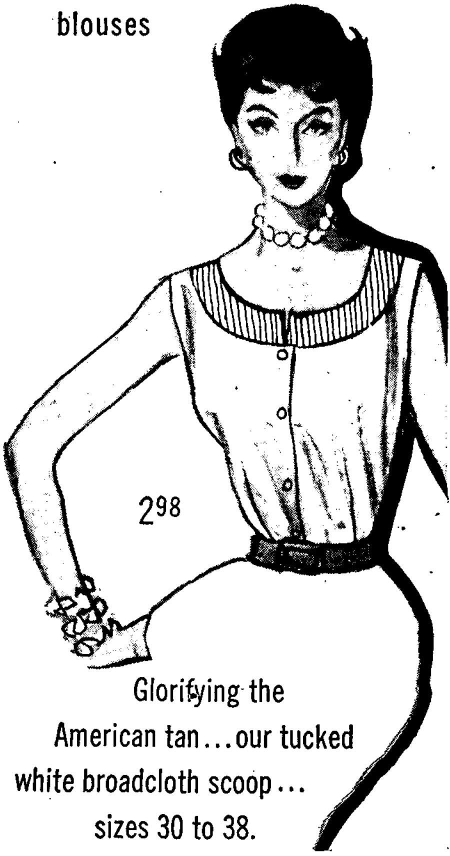

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BETTER AS A KICK IN ZA PANTS

THERE are lines you pick up from a particular person that become parts of your habitual repertory. They have associations that keep them bright for you, but they sound so flat you feel called upon to explain what once made them seem funny. For example, here's one I sometimes use between drinks: "It is better as a kick in za pants, so say my grandmozaire."

This expression never tickles anybody else, but it does me, doubtless because it evokes the image of a round, pink Slavic face with a roof of yellow hair like the down on an Easter chick—the face of Kostya, le Commandant Rozanoff—and a conversational voice precisely like the old basso Chaliapin's.

Rozanoff would knock off three ounces of straight whiskey in a gulp. He was what old bartenders call a lip drinker: When he had got the edge of the vessel against his lower lip, he would throw his head back and the drink over his tongue and down. Then he would intone his cherished line of what he believed to be American, and hold out his canteen cup for more whiskey. The rest of his English was negligible. I forget how the alternation began—with the jest or the gesture—but it usually continued until the pink face blurred before my eyes. He was invincible.

Rozanoff fondled the illusion that all Americans drank their whiskey straight and in the manner he practiced. Like the grandmozaire gag, it was part of the tradition of his squadron in the Armée de l'Air, les Sioux, pronounced, under another misapprehension, "Syukes." (They assumed, apparently, that Americans would sound the "x," and they wanted to say it the American way.) The original members of the squadron, in World War I, had been American volunteers, and after they went, the squadron had kept the name, the insigne, and its concepts of American customs. The insigne, an Indian head in full war bonnet, was painted on the American P-40 that Rozanoff got out of when I first met him—at Thélepte, an airfield in Tunisia, in January, 1943. "Rozanoff," he said, shaking hands, and then, before even declaring himself conventionally enchanted: "These machines respond to the controls too slowly, and then react too violently." He had been a test pilot before the war, and the habit stuck. When I met Rozanoff, he commanded a group of nine French pilots who had been assigned new P-40s at Casablanca. From Casa, they had flown toward the front, with a stop at Algiers to refuel. But only seven arrived at Thélepte.

Rozanoff told me that evening that he was thirty-eight, and when I relayed the information to some of our young pilots, they were gloomy, because we were short of planes at that field and they thought it wasteful to let a man so old fly a new fighter. "His reflexes are just too slow for three hundred miles an hour," they said. (They were flattering the P-40 slightly.) Ten years later, I read in a French magazine that Rozanoff, the leading test pilot of France, had hit eight hundred and thirty-seven in a Mystère IV, the new French jet. He had pierced the sound barrier—horizontally, not diving—five times in a single flight. Most of the young pilots who had survived the war considered themselves middle-aged by that time. It cheered me no end, especially considering the training regime of the Commandant, who had in the intervening years become the Colonel.

A FEW weeks ago, I saw on page 6 of the Sunday New York *Times* a headline that puzzled me for a moment:

FRENCH JET CRASH
PERILS MINISTERS

I don't like "perils" as a verb, although as I have ascertained it is in Webster's Unabridged. What was more important, I couldn't understand at first glance how a jet crash could "peril" a passenger. It would kill him. This was a momentary obtuseness. The Ministers had not been in the plane. The bank of the head explained:

PLANE PARTS FALL NEAR PLEVEN
AND BRITISH SUPPLY CHIEF—
NOTED PILOT IS KILLED

The lead said parts of the plane had fallen "about fifty yards" from the statesmen, which didn't excite me unduly. But the second paragraph began, "Col. Constantin Rozanoff, 49 years old, who was at the controls of the

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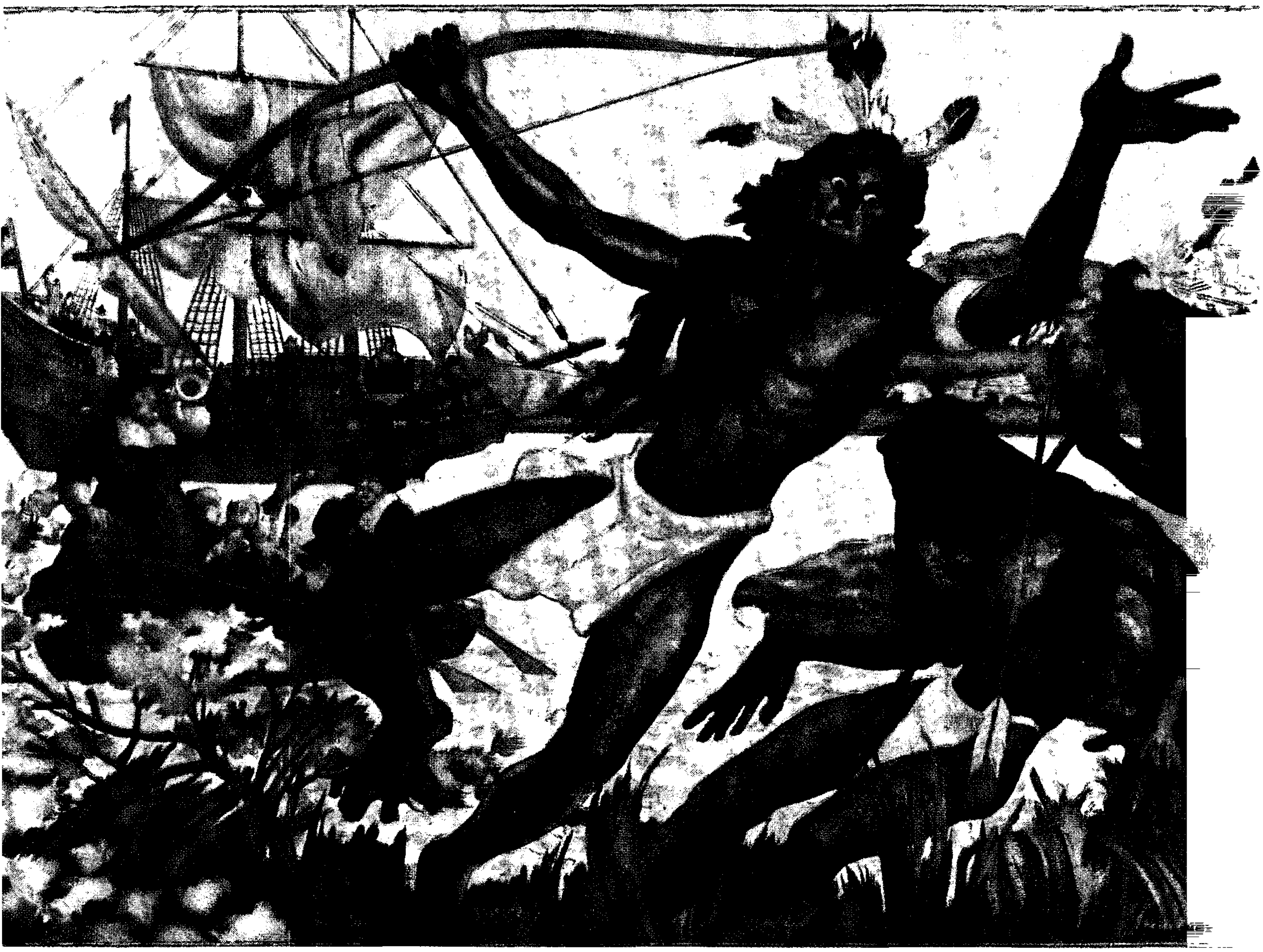

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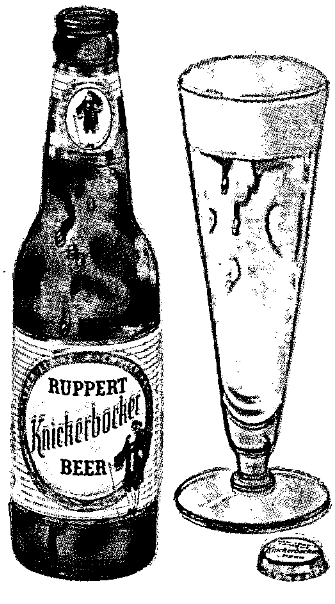

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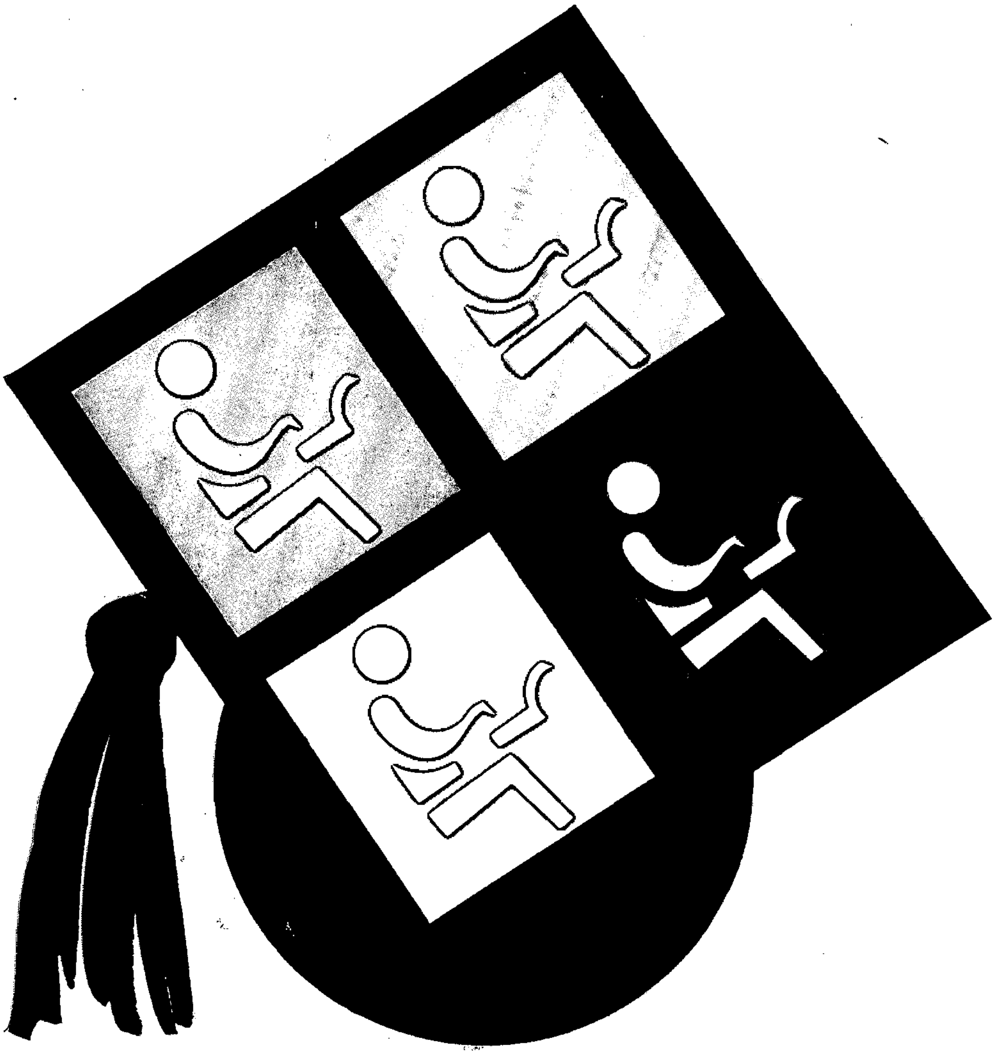

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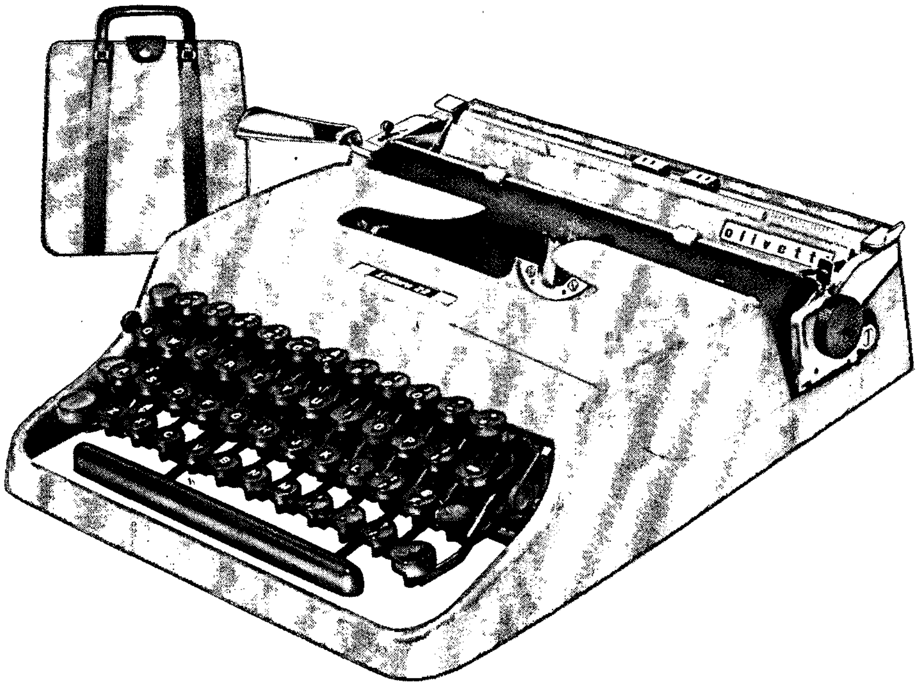

What more fitting gift for June graduates than the world's *lightest* typewriter with *big*-typewriter features? Olivetti's "Lettera 22" (the *portable* portable) offers automatic keyboard-set tabulator; self-locking basket shift; right and left carriage releases; ingenious Correcto-Space feature that permits evenly-spaced insertion of accidentally omitted letter; half-line spacing that permits legible typing between single-spaced lines; standard keyboard with 43rd key; distinctive type face; many other advantages. The machine, with sturdy die-cast aluminum casing, has been featured in many good-design exhibits. In most states the "Lettera 22" is priced at $88 plus taxes, including smart two-tone carrying case. Olivetti Corporation of America, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Mystère IV, France's latest jet, met instant death." Kostya is the diminutive for Constantin. I remembered Kostya had told me his grandparents were Russian and he was French. The *Times* said he was a native of Poland; his birth may have occurred during the family's westward migration.

Kostya had been showing off the plane before the visiting officials, including a British air marshal. I imagine he had wanted the R.A.F. to be stunned with admiration. Skimming the ground, he would have allowed a clearance of about one centimetre, if I knew him. I was happy to see he had not been at fault personally. "The plane encountered a strong gust of wind, one wing touched the ground, and the craft crashed, exploded, and burst into flames. Parts were hurled in all directions." It would have pained Kostya to think he was losing his touch, but winds at an altitude of almost nothing are unpredictable. From an air-mail copy of *Le Monde* that I saw a couple of days later, I learned that the French had been showing the British their jets with a view to selling them some. Kostya had been doing eleven hundred kilometres—six hundred and eighty-four miles—an hour.

While I was still reading the *Times* story, however, I didn't know about Kostya's added incentive. There was a picture that showed him wearing one of the enormous helmets that make all jet pilots look like hydrocephalics. The Indian head, his old talisman, was clearly visible on its front. Kostya was sitting in a cockpit, reaching down over the side, and some joker was handing him up a building brick, to celebrate his first crash through the "wall" of sound.

The joke was in Rozanoff's own vein. I remembered the time in Africa when a French division commander, General Welvert, fifty miles away, learned of the presence of Kostya and his pilots at the American field, and decided this gave him a private air force. The General telephoned an order for le Commandant Rozanoff to wait on him immediately. Rozanoff was too busy, fighting two or three times a day; besides, he had no idea of putting himself under the orders of a ground-force general. When Rozanoff didn't show up, the General sent over a message, by hand, ordering him to consider himself under arrest. At that field, we all lived in holes in the ground, roofed over with planks and camouflaged with alfa grass. Kostya got down into his hole so that only his head showed above ground

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at the entrance. He held two sticks vertically in front of his face and made a horrendous grimace. One of his pilots took a photograph of him that way, and they sent it over to the *divisionnaire* with the message "The Commandant Rozanoff in prison, at the orders of General Welvert." Old Welvert had had no right to send for him, of course. It was a time when all French generals were trying to accumulate as much authority as possible against the day when Giraud's people and de Gaulle's people would have to share the marbles. That was a day Welvert never lived to see; he was killed by a mine in the spring offensive.

NOBODY could say Kostya didn't have a sense of humor. During the winter of the war that turned out not to be phony, he once told me, the French shot down a Messerschmitt of a new mark in the area between the two armies in Lorraine. The pilot had bailed out before the plane hit. By a lucky chance, it was not a complete wreck. The Army of the Air had a curiosity to examine a Messerschmitt of this latest edition; Rozanoff therefore went out into the disputed land to repair the plane. He worked at night under a tarpaulin, to hide his light, and slept under the wings by day. After several nights, he had repaired the engine, and one dawn he took off for France. But as he prepared to land on the airfield at Toul, the French ack-ack opened up and shot the unannounced Messerschmitt full of holes. He had to bail out, like the German pilot before him, and the plane crashed "in much worse state than before"—an irretrievable mess. He thought it very funny. "It is better as a kick in za pants," he said, and we had a drink on his adventure.

Another joke of his I remember was made after ten Junkers bombers escorted by only four Macchis, Italian fighter planes, attacked our field. The attack was an example of the stupidity that sometimes made life bearable for the opponents of the Luftwaffe; the Germans must have thought they had destroyed our planes on the ground. We had several French and American planes on patrol and a lot more that got into the air in time to join the fight. All ten bombers were shot down, and the four Macchis "gave it the blossom," in the phrase of Colonel Phil Cochran, a leading light at the field, which is to say they beat it. Things happened too fast for accurate observation, and when the scramble was over, Intelligence had

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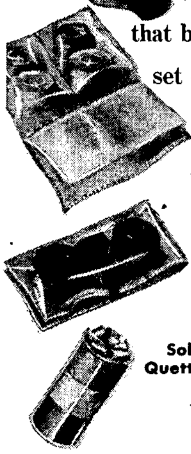

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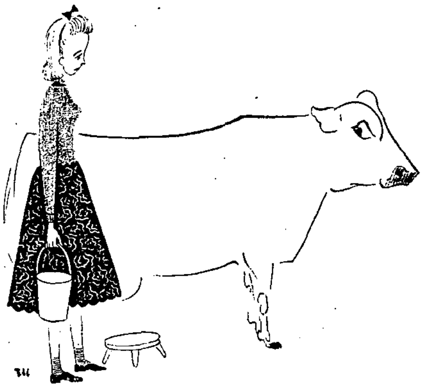
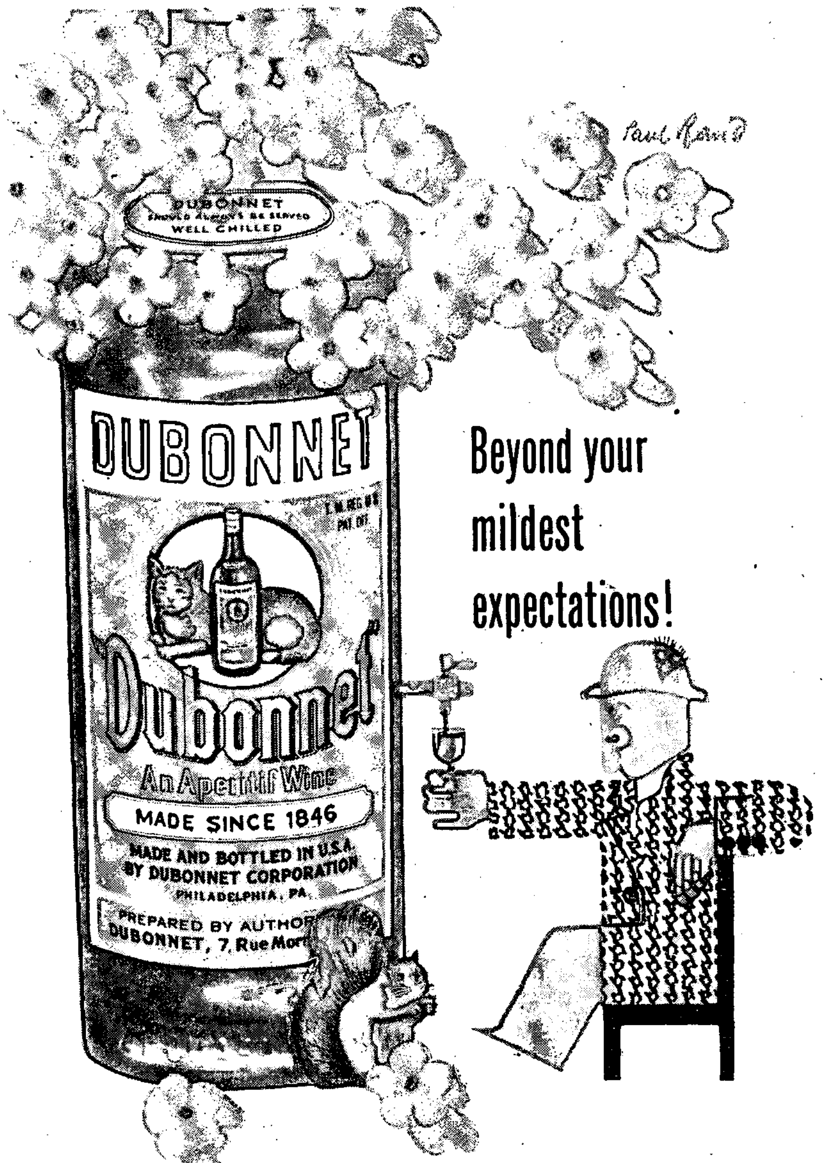
a rare situation to consider. Ten enemy planes were down, and there were only nine pilots' claims for credit. Rozanoff had the answer. "The Italians shot down the tenth so he wouldn't go home and tell on them," he said.

Kostya lived through a difficult time at that field, though, until the victory over the ten bombers made everybody happy. He and his brother pilots had been, as I've said, members of the old Armée de l'Air. They had flown their planes to Africa after the debacle of 1940 in the belief the French government would continue the war. But when Pétain surrendered the empire, they had not skipped out to join de Gaulle. So their will to fight the Germans was still in question when I first met them. The seven out of nine who arrived at the field with the P-40s must have suspected the reason for the nonappearance of the two others, but they dared not admit their suspicion, even to themselves. Consequently, Rozanoff made constant inquiries about the two men, unreported since Algiers. Was it possible, he would ask, that there had been an unobserved air action deep in Allied territory in which they had been shot down, or that they had made a forced landing in the mountains and nobody had found them? "They were experienced pilots," he would say. "They had plenty of fuel. It is inconceivable that they lost their way." In fact, as we learned later, the two men had flown their planes to Vichy France and delivered them to the Pétainists.

This circumstance made our seven too eager to prove themselves. Cochran had developed a technique of combat that depended for success upon a pilot who could bide his time. Messerschmitts, and even more so Focke-Wulfs, were considerably faster than P-40s, could outclimb and outdive them. So P-40s on patrol were instructed never to climb after the enemy but to wait until he dived and then turn up into him. The P-40s were sturdy and





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well armed, and in a head-on fire fight they had an edge. The first morning the French were on patrol alone, Messerschmitts appeared, and the French started climbing before the Germans committed themselves. The Germans got on their tails, and a couple of the new P-40s were shot up. One French sergeant pilot went down in flames behind a mountain. In the afternoon, ground troops brought in his papers and his wedding ring. Rozanoff had been the first to attack. "I cry him turn," he said, telling about the sergeant pilot afterward, "but he turns not. Poor young." For once, he wasn't jolly.

I GATHER my memories of Rozanoff as the infantrymen gathered up the pilot's ring and papers. He was a barrel-chested man, and even in 1943 the barrel had begun to slip. The piece in *Le Monde* said that with the years he had developed "*une certaine corpulence.*" He wore a dirty leather flying jacket, like everybody else at Thélepte, but he topped it with a visored blue cap circled with gold braid. His movements were brusque, his forms of speech were vigorous rather than graceful. "*Il manque d'élégance,*" the French liaison officer at the field complained, and I was constrained to agree.

In the early spring of 1944, I was coming out of a newsreel theatre in Piccadilly when I saw a French aviator in a bus queue. I was with a pretty girl in a becoming blue uniform, and this type in the bus queue made her the eye. I regarded him with resentment, and then I saw it was Kostya, in a blue uniform storm coat, blue trousers, black shoes—completely regulation. He was a lieutenant colonel. He told me that after the African campaign he had been promoted and attached to the staff of the new French Air Force, which incorporated both de Gaullist and Giraudist elements. De Gaulle had by that time solidly established his leadership. Kostya said that he was testing planes again, and was happy. We made a date to have lunch at the *popote* of the staff, which was in South Kensington.

The lunch was gay. We drank a fair amount of cognac, and then I invited Kostya and some other officers, one of whom was the novelist Joseph Kessel, to accompany me to a remarkable club of which I was a member. The club was called Frisco's; it was in Sackville Street, in a bomb-damaged retail shop whose glassless windows were masked with heavy cardboard. The secretary and proprietor was Frisco, an American

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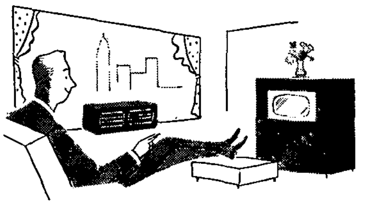

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There was a crash. I had preceded Kostya through the sound barrier by eight years.

I never saw him again, and now I never will. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

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The tissue culture technique, which made possible the development of several experimental vaccines soon to be detested, was developed by Dr. John F. Enders, of Boston Children's Hospital.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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•

A CORRECTION

In the Governor's message published in yesterday's issue please read the 10th line from the end "head high and heart aflame" instead of head high and hair aflame.—*St. Kitts-Nevis (Leeward Islands) Daily Bulletin.*

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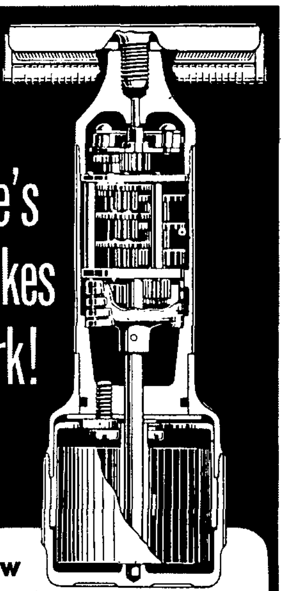

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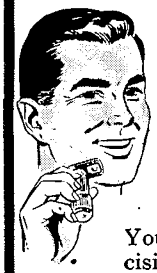

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TELEVISION

Open Hearing

Q—IN the interests of expedition, and in the hope that we may speed matters up and get to the root of things, and maintain a dignity consonant with our solemn duties, I wonder if you could tell us, as briefly as possible, and in whatever terms, of course, you feel most free to employ, have you been watching television lately?

A—What was that?

Q—In the interests of expedition, and in the hope that we may speed matters up and get to the root of things, and maintain a dignity consonant with our solemn duties, I wonder if you could tell us, as briefly as possible, and in whatever terms, of course, you feel most free to employ, have you been watching television lately?

A—Yes.

Q—And what have you been watching?

A—The hearings.

Q—The hearings?

A—The hearings.

Q—What hearings?

A—*The* hearings.

Q—Do you mean to sit there and tell us that you have watched nothing else, knowing full well that under our ground rules the hearings are not an admissible subject for adjudication at this juncture?

A—Well, I've looked around here and there, but mostly, I guess, it's been the hearings.

Q—I have asked a direct question and I feel that all of us are entitled to a direct answer. What else, specifically, other than the hearings, have you, in your own words, and in the interests of speeding matters up, been watching?

A—"Salome."

Q—What was that?

A—"Salome."

Q—And when was that?

A—If I recall it correctly, sir, that was on Saturday, 8 May, from 1600 to 1730 hours, give and take a few minutes, over Channel 4, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company, and under the auspices of the N.B.C. Television Opera Theatre. Of course, you understand that on Saturday, 8 May, the hearings were *not in* session, and that was why, sir—

Q—We will stick to "Salome." And what, in your opinion, all things considered—and you may take this slowly if you so desire—was this "Salome," as you call it, all about?

A—Mostly about Salome. But the hearings, sir, were much more interesting—to me, at any rate—and I saw things during them that I had never hoped to see on television or, for that matter, anywhere else—

Q—I am afraid—and I say this in all sincerity—*that the witness is being unduly evasive.* We are here interested, at this time, and in this place, and, if I may say so, now, in what you refer to as "Salome." Who and what is or was Salome?

A—A girl. Stepdaughter of Herod, daughter of Herodias.

Q—I see. Was she in some difficulty?

A—Plenty.

Q—And what was the precise nature of her difficulty?

A—Infatuation, sir. But I feel that we must go back a bit in order to answer that one correctly. You see, Jokanaan, who was otherwise known as John the Baptist, had been captured by Herod.

Q—Herod? Herod who?

A—Herod Antipas, who was Tetrarch of Galilee and Peraea, is the Herod I have in mind.

Q—And may I ask, in all fairness, were there other Herods?

A—Oh, yes, sir. There were many other Herods. There was Herod Agrippa, and Herod Agrippa II, who had a sister, Berenice. There was Herod the Great, who ruled from 37 to 4 B.C. He was the Herod who made peace with Octavian, who was otherwise known as Augustus. He reëstablished the Sanhedrin.

Q—The what?

A—The Sanhedrin.

Q—I see. You may proceed.

A—I am trying, sir, to the best of my ability, to pinpoint this particular Herod. Antipas, that is. He married Herodias, who was the daughter of his half brother Aristobulus—

Q—Were there, to the best of your knowledge and belief, any Herods at Fort Damascus?

A—And, if I may finish my sentence, before she married Herod Antipas, she had been the wife of his brother Herod Philip.

Q—I feel, in all fairness, that I must ask you again: Were there any Herods at Fort Damascus?

A—No.

Q—We seem to have lost track of "Salome."

A—Well, it was written by Strauss.

Q—Strauss, eh? What Strauss is that?

A—Richard Strauss, who is not to be

confused with Johann Strauss, Lewis L. Strauss, or Jesse Isidor Straus.

Q—What about Abraham & Straus?

A—I don't think there is any connection, sir.

Q—In that case, I suggest we stick to "Salome." What happened?

A—Well, Salome fell in love with Jokanaan, and when Herod returned from lunch or dinner, I am not exactly certain which, he looked as though he had taken a few aboard and he got—ah—upset at the sight of Salome, and told her that if she would dance for him, he would grant her anything in his kingdom, cross his heart. She then danced the Dance of the Seven Veils.

Q—Seven. You are certain of the number?

A—Yes, sir. I counted the veils. Well, she wiggled and weaved for Herod, and then, at the end, she said that she wanted Jokanaan's head cut off and brought to her on a platter, and she would settle for nothing less. Herod obliged, and the head was served up. It was gruesome. The whole thing was also beautifully sung and danced, if I may say so.

Q—You may say so.

A—Well, the whole thing was beautifully sung and danced, but I would so much rather talk about the hearings, sir, and the different faces, and the examinations, and the cross-examinations—

Q—I am afraid that the witness is again being evasive, and in the interests of expediting these hearings, and in all fairness, I move that we adjourn until ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

SHEPHERD'S SONG

Who will watch
My silver sheep
When my shadow
Falls asleep
Deeper than
The dark is deep?

Who will lead
My lambs like foam
To the meadow,
Bring them home,
When I am gold
In the honeycomb?

—JOHN ROBERT QUINN

•

To the Journal: On the evening of May 13, at about 7 o'clock, travelling north and giving off a roaring sound, my husband and I both saw clearly some silver colored objects in the sky.—*Letter in the Milwaukee Journal.*

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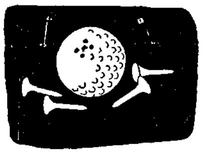
TEE AND GREEN

Snead's Deeds



IT may well be *that this is the* year when Samuel Jackson Snead, the Virginia nonpareil, will finally overcome his block about the National Open Championship, the only important tournament in this country that has eluded him through the years, and step out and win the thing. At least, it looked that way last week during that annual actuarial carnival, the Palm Beach Golf Championship, which was held again this year at the Meadow Brook Club, in Westbury, Long Island. The Palm Beach, as you probably know, is limited to sixteen of the world's top professionals; they play five rounds of foursomes in four days, and at the end each contestant has played eighteen holes against each of the other players. The scoring is done by points; if one player in a foursome has a 70 and the others have 72s, the 70 man is scored plus 6 points, and each of his opponents minus 2 points. Well, Snead, with five of the finest rounds seen in the metropolitan area in some time, ran up a winning total of 62 points, as compared to 26 for Bob Toski and 18 for Lloyd Mangrum, his two closest competitors. The play he produced to amass this total must have been somewhat disheartening to the others in the field. There was much talk in the galleries and around the clubhouse about the return of "the old Snead," meaning, of course, a younger Snead. (He'll be forty-two next week.) His drives were longer than any he's been hitting recently, his approaches gave one the impression that an elastic band connected the ball and the pin, and his putting touch indicated that he has recovered from the "yips," which is his term for tightening up and stabbing at short putts. The only real piece of luck he had came at the two-hundred-and-twenty-five-yard sixth hole, in the fourth round. His ball landed on a hard spot in the middle of the green, hit a spectator (no damage) standing behind the green on the bounce, caromed off him onto a second spectator, and rebounded to within perhaps twenty feet of the hole. Snead then proceeded to hole the putt for a birdie 2. (An accident that produced no happy results occurred the next day when Walter Burkemo, shooting for the seventeenth hole, badly misjudged his distance and hit a woman spectator, who was blamelessly standing back of the green. She suffered a concussion.) Since Snead defeated his nemesis, Ben Hogan, in the playoff of the Masters Tournament in Augusta a few weeks back, he'll certainly be regarded as the man to beat—there always seems to be one—in the Open at Springfield, New Jersey, next month. He'd better try, though, to forget the unforgettable 8 he took on the last hole of the 1939 Open, on the Spring Mill course of the Philadelphia Country Club, when all he needed was an easy par 5 to win.

THE inequities of the scoring system employed in the unique and pleasant Palm Beach affair are perhaps best illustrated by The Case of the Two 69s. In the fourth round, Tommy Bolt, playing against Cary Middlecoff, Jimmy Demaret, and Byron Nelson, none of whom was doing very well, scored a 69 and picked up 13 points. The following day, Marty Furgol, in a foursome with Middlecoff, Snead, and Peter Thomson, also got a 69—as a rule, an excellent score on the course—and *dropped* 6 points, because Snead had a 65 and Thomson and Middlecoff had 68s. However, to judge by the crowds that turned out even in Friday's bad weather, the scoring system doesn't diminish the interest of the galleryites in the slightest; it merely befuddles them a little at first.

Speaking of crowds, I thought the marshalling could have been improved upon. Donna Fox, the old Olympic bobsledder, who has handled the marshalling in this tournament for years, does a fine job, and about three men's work, but he can't be at all eighteen holes simultaneously, and there were several occasions when play was held up because spectators, for the most part unaware of their offenses, strolled casually across fairways while players waited on the tees. There were marshals around, but they just paid no mind. Before next year's event, Fox might do worse than shepherd his charges to a showing of a film of the Masters at Augusta, for which the galleries are better organized than at any other course I know of. —P. W. W., JR.

•

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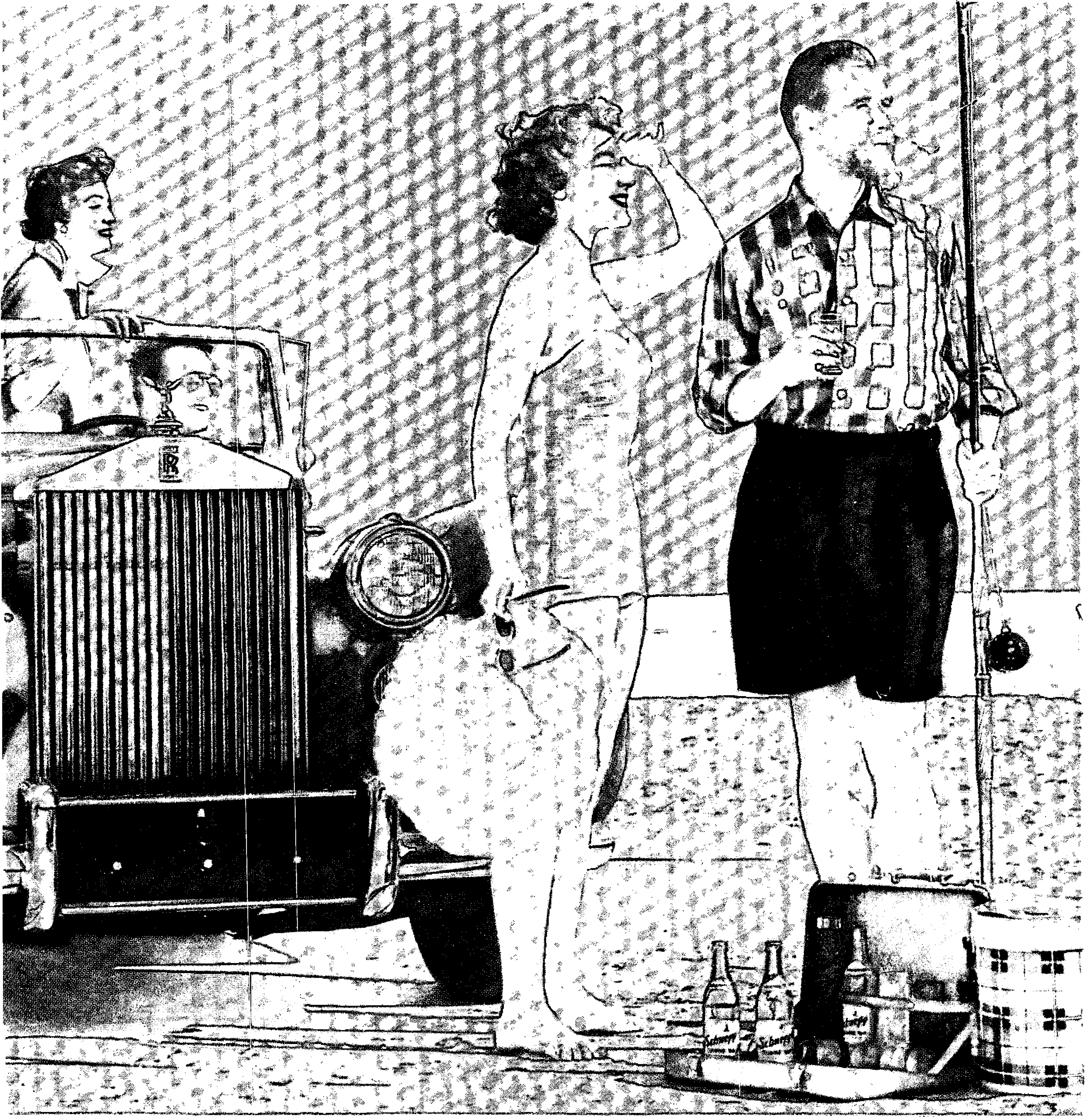

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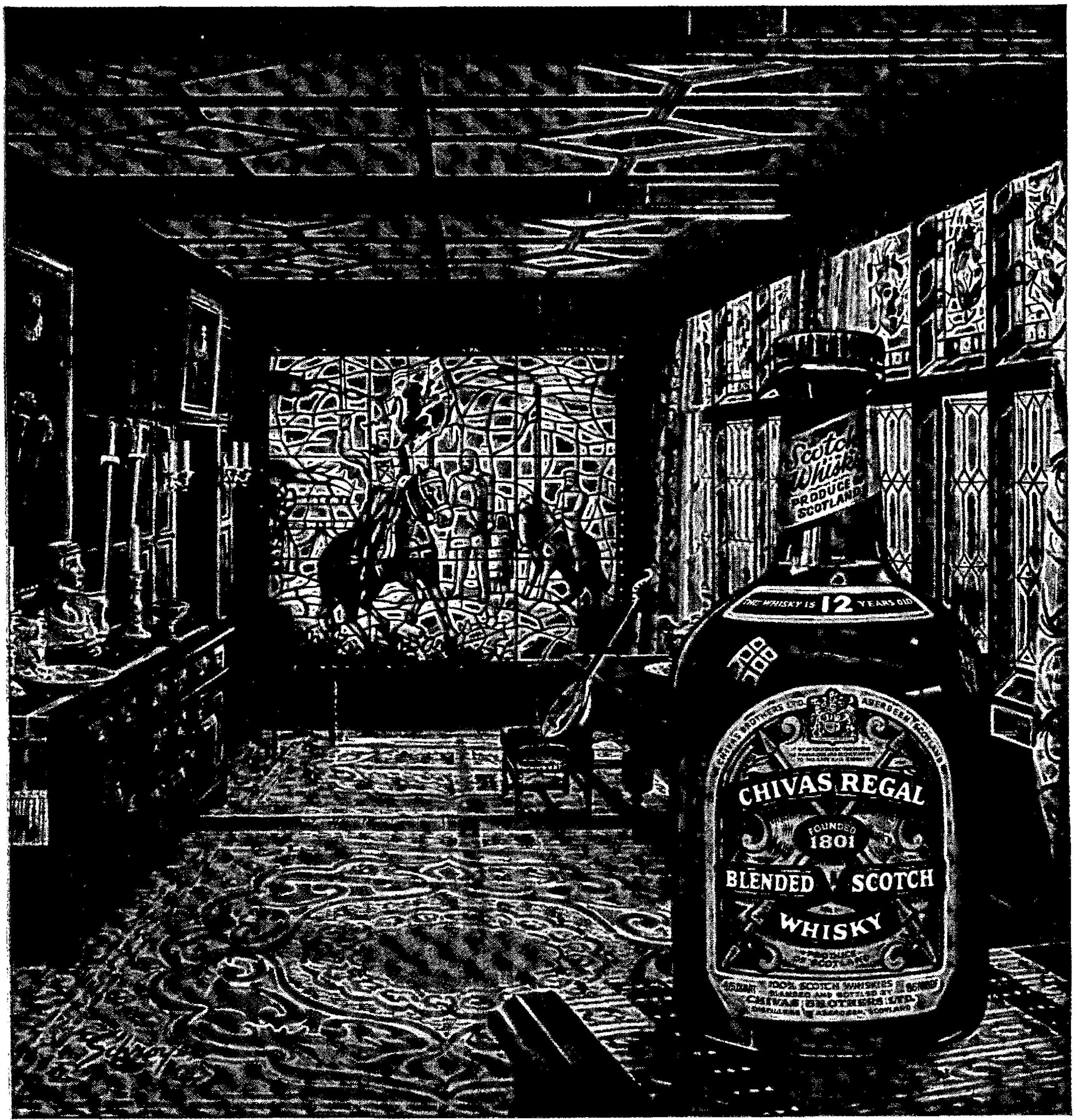
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THE movie called "The French Line" is a three-dimensional exercise, and since I haven't come upon many films done in this stereoscopic technique lately, I watched it with interest, if with very little pleasure. While I am happy to report that the glasses handed out to distill shape from the formless void aren't as flimsy as they used to be, I can't say that they always bring a photographic image into true register, and several times in the course of the picture I found the participants taking on an eerie color and something of the rubbery aspect of fish seen under roiled water.

"The French Line" has none of the brashness that characterized 3-D pictures in their salad days, when everything from Indians to lions was heaved straight at the customers. In this one, about all that seems to emerge from the screen is a cluster of suds from a bath occupied by Jane Russell, who serves as the heroine of the piece. I've been told that this is one of the last 3-D pictures we're likely to encounter, which is good news. Better news still, of course, would be that Howard Hughes, who produced this thing, and his associates had finally given up trying to make jokes about Miss Russell's physical attributes. In "The French Line," the double-entendres concerning Miss Russell's figure go on and on and on, and the subsidiary dialogue, a good part of which is supposed to reproduce the style of communication used in Texas, isn't much help in relieving the monotony. In the role of an oil millionairess, Miss Russell announces at one point that she is as excited "as a bull mink in mating season" because she is about to be married, and this provokes a friend of hers to remark, "Now you can start being a woman and a wife." The millionairess presumably comes by her conversational style quite naturally, since her rough-hewn and well-heeled guardian (Arthur Hunnicutt) likes to tell her about the times when he "learned to suck whiskey from a jug" and used to "sink my milk teeth into a plug of chewing tobacco." Having no idea what social life is like in Texas, I don't know whether Miss Russell's portrayal of an oil-field débutante is accurate, but I must say that her addiction here to bourbon and branch water seems somewhat tomboyish. The picture doesn't stay long in what purports to be Miss Russell's native haunts. It quickly whisks her onto the Liberté for a trip to Paris, in the course of which she learns to love a Frenchman (Gilbert Roland), who, in his own way, talks almost as peculiarly as Miss Russell. Their romance has many ups and downs, as you might expect, but eventually they decide that they adore each other and that they will never let her money interfere with their happiness. "The French Line" includes a bit of singing, some dancing, and a couple of style shows in Manhattan and Paris. It also includes Mary McCarty, a comedienne who is grievously wasted on such trash.

"DIRTY HANDS," a French film adapted by Jean-Paul Sartre from his play "Les Mains Sales," is a choppy melodrama that staggers all over the place in an attempt to demonstrate that life is fierce and that you can't win, no matter what. In order to give his pessimism a workout, M. Sartre presents us with a young idealist (Daniel Gelin) in a Middle European country called Illyria, who joins the Communist Party because he's worried about the hunger of the people. The Party takes him in, all right, but even so he isn't contented, for his comrades regard him as bourgeois and don't give him any really big revolutionary assignments. Ultimately, though, he progresses to the point where he is delegated to shoot a leading Communist who seems to have got his Party-line signals mixed. Regrettably, the idealist's wife (Monique Artur), a flirtatious type, goes along with him on the shooting expedition, and creates no end of trouble. Before our young man gets around to letting go with his Luger, he comes to the disturbing realization that he admires his victim intensely, so much so that he can bring himself to shoot only when he discovers the fellow making passes at his wife. What all this adds up to philosophically could probably be inscribed on the head, or even the point, of a pin, but the acting—particularly that of Pierre Brasseur, who plays the revolutionary big wheel—is estimable.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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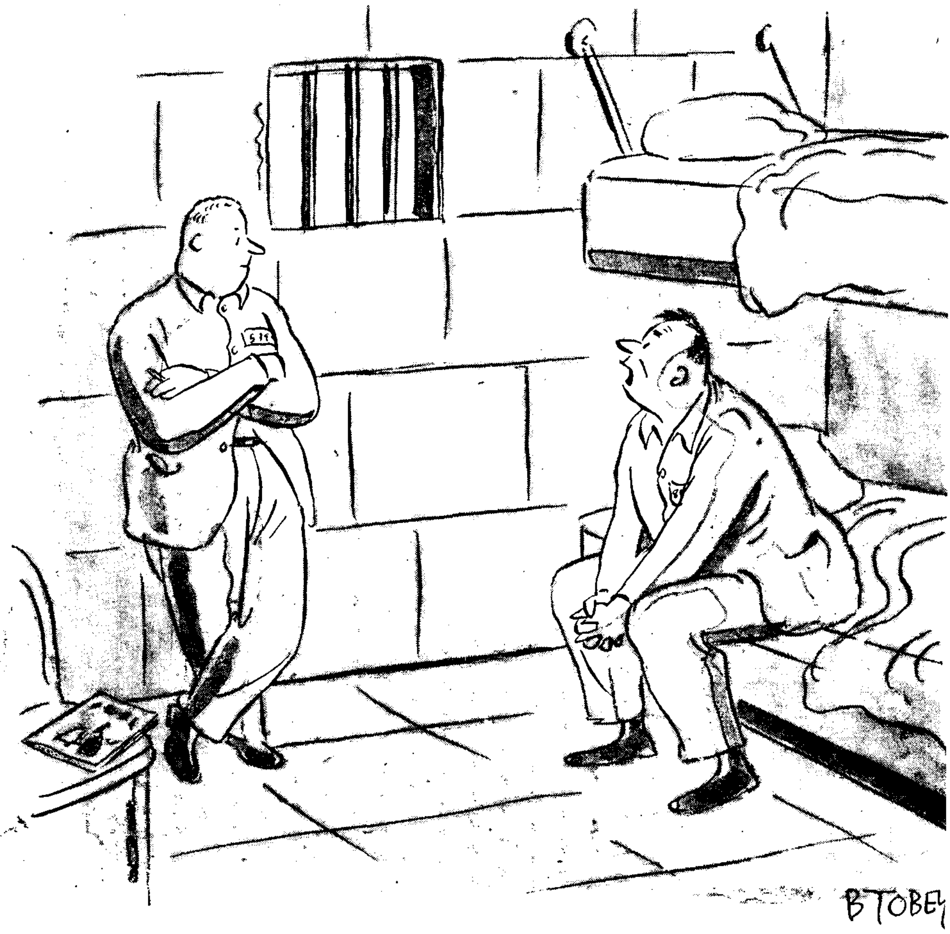
BOOKS

Leaves of Hope

"The Measure of Man," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Bobbs-Merrill), is a lively, sometimes witty, and more often scary Socratic monologue in which the author is brave enough to ask the question "What is man?" and wise enough to give no positive answer. Mr. Krutch holds that the important thing is to keep on asking the question. Indeed, he wouldn't be surprised if the important thing at this stage in man's history was simply to keep on talking. Not whistling but talking, and not in the dark that may be but in the light that is. For speech is one of our distinctively human attributes, and perhaps never before have we so needed to husband our humanness. As for man's perennial failure to supply an answer to the biggest of questions, Mr. Krutch would argue that this failure is a feather in man's cap. It shows that *Homo* is at any rate *sapiens;* that, at the minimum, he is a creature who first knows, then knows he knows, then knows he doesn't know, then ends by wondering, in a perfect fit of intellectual exuberance, how on earth he knows that he knows that he doesn't know. Moreover, if everything that we perceive is a sort of cosmic metaphor or analogy, if satisfactory proofs of even so crucial a thing as our existence elude us, if every refinement in the methods of detecting our nature serves only to deepen and broaden its mystery, why, so much the better for us. Doesn't that leave us, at worst, a good deal more marvellous than most theologians and men of science in most times and places have taught us to assume we are? Doesn't it begin to look as if there were a possibility that what sets us apart from other animals is not our mere physical or metaphysical complexity—who cares if we turn out to be a platinum wafer of a watch instead of an Ingersoll?—but that we exercise certain of our faculties on an altogether different level of being? That there must be quite literally more to us than meets the eye? And that, having been created not in the image of God, not in the image of a machine, but in the image of ourselves, we may be intrinsically undiscoverable?

Mr. Krutch is glad to put these questions. Plainly, he has had enough of the materialists, and especially of the behaviorists, who claim that man is the sum of his responses, that these responses can be measured, and that man is not one jot or tittle more. He finds these measurers old hat. He also finds them dangerous. (To them, the ultimate test of values is the principle of the survival of the fittest. If one asks "Fittest for what?," the answer is, of course, "Fittest to survive.") In the past few decades, he notes, many men of science have acknowledged that no matter how thoroughly they explore the brain, they never happen on mind; no matter how thoroughly they explore sentience, they never come on consciousness. And he quotes Julian Huxley: "The miracle of mind is that it can transmute quantity into quality. This quality of mind is something given: it just is so. It cannot be explained: it can only be accepted." In the Middle Ages, hard-bitten and intensely reasonable priests sought to prove the existence of the soul by weighing bodies just before and just after death. In the nineteenth century, hard-bitten and intensely reasonable scientists sought to prove the nonexistence of the soul by showing that it had no habitat. Contemporary physics disposes of both problems. If we consent to believe that matter is energy and energy matter, then why not consent to believe that the body is soul and the soul body? Or does the word "soul" embarrass you, in 1954? It should be no more embarrassing, says Mr. Krutch, than its Freudian namesake, the psyche. As for the id! . . .

But Mr. Krutch is eager to tell us of a notion even more interesting than the scientific rehabilitation of the possibility of soul. It is the notion—championed by Huxley, among others—that man may be unique, unique in a way that has nothing to do with our being the wound-up and running-down toy of some ancient god or *primum mobile,* but unique because a change took place in us in the course of our becoming man that has freed us from the usual laws of evolution. If such a thing did happen and we are, in fact, unique, let us cherish as the



"They had me cold. Between the drunkometer, the lie detector, and that radar speed trap, I didn't stand a chance."

dearest of our possessions the sense of our uniqueness. If it didn't happen, let us go on acting as if it had. Otherwise we may soon cease to be what we call human: For there is a chance (and here Mr. Krutch is at his scariest) that we are *not* outside the evolutionary process and that civilization is the consequence of an evolutionary aberration, adventitious and temporary. We may be drifting closer and closer to the "dull and even hideous" efficiency of nature at which all evolution aims and of which, as he points out, we see examples in the most recent plants—pestiferous weeds—and the most recent insects—those crashing bores the ants. "If to some it seems that human society is tending in that direction," Mr. Krutch says mildly, making our flesh creep, "then it is not really fantastic to suggest that the cases are parallel and that the few thousand years which are to us the history of human civilization actually constitute no more than a brief interlude of inefficiency which intruded between the time when the nervous system of the human animal reached a certain unprecedented degree of complexity and the time—now approaching—when that complexity will achieve a more stable organization and all the phenomena associated with what we call civilization will disappear."

FOR all his liveliness and wit, Mr. Krutch is obviously not a sunny writer. As optimistic a note as he feels entitled to sound is the heading of the last chapter of his book—"It May Not Be Too Late." The weight of doubt that rests upon that little "may"! But history makes one's bones ache, and no one who takes the long view, embracing all men everywhere, can be expected to dance jigs. The shorter the view, the greater the likelihood of high spirits; here and there are wonders, so bother the horrors that may lie waiting to happen an aeon away. In "God's Country and Mine," by Jacques Barzun (Little, Brown), the author is taking a comparatively short view and is in tearing high spirits. His subject is not Everyman but particular men and women in a particular country at a particular time, the country being this one, the time being now. He has subtitled his book "A Declaration of Love Spiced with a Few Harsh Words," and it is precisely that. For Mr. Barzun, who was born in France and came here in his teens, is not only an ardent lover of the States, he is a student of them and an authority on them. A teacher of history at Columbia, Mr. Barzun has written, edited, translated, or introduced what

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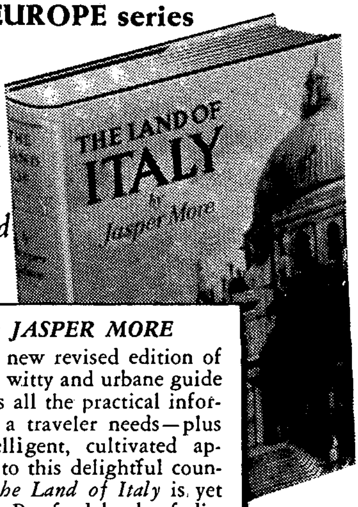

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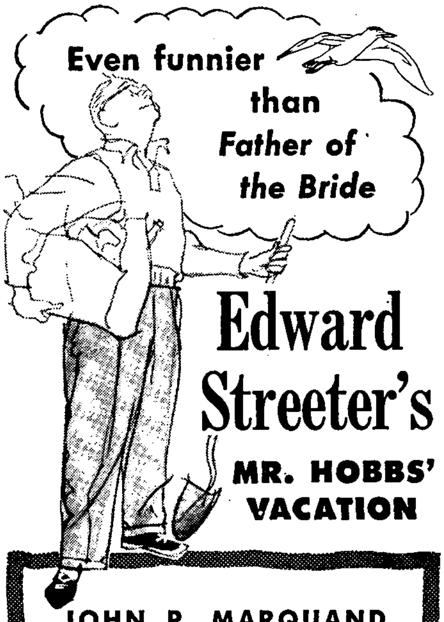
one recalls as dozens and maybe scores of books, yet he has also found time to visit an astonishing variety of outposts along the American frontier. He has observed all sorts of local customs and manners, and his declaration of love is therefore specific, forthright, and, from time to time, funny. He is especially funny at the expense of what he dislikes. He has a fine time discussing the hazard to a good society of statistical living ("What is the use of 'science' telling me that as regards longevity February and March are the best months to be born in, July the worst? . . . I was born on the Fourth of July and I am getting on toward the dangerous age"); the failure as healer of that prosperous American folk hero, the M.D.; the menace of what he calls the Guff Stream, the flood of advertising nonsense that daily threatens to drown us; the difficulty of life in New York; the ineptitude of the Post Office Department; the faulty design of industrial products, including his electric razor; and so on and so on. Oh, the beloved has its flaws—being so vast, it has them by the hundred! But in spite of them, what an extraordinarily worthy place this America of Mr. Barzun's vision is, and, if Mr. Krutch's forebodings are confirmed, how lucky we are to have grown up in it—to have been, willy-nilly, a part of what may be the last and most telling of evolutionary slipups. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TWO HEROINES OF PLUMPLINGTON, by Anthony Trollope (Oxford). This very short novel is set in Barsetshire, although it was written sixteen years after the last of the other novels in the Barsetshire group was published, and it now appears in book form for the first time, having remained hidden for seventy years in the pages of a magazine. A Christmas story, it deals with the tangled love affairs of two young and headstrong girls, each of them afflicted with an affectionate but possessive father. It is a delightfully sensible and direct book, and the lithographs, by Lynton Lamb, that illustrate it are pleasant to look at, even if they are about seven degrees sweeter in spirit than the text.

HOUSE PARTY, by Virginia Rowans (Crowell). A clever and entertaining novel dealing with a weekend house party in the palatial but somewhat run-down Long Island resi-



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dence of Mrs. Lily Ames, a charming lady of about fifty whose relatives descend upon her to rest themselves and to straighten out their lives and their love affairs. Miss Rowans caricatures all her people to some degree, and she is nowhere more successful than in her treatment of Mrs. Ames' dreadful servants, who speak Oxford English among themselves and fall into a sort of conversational shuffle when they are obliged to communicate with their employers. The story runs on just a little too long, but up to a certain point, not far from the end, it is fast reading and often irresistibly funny.

A Time to Laugh, by Laurence Thompson (Messner). Gadein, the son of an African chief, has always been considered incompetent and stupid by the members of his family, who are delighted and relieved to see him led off into service in the British Army by a visiting recruiting colonel. Gentle and quite without guile, Gadein has a certain amount of fool's luck, and he not only survives the bewilderments, hardships, and dangers of his Army career but returns to his native village with enough money to buy the bride of his choice. Mr. Thompson's writing is forthright and economical, and his book is effective in a brittle, wry way.

The Mango Season, by Kathryn Grondahl (Morrow). In this smooth, shallow, extremely readable account of life in the international set in Bangkok, Leonora Shepperd, the central figure, is married to an American diplomat who is a hopeless drunkard, and the action concerns itself chiefly with the last few days in the disintegration of this marriage.

The Secret Stair, by Phyllis Bottome (Harcourt, Brace). About a collection of people at a Swiss sanatorium. They have hardly enough intelligence and strength among them to keep one human being upright for ten minutes, but Miss Bottome follows them diligently for quite a long time, and when she finally abandons them, it is with an evident sense of regret and a feeling of illumination that will be incomprehensible to most readers.

A Time to Love and a Time to Die, by Erich Maria Remarque (Harcourt, Brace). A conventional war story, starting and ending in mass bloodshed, with a long central interlude devoted to a despairing and, perhaps for that reason, idyllic love affair between a German soldier on

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THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

THERE'S A STRANGE movement afoot which might interest you, particularly if it catches on. Americans repealed prohibition and they can repeal the federal income tax law, says author Frank Chodorov in a provocative new book entitled "The Income Tax: Root Of All Evil." Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah roundly applauds the author's stand in the book's introduction. According to the author, the income tax amendment is unconstitutional in spirit because it infringes on the citizen's right to use his personal property as he chooses. With its graduated-tax clause, he says, it's a replica of the eighth article in the Communist manifesto, to enable the central government to confiscate all property. Here's a quote from the volume: "Without the income tax you cannot have socialism. With it you cannot avoid socialism." Federal income taxes, he declares, tend to defeat the very objectives of the original American constitution which wanted the states to be strong and free. Instead, he goes on, federal income taxes make the states and the people dependent on the central government. He also touches on the fantastic growth in federal income taxes from $20 to $964 for equivalent incomes between 1913 and 1951.

★

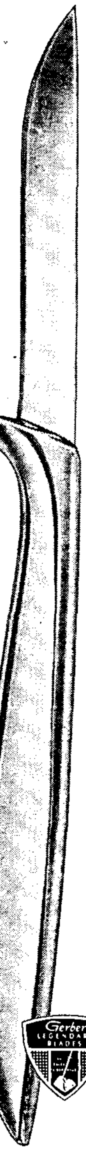
BING CROSBY'S SCHEDULED for surgery this summer. And it's pretty serious cutting . . . Mothers of tots now have science for an alibi. The experts have discovered that it takes as much time for a mother to care for a child under a year of age as to do the housework for two adults, but when a child reaches the age of 10 years, he is no more time-consuming than any other adult in the family. You might also check your working schedule with these figures: The average wife spends 15 minutes preparing breakfast, from 15 to 30 minutes getting lunch and approximately 40 minutes to fix the heartiest meal of the day.

★

THERE'S NO GREATER THRILL to a newspaperman, you can bet, than to cop the most coveted annual award of them all—the Pulitzer prize for the best national reporting. That distinction has just come to Richard Wilson, chief of the Star and Tribune's Washington bureau. For Dick the award tops off an amazing line-up of honors. In 20 years as a Washington correspondent his tributes include presidency of the famous Gridiron club and of the National Press club, Sigma Delta Chi's award for the best national reporting, and many more. I know that, to the people of this great 3½-state Upper Midwest area, the honors paid to Wilson are further indication of the topflight news reporting they have come to expect of their best-read, most respected newspapers—the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 620,000).

★

I JUST RETURNED from a three-week vacation in Montego Bay, Jamaica. I hope that some day, if you haven't so far, you'll visit Jamaica. Among the world-celebrated hotels of this resort town, there's a new one, Half Moon Bay hotel, which lies in the shadows of famed Rose Hall, one of the oldest sugar estates where the "Witch of Rose Hall" gained undying fame. Half Moon, with its Jamaica-modern architecture, and 80 guest rooms, has utilized the new shareholder plan. Twenty subscribers built the hotel along with their own villas. A partial list of the owners includes Harvey Firestone, the tire man; Earl Muzzy, president of Quaker Oats; Dick Reynolds of Reynolds Aluminum; Neal Reed, one of New York's largest insurance brokers, and H. Spillman of the Celanese Corp. Once you've been bewitched by the charm of the peculiar and fascinating Jamaican atmosphere, it will draw you back like a magnet to breathe the soft sea air, to gaze into the green and purple foothills, to lie on Half Moon's unbelievably white sands. Watch this Caribbean beauty spot pass the Riviera as a playground attraction.



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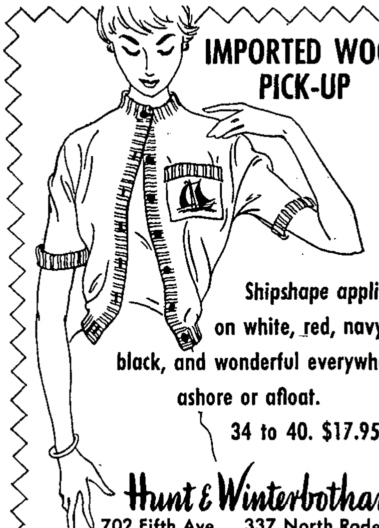

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furlough from the Russian front and a beautiful German girl whose father, a doctor, is in a concentration camp. The people in the story behave like human beings, the details of their lives are apparently authentic, and the writing is crisp enough, but the spirit of the whole thing is limp, and the ending is likely to move no one, either to tears or to hope. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE NATURE OF LOVE, by H. E. Bates (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Three short novels describing the efforts of three human beings to press themselves into a large blank wall on which Mr. Bates has written the word "Love." Having failed in their efforts, the three people—a girl in the first story, a middle-aged man in the second, and a young man in the third—retire, bleating with disappointment and frustration, and generating a pathos that is not only numb but numbing. Two of the stories are set in England, and one in Malaya.

GENERAL

WE CHOSE TO STAY, by Lali Horstmann (Houghton Mifflin). The author was the wife of a German landowner and diplomat who retired in 1933 because he would not serve under Hitler and, when the war was nearly over and the Russians were approaching, elected to stay at their estate, on the outskirts of Berlin, and protect the bibelots and precious objets d'art he had spent a lifetime collecting. Three years later—it took longer than one would have expected—all was gone, including Herr Horstmann, who died of starvation in a concentration camp. This is more than just a memoir of horror, for the author is a woman of civilized feelings, highly developed perception, and courage. There is remembered fear in the book, and remembered pain and terror, but not one sigh of self-pity. In a foreword, Harold Nicolson, an old friend from the diplomatic days, describes Lali Horstmann in a way she never permits herself to adopt, and in doing so points up the rare quality of this moving and encouraging book.

THE WONDERFUL WRITING MACHINE, by Bruce Bliven, Jr. (Random House). A lively and most instructive celebration of the typewriter, with particular emphasis on the numerous ingenious tinkerers who conceived, developed, and refined it, on its almost incredible complexity, and on its tremendous impact

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upon our culture. Indeed, the author tells us, in some eighty years the typewriter has "revolutionized communications, helped in the dramatic expansion of business, increased profits by decreasing the cost of making them, freed mankind from the drudgery and illegibility of handwriting, saved incalculable hours of time, transformed the appearance of offices, given birth to a myriad of related and dependent business machines, influenced the language, and changed the methods of primary education." It has also, he adds, found jobs and husbands for millions of young women. Besides all this, Mr. Bliven finds time for a discussion of the curious topography of the keyboard. There isn't, it seems, any good reason for the "qwertyuiop" arrangement. It just happened, and although it has almost nothing to recommend it, it will almost certainly never be changed. Photographs.

Past and Future, by William H. McNeill (University of Chicago Press). Professor McNeill's book is presented by his publishers as a liberal reply to the conservative position advocated in George Kennan's "American Diplomacy." It is both more and less than that. It is more because Professor McNeill, a follower of Toynbee, is concerned with great "schematic" movements of history—at one moment reaching back to the neolithic village community, and at another projecting centuries into the future. It is less because this high level of generalization inevitably keeps his program for America from being very detailed at any point. His book is nevertheless interesting and useful, and, in its qualified and realistic optimism, rooted in Toynbee's faith that all moral values emerge out of conflict and clash, it is even somewhat reassuring about what he calls the "post-World War III situation."

Advance to Barbarism, by F. J. P. Veale (Nelson). This book, which was first published in England in 1948, is a forensically powerful study and indictment of modern warfare by an English lawyer who is obviously a thorough student of military history. The author sets out to show—and does so with very little trouble—that after centuries in which warfare gradually became less inhuman, men have reverted to a barbarism more horrible than that of the Mongol conquerors. Following a review of some of the modern methods of making war, such as the indiscriminate

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editor at large

A number of the people I know often disagreed with Senator Taft. But a controversy with Taft at its center usually involved respect and dignity.

That was before controversy became a nasty word. It used to denote health, and vitality, and it was men like Robert A. Taft who helped to make it so. I'm proud to say that he was one of our authors.

When Doubleday published the late Senator's book, *A Foreign Policy for Americans,* some of our people went down to Washington on publication day to meet him. One of them told me that he was surprised to find Taft a bigger man than he had expected. Something of the same thing might be said for Jhan and June Robbins' new book about Senator Taft, *Eight Weeks to Live.* It's a small book, only 23 pages long, but it is bigger than it seems, and the effect is lasting. Each page is a reminder that we have had a look at sincerity; each is a glimpse into the face of courage.

It is the story of the preparations Robert Taft made for death when on May 23, 1953 he learned that he had cancer. It is a sober book but there are flashes of Taft's humor throughout.

Senator Taft won and lost in many public controversies. His last major speech urged the United States to "Go it alone" in Korea. He lost his last private battle, too, and he had to go it alone. As always, he went with honor.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Eight Weeks To Live: The Last Chapter in the Life of Senator Robert A. Taft," is written by Jhan and June Robbins and published by Doubleday & Co. of 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. *It costs $1.00, and copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.*

(*Advertisement*)

slaughter of civilians and the mass execution of war prisoners, Mr. Veale comes to the nub of his book—an attack on the policy of holding trials for war crimes. The author says that punishing men for acts that were not crimes when they were committed is against every concept of law, and that, far from having its intended effect, the policy will remove all restraints from warfare, for national leaders who know that defeat will mean their personal liquidation will naturally not hesitate to use any weapons or methods that might possibly avert it. The Nuremberg trials have been criticized before, but at no time with such logic and clarity.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SILENT POOL, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Miss Maud Silver, whose trademarks are her knitting and her admiration for Tennyson, is asked this time to figure out which one of a good many parasites is trying to do away with a famous old actress. The quest takes her to an English village, and very soon two ladies, both of them unpleasant but neither of them the expected victim, have been drowned in a garden pool. Miss Silver's problem is complicated by the fact that practically everybody in the tormented household is batty in one way or another, but in the end she comes through with her usual aplomb. Like her heroine, Miss Wentworth is at the top of her form, and the result is highly satisfactory.

COLD POISON, by Stuart Palmer (Mill-Morrow). The detective in this item, as in the preceding one, is a spinster. Her name is Hildegarde Withers, she is a former schoolteacher, and she has been mixed up in murder a good many times before. Her current field of operations is an animated-cartoon studio in Hollywood, where somebody is knocking off the employees with, of all things, a concentrated essence of poison ivy. Except for the novelty of the method, there is nothing very stimulating about the problem. While Miss Withers' admirers may be content with this offering, it is safe to say that the honors of the week lie with Miss Silver.

•

Q—How many states were there in the Union in July, 1948?
A—Thirty.

—*Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune.*

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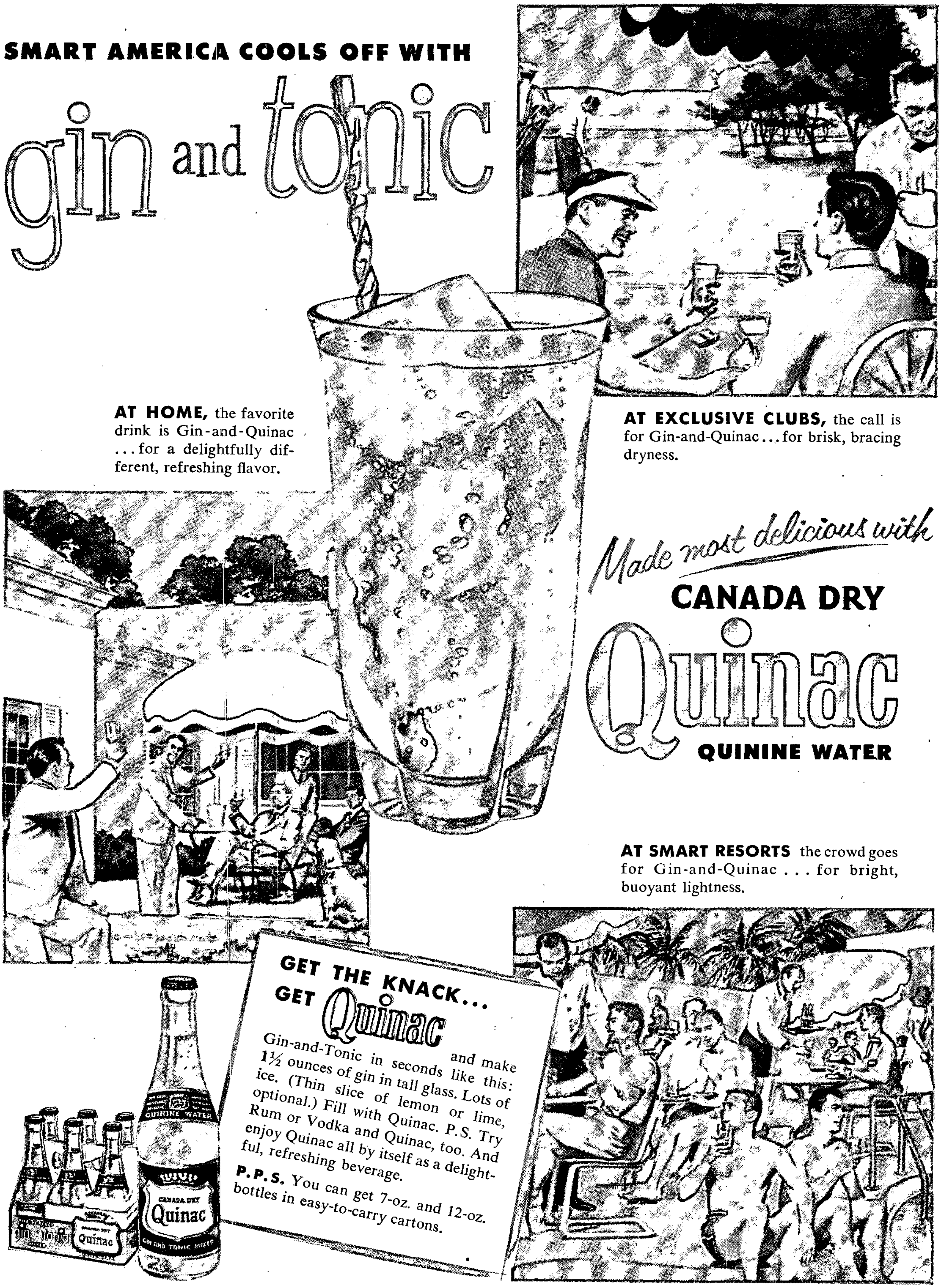

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GET THE KNACK... GET Quinac

and make Gin-and-Tonic in seconds like this: 1½ ounces of gin in tall glass. Lots of ice. (Thin slice of lemon or lime, optional.) Fill with Quinac. P.S. Try Rum or Vodka and Quinac, too. And enjoy Quinac all by itself as a delightful, refreshing beverage.

P.P.S. You can get 7-oz. and 12-oz. bottles in easy-to-carry cartons.

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